



POISON IVY



ZERO



BRUCE  
BLACKBURN



HO REYNOLDS  
OF THE MOUNTED



DUSTY DANE



BIG TOP



RUSTY RYAN

# FEATURE

COMICS

SEPTEMBER

*Starring*  
THE  
DOLL  
MAN



SPIN SHAW



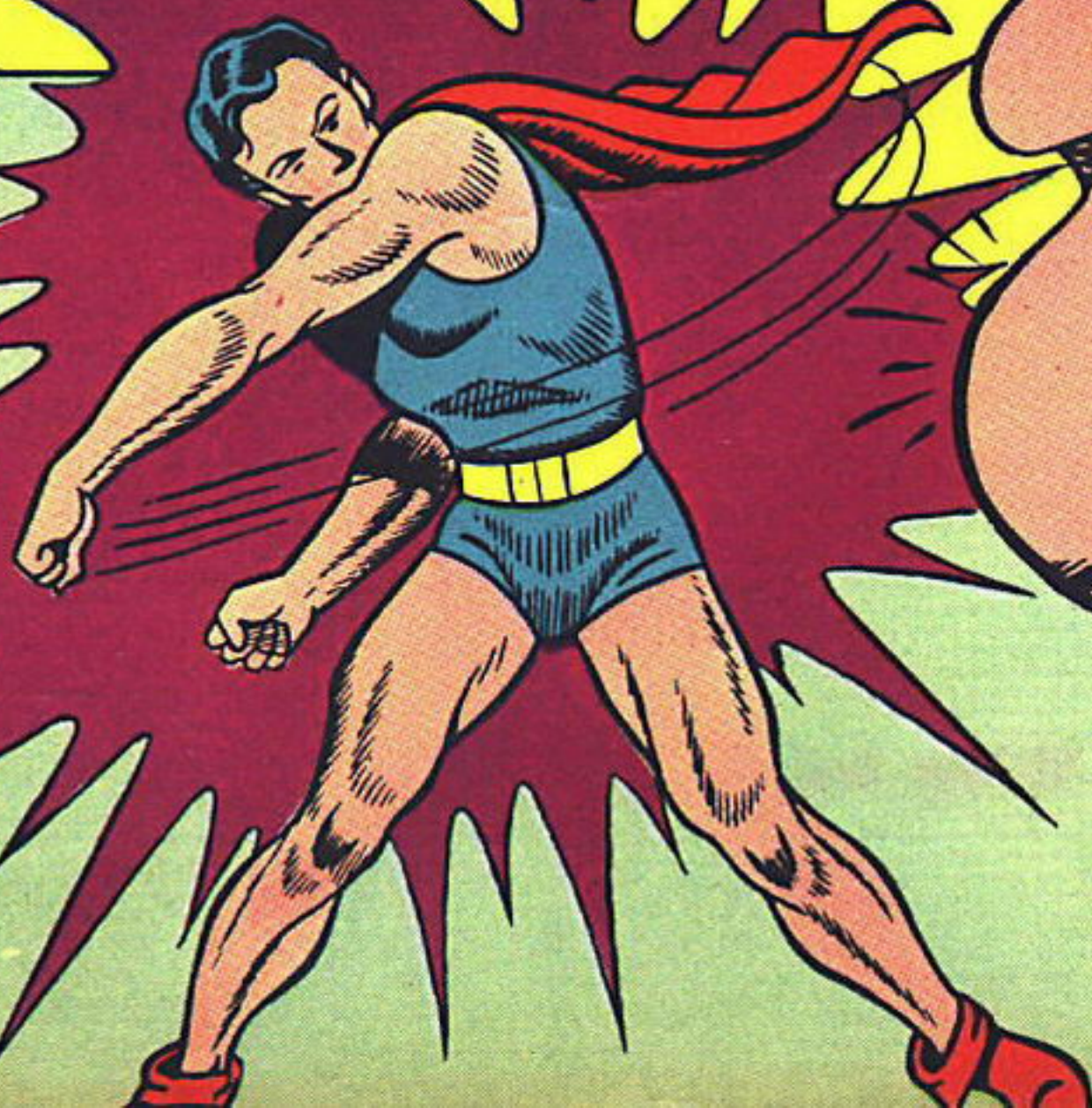
LALA PALOOZA



MICKEY FINN



SAMAR



No. 48  
10¢





WEB COMIC  
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MONEY**

**LIMITED  
OFFER!**

# Big New PRINTING PRESS

**A Marvelous Money-Maker for Bright Boys**

**IF YOU** are ambitious and work you can quickly build a business, establish an enterprise. And, who knows what this activity may lead to? Many famous printers, publishers, advertising men, got started the same way.

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**SPECIALIZE**—With no high overhead the whole field of small job printing is open to you. Tags, tickets, billheads, office and shop records. . . .

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**SEND NO MONEY** unless you wish. Mail order today before steel prices advance. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.** 7 Day Trial. If ordered C.O.D. give Bank references or attach \$1; balance on delivery. Prices f.o.b. factory.

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**FOR THE FIRST TIME**  
a few dollars  
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a one-man print shop

\* As proprietor you enjoy profits equal to three times labor, and once you acquire the art of making money . . . the world is yours.

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CHASE 2½ x 5½

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**Only \$5.85**

Heavy gauge, all steel construction with girder cross beams. Double toggle hi-pressure handle. Stands 11 in. Pure latex ink roller for all year-round service. Automatic revolving ink plate. Metal chase with lock-up screws. Two boxes 12pt Standard foundry metal Copperplate Gothic, spaces, riglets, etc. Adjustable back plate simplifies make ready. Ink and try sheets. Step-by-step instructions.

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Consists of 2 boxes 12pt Copperplate Gothic, font of small Gothic (8pt on 12), 24pt Outline, pkg 12pt quads & spaces, wood type case, tweezers, ¼ lb. black ink, 50 Xmas cards or announcements with envelopes. Reg. val. \$6.85. Special with press \$4.95

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If you are not more than satisfied with your press and the fun it provides, back comes your money, without question. Return in resalable condition. Used type bought at market prices.

PECK BROTHERS Amt. Enc. \$.....  
2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Please send the following:

Crown Press \$5.85

Pony Kit \$4.95

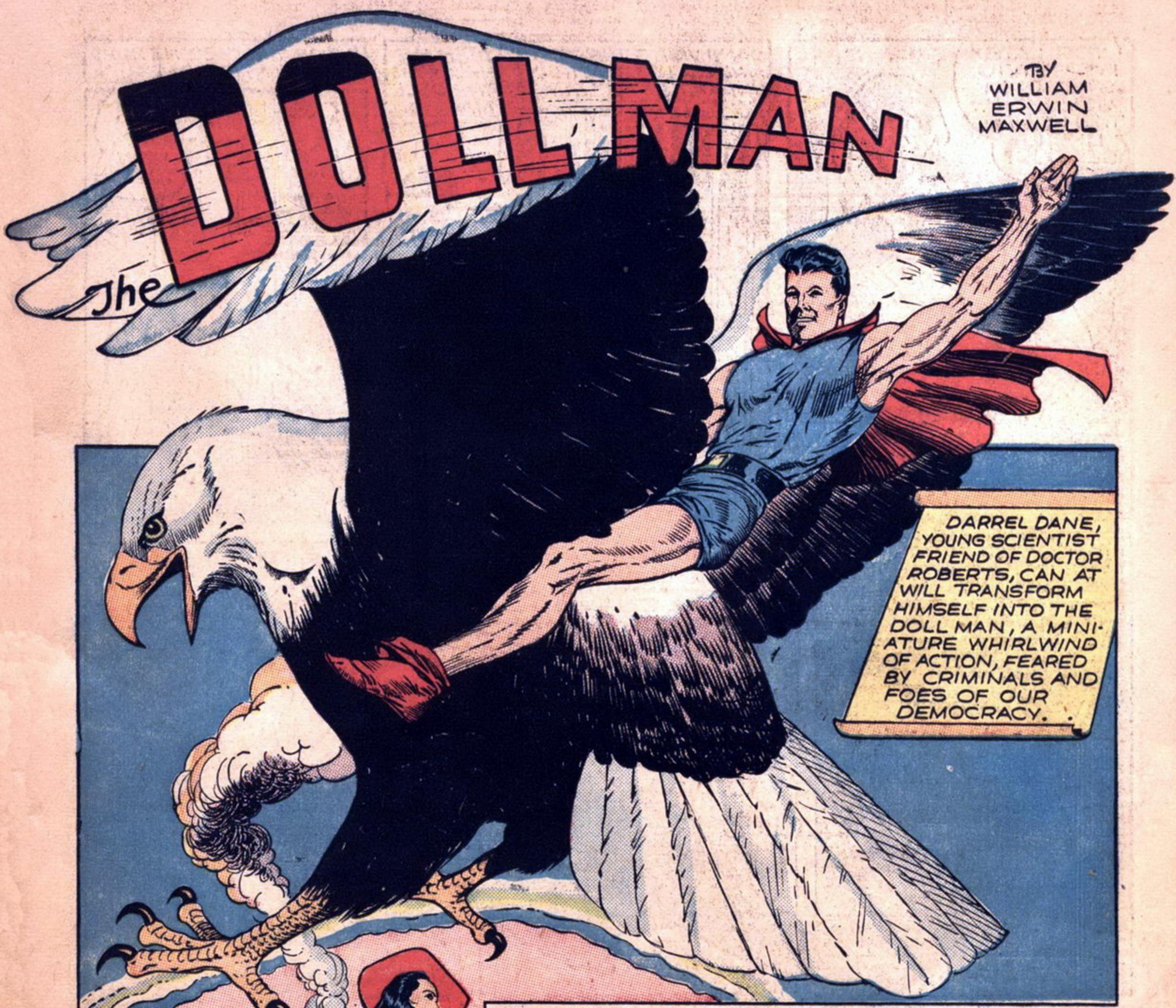
Name .....

Address .....

**PECK BROTHERS, 2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.**

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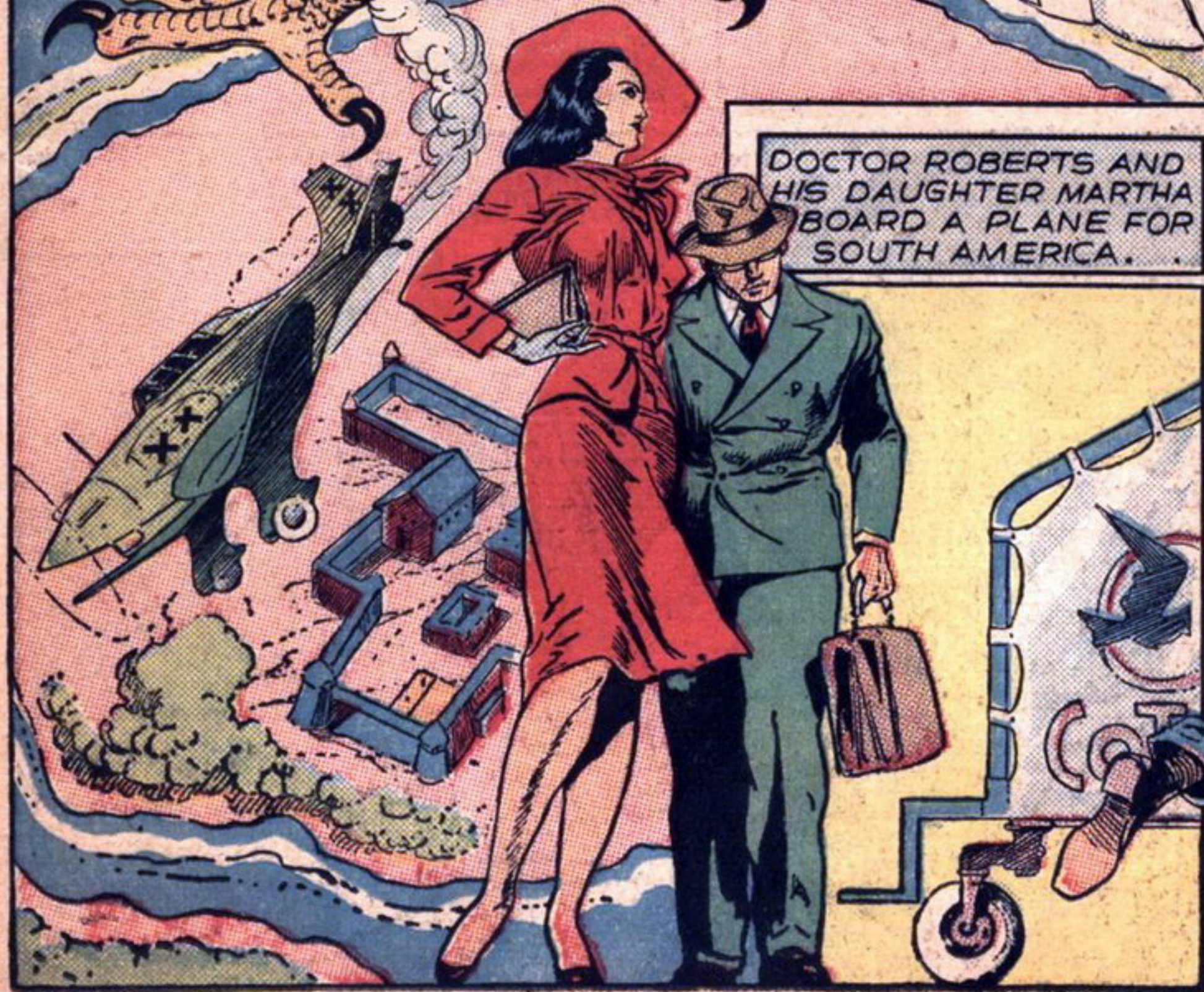
BY  
WILLIAM  
ERWIN  
MAXWELL

DARREL DANE,  
YOUNG SCIENTIST  
FRIEND OF DOCTOR  
ROBERTS, CAN AT  
WILL TRANSFORM  
HIMSELF INTO THE  
DOLL MAN, A MINI-  
ATURE WHIRLWIND  
OF ACTION, FEARED  
BY CRIMINALS AND  
FOES OF OUR  
DEMOCRACY.

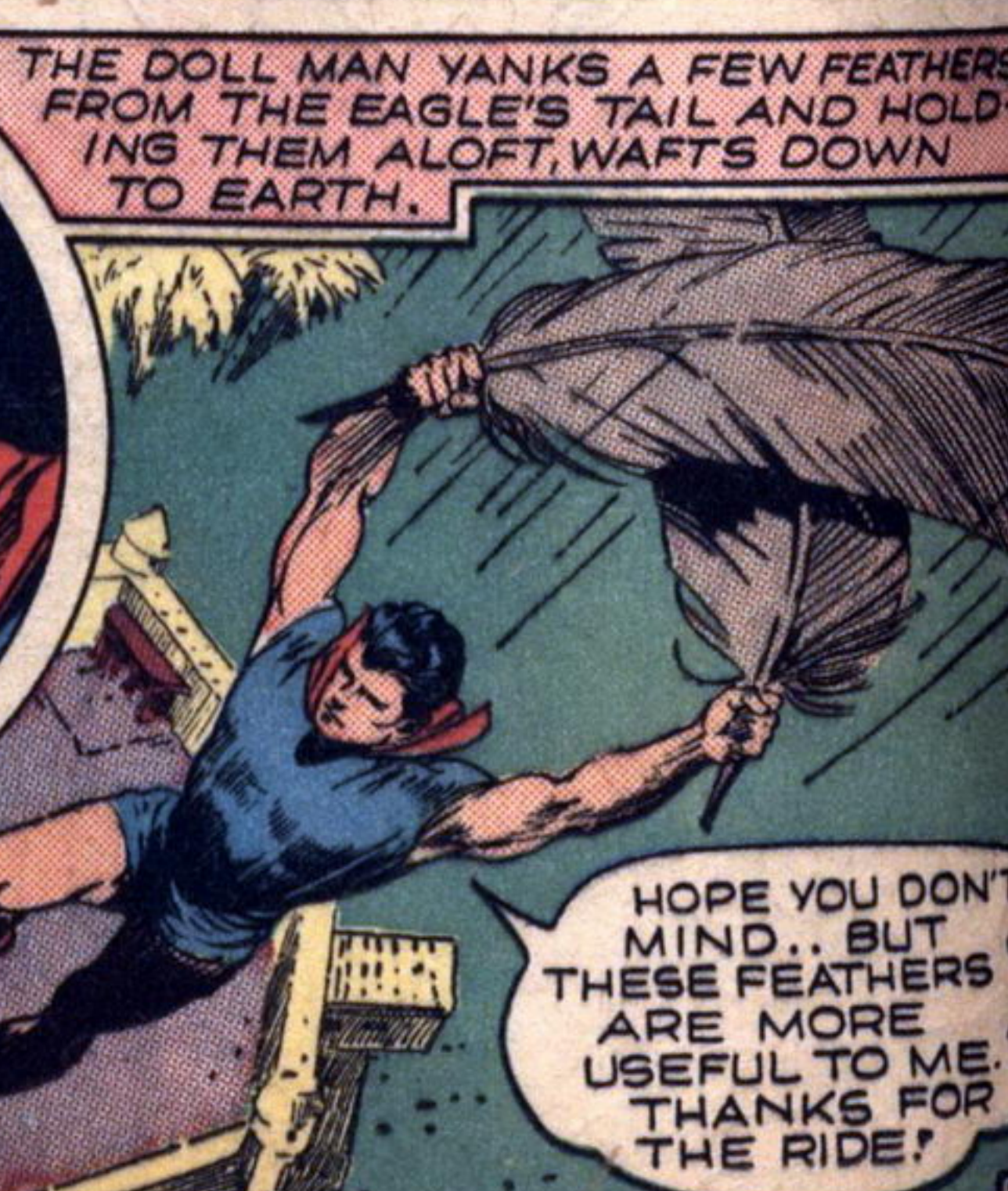
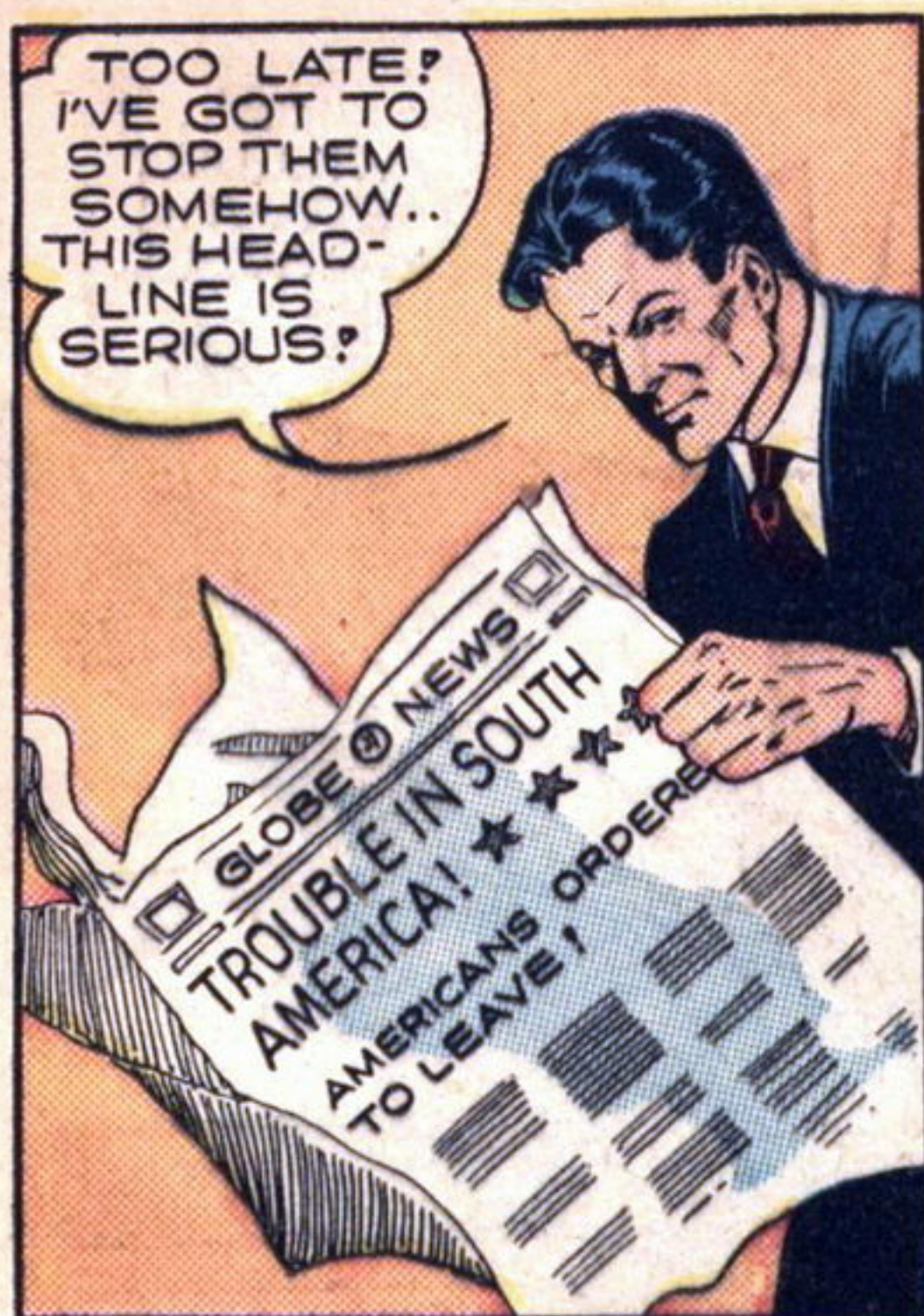
DOCTOR ROBERTS AND  
HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA  
BOARD A PLANE FOR  
SOUTH AMERICA.

JUST AS THE SHIP LEAVES THE  
GROUND, DARREL DANE RUSHES  
UP.

STOP!  
HEY,  
STOP!





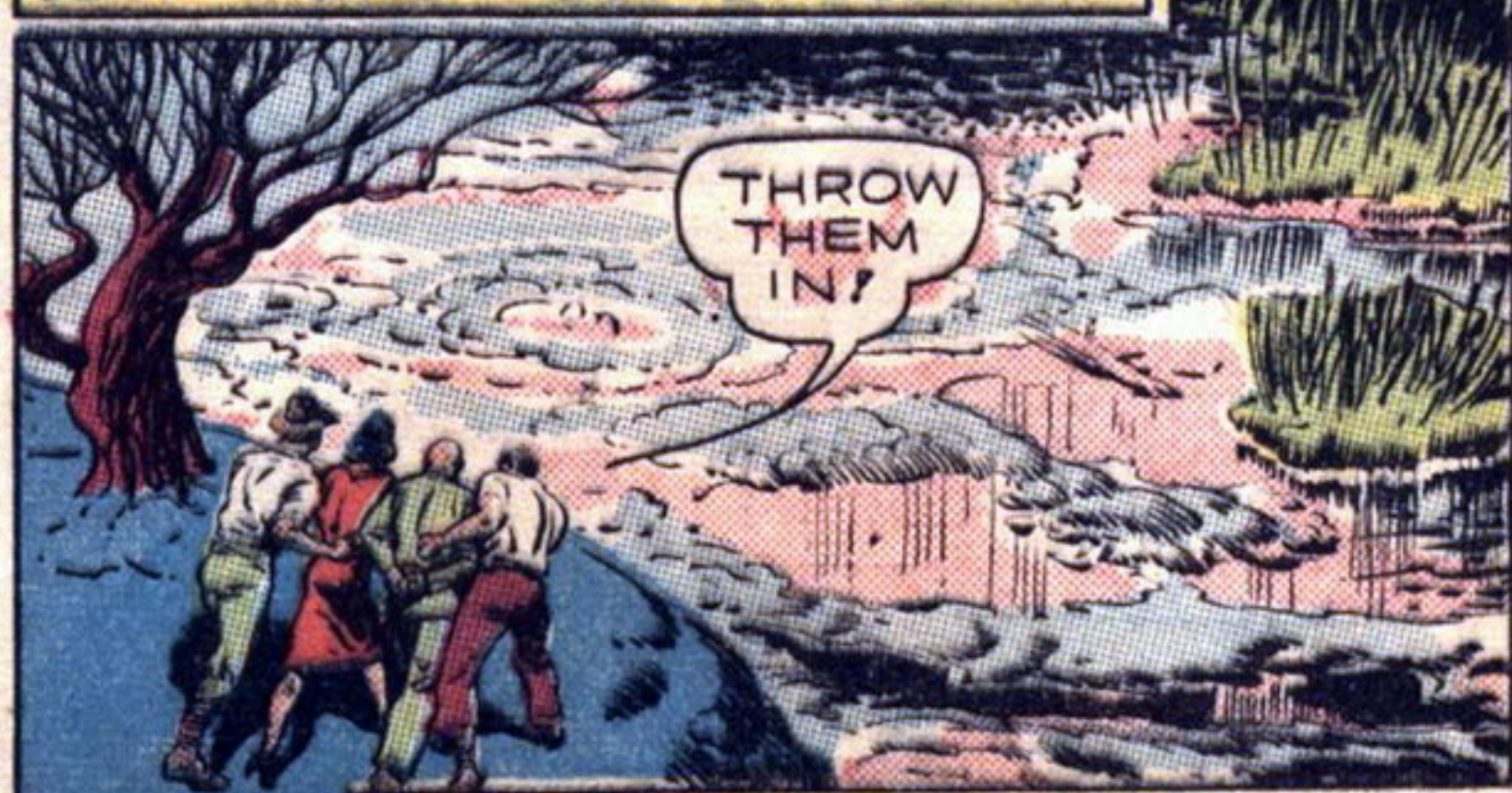




MEANWHILE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND OFF FRENCH GUIANA, THE PLANE HAS LANDED AND THE PASSENGERS ARE TAKEN PRISONERS BY A BLUSTERING ALIEN OFFICIAL.



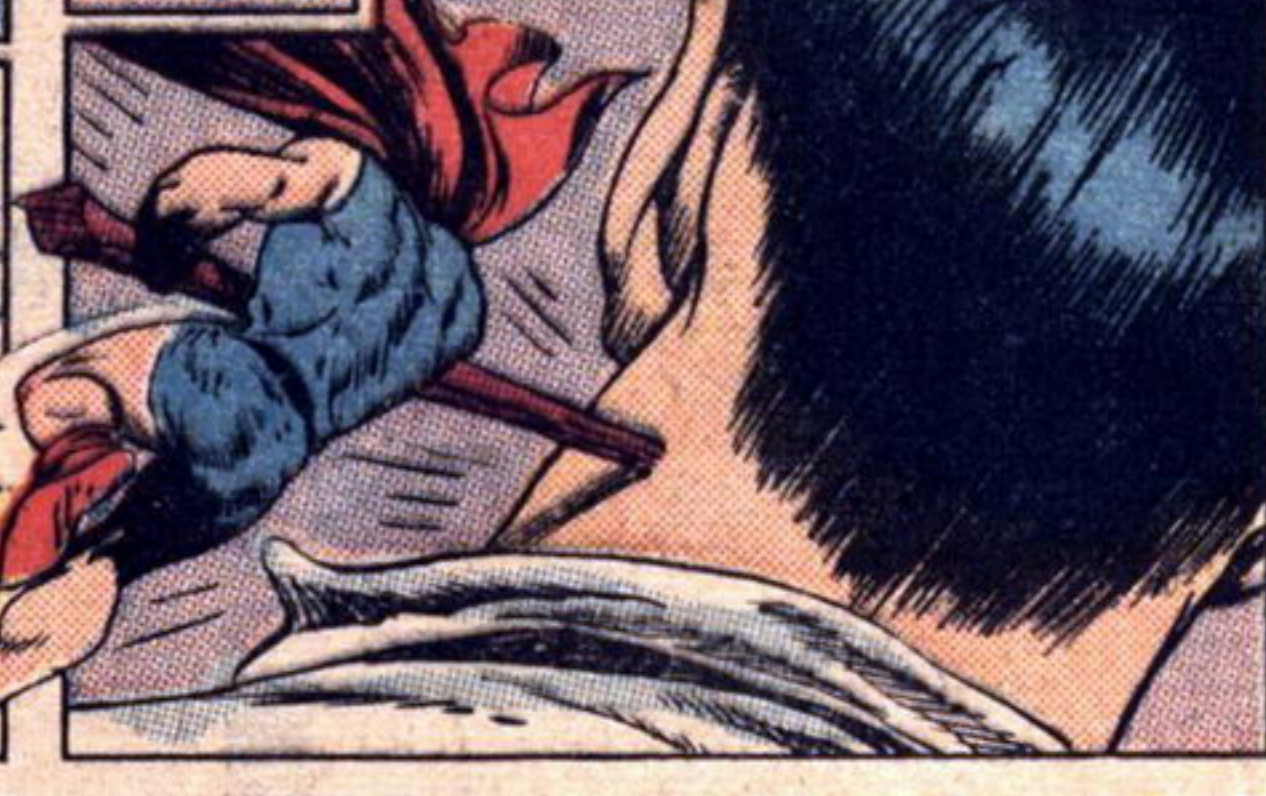
HERMANN LEADS THE CAPTIVES TO A HIGH CLIFF FACING A BOTTOMLESS PIT.



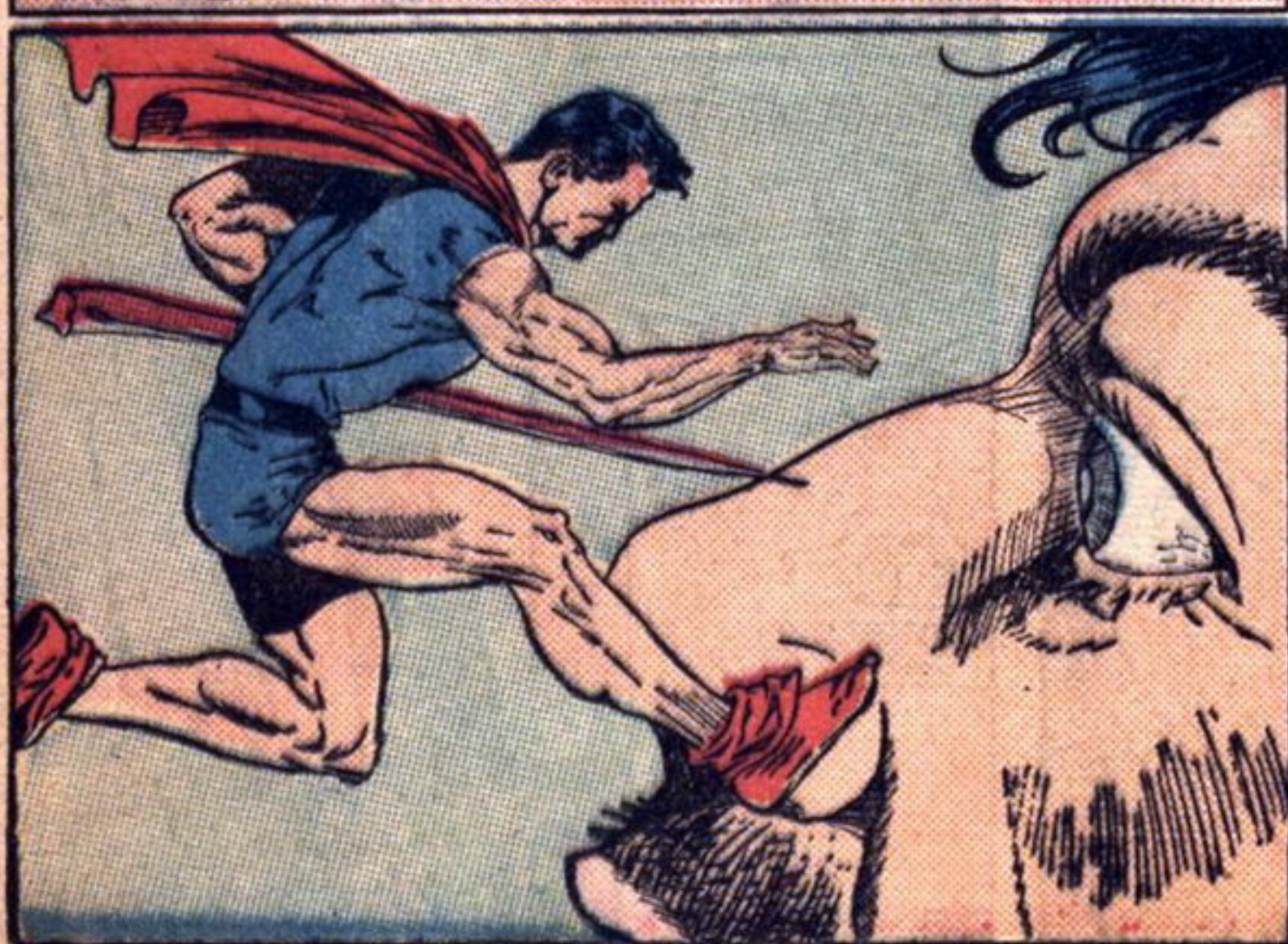
SUDDENLY A TINY FIGURE APPEARS, CARRYING A LONG CACTUS THORN.



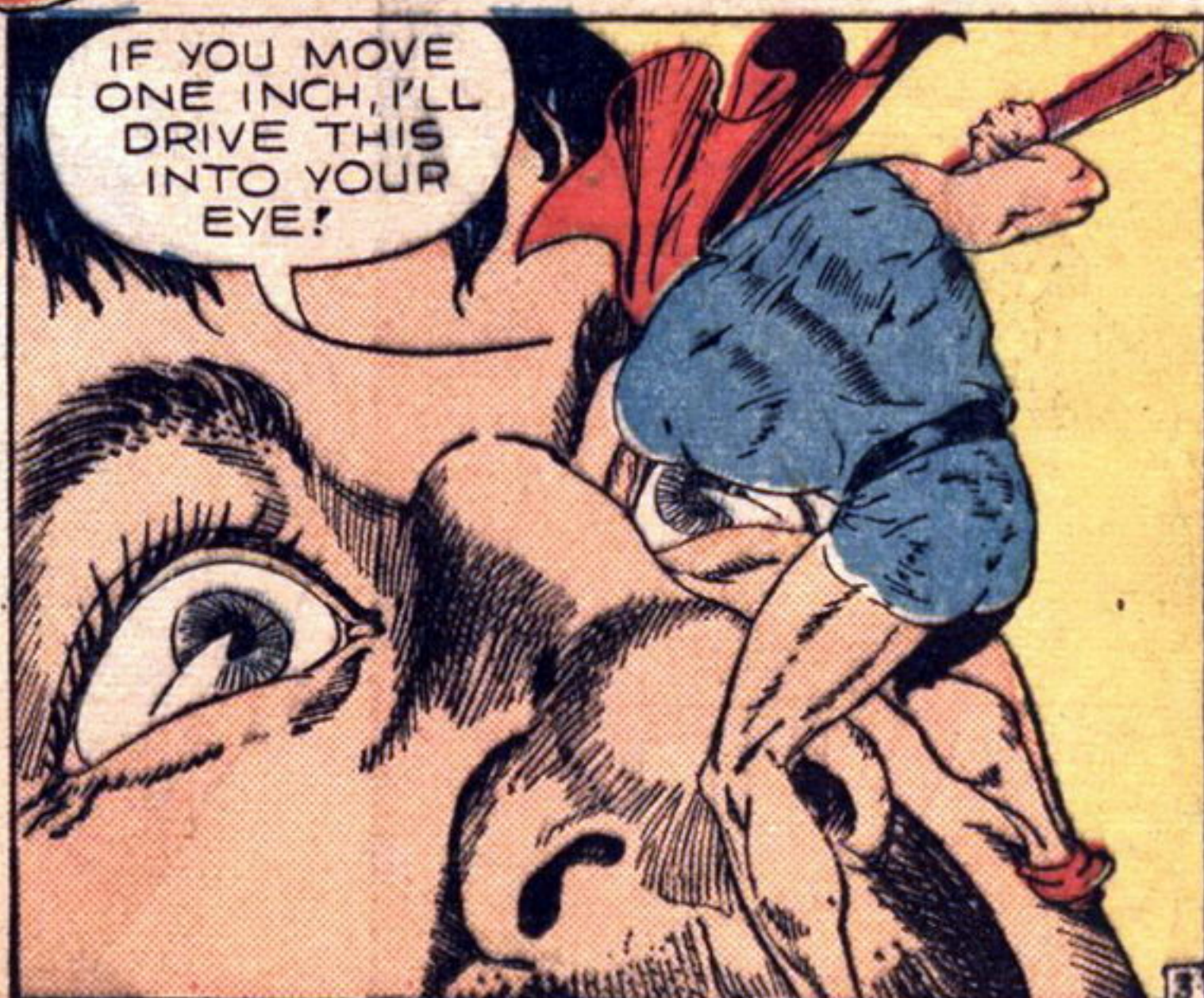
IT IS THE DOLL MAN... HE PLUNGES THE THORN INTO ONE GUARD'S NECK.



AND LEAPS TO THE NOSE OF THE OTHER.



IF YOU MOVE ONE INCH, I'LL DRIVE THIS INTO YOUR EYE!





THE OFFICIAL, ERNST HULLER OF ARYANIA, SUDDENLY CALLS HIS AIDE.

INSTANTLY HULLER'S AIDE RACES TO OBEY.

QUICK? RUN TO THE CLIFF AND STOP THE EXECUTION?

I'VE JUST HEARD BY RADIO THAT DOCTOR ROBERTS IS AMONG THEM... HE CAN GIVE US INFORMATION ABOUT AMERICAN DEFENSE?

STOP! HERR HULLER WANTS TO SEE THE AMERICANS!

THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO MARTHA'S SHOULDER.

LET THEM TAKE YOU AND YOUR DAD.. WE CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS PLOT.. I'LL HIDE IN YOUR HAIR.

RUDELY, THE GUARDS DRAG THEIR PRISONERS TO HULLER'S CITADEL.

BUT HERMANN, I SAW THAT LITTLE MAN!

ACH! YOU ARE CRAZY!

INSIDE THEY FACE HULLER.

IF YOU WISH TO LIVE YOU WILL.. ER.. COOPERATE.. MARK THE LOCATIONS OF YOUR DEFENSE PLANTS ON THIS MAP?

NO!

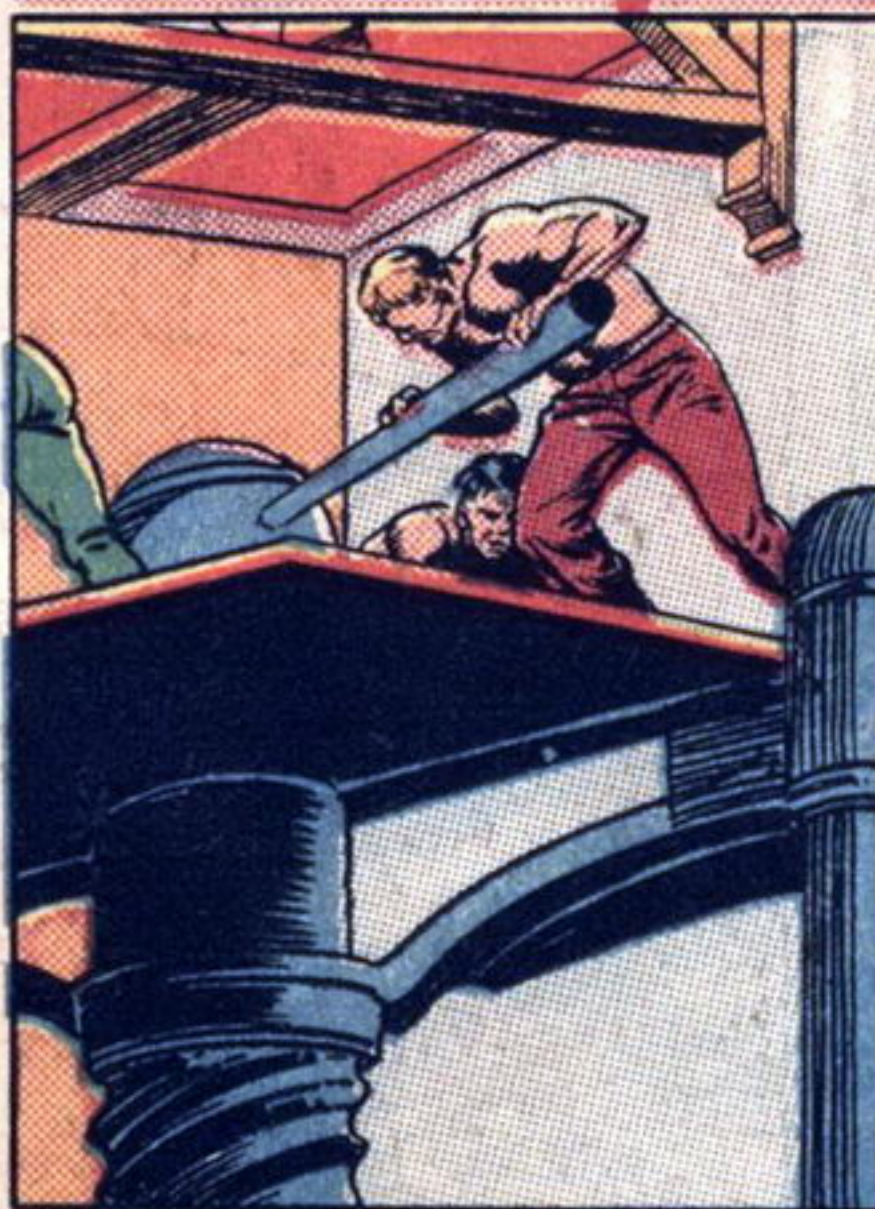
I SEE THAT YOU NEED PERSUASION.. MEN! PUT THE GIRL UNDER THE PRESS!



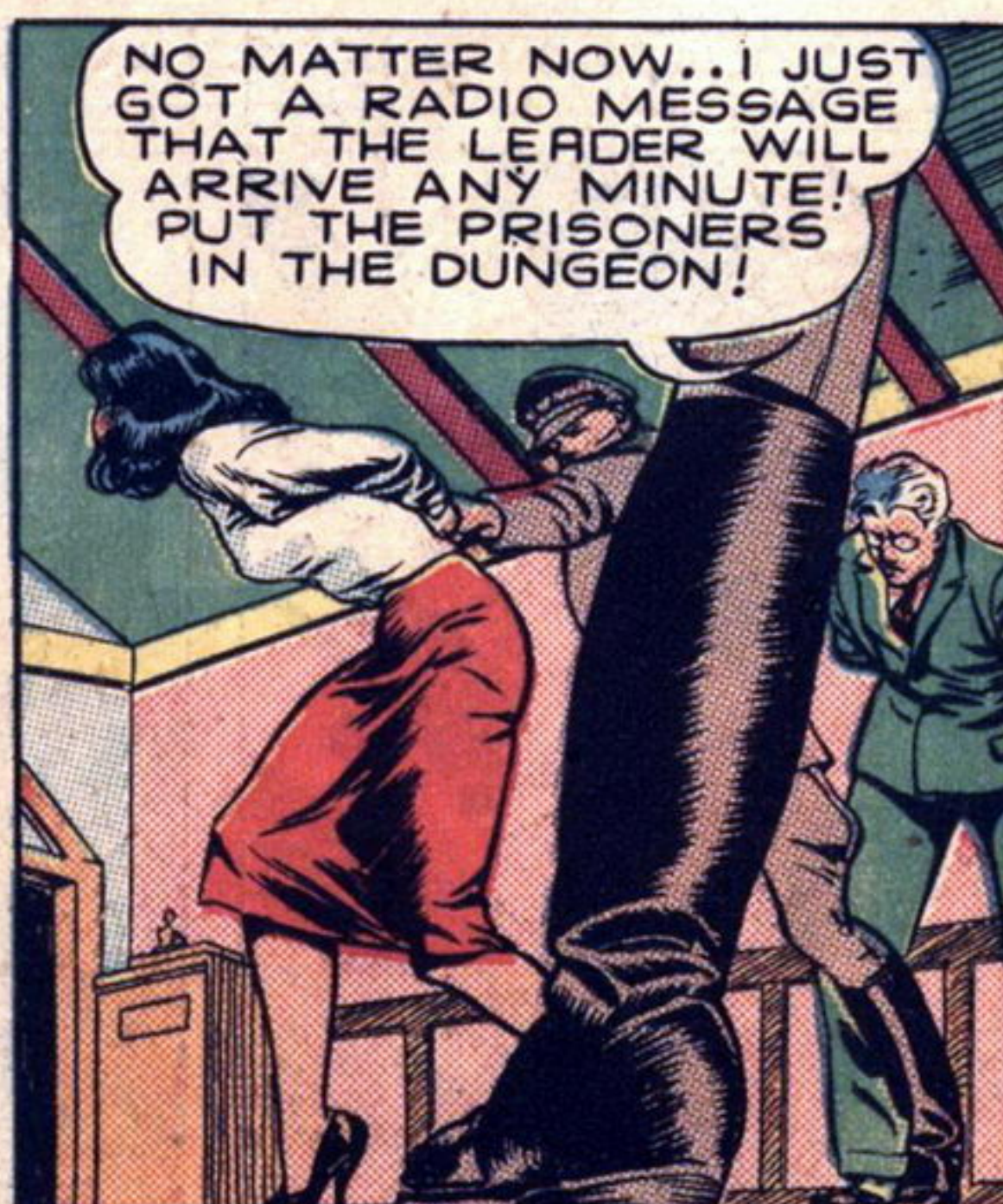
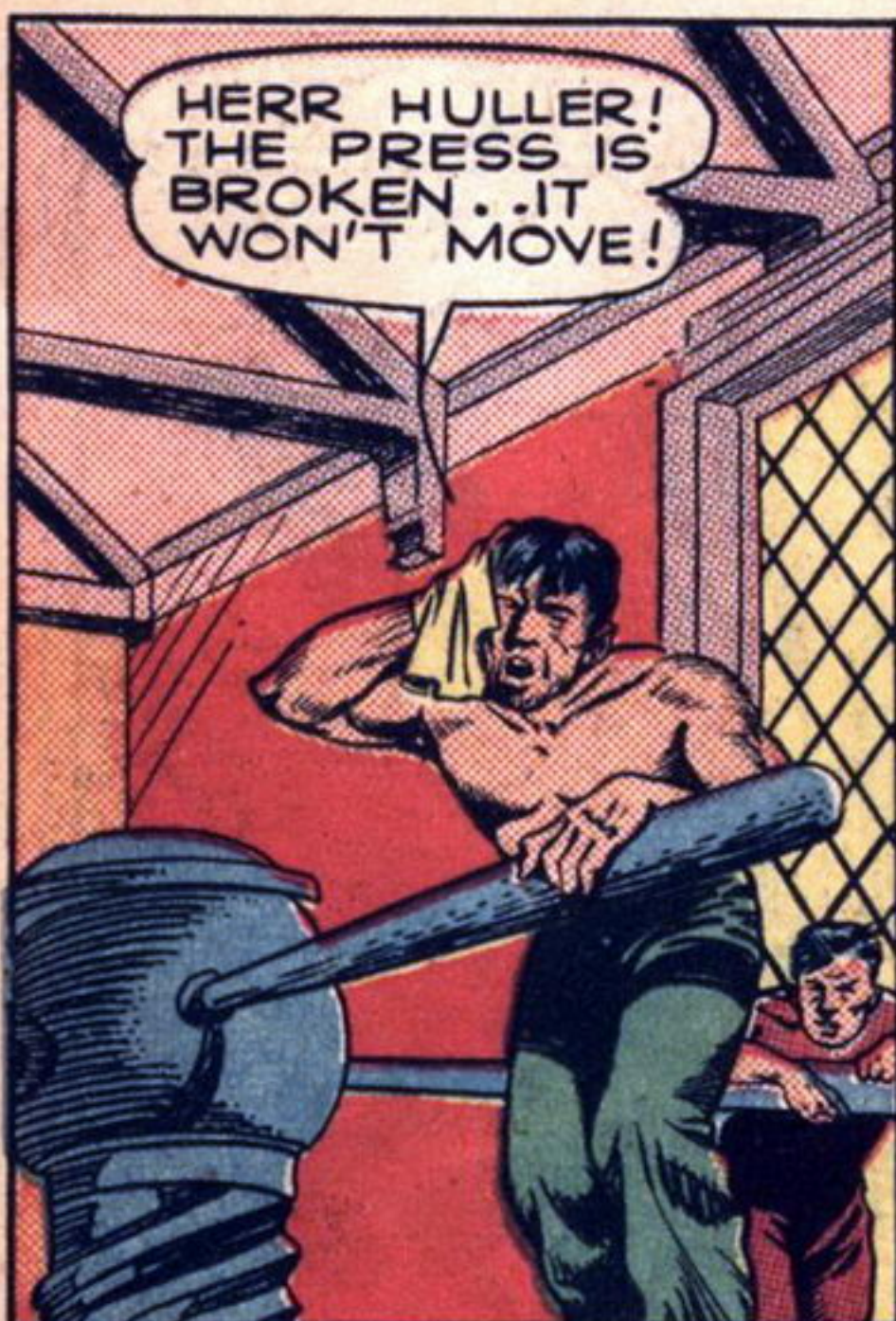
STRONG HANDS GRAB MARTHA AND FORCE HER UNDER A CRUEL TORTURE INSTRUMENT.



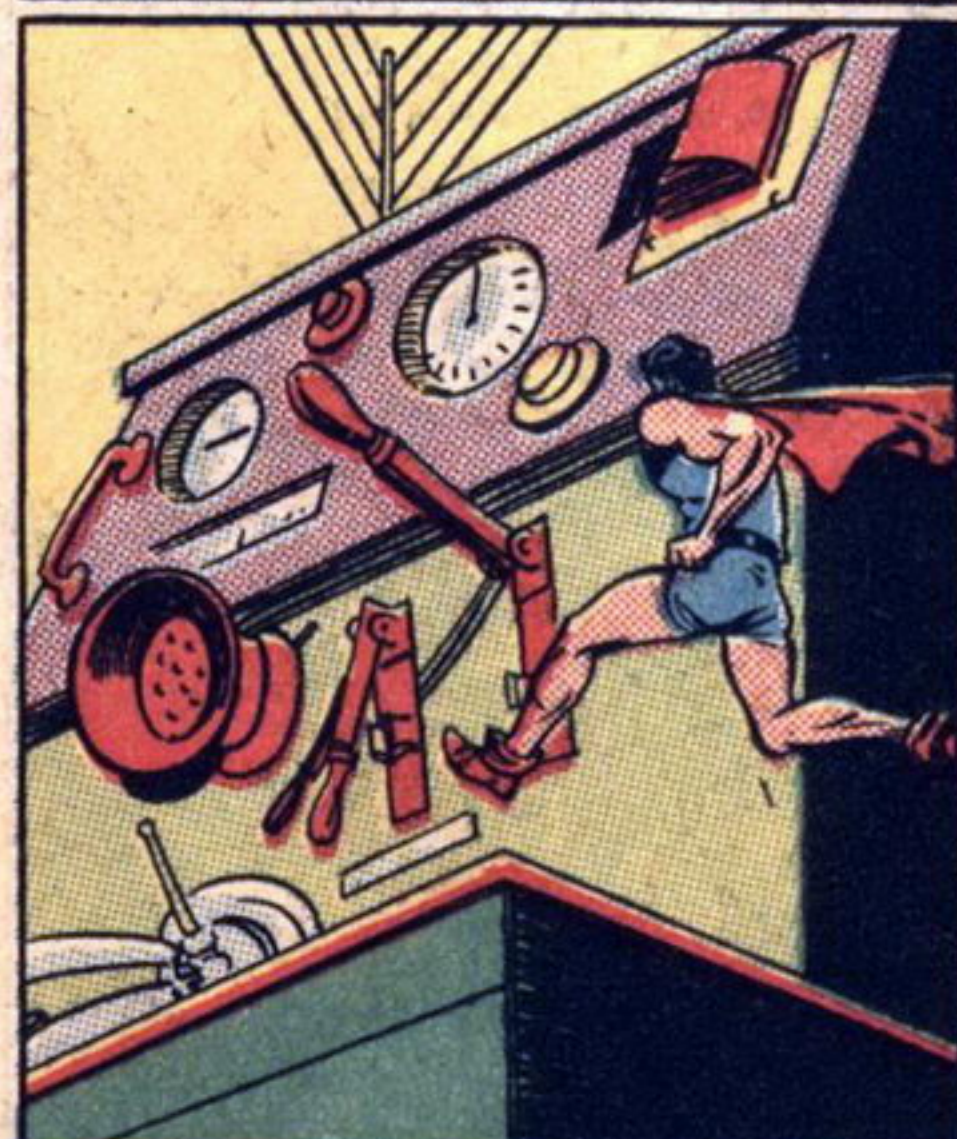
SLOWLY THE GREAT SCREW BEGINS TO GRIND .. THREE TONS OF DEATH DESCEND UPON MARTHA.



BUT THE DOLL MAN SLIPS OUT OF HER HAIR . . .



AS THE MEN LEAVE FOR THE AIRFIELD, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO THE RADIOPHONE . . .



HE FLIPS A LEVER THAT IS MARKED "INVASION FLEET COMMUNICATIONS."



THE FLIGHT COMMANDER IS PUZZLED . . .

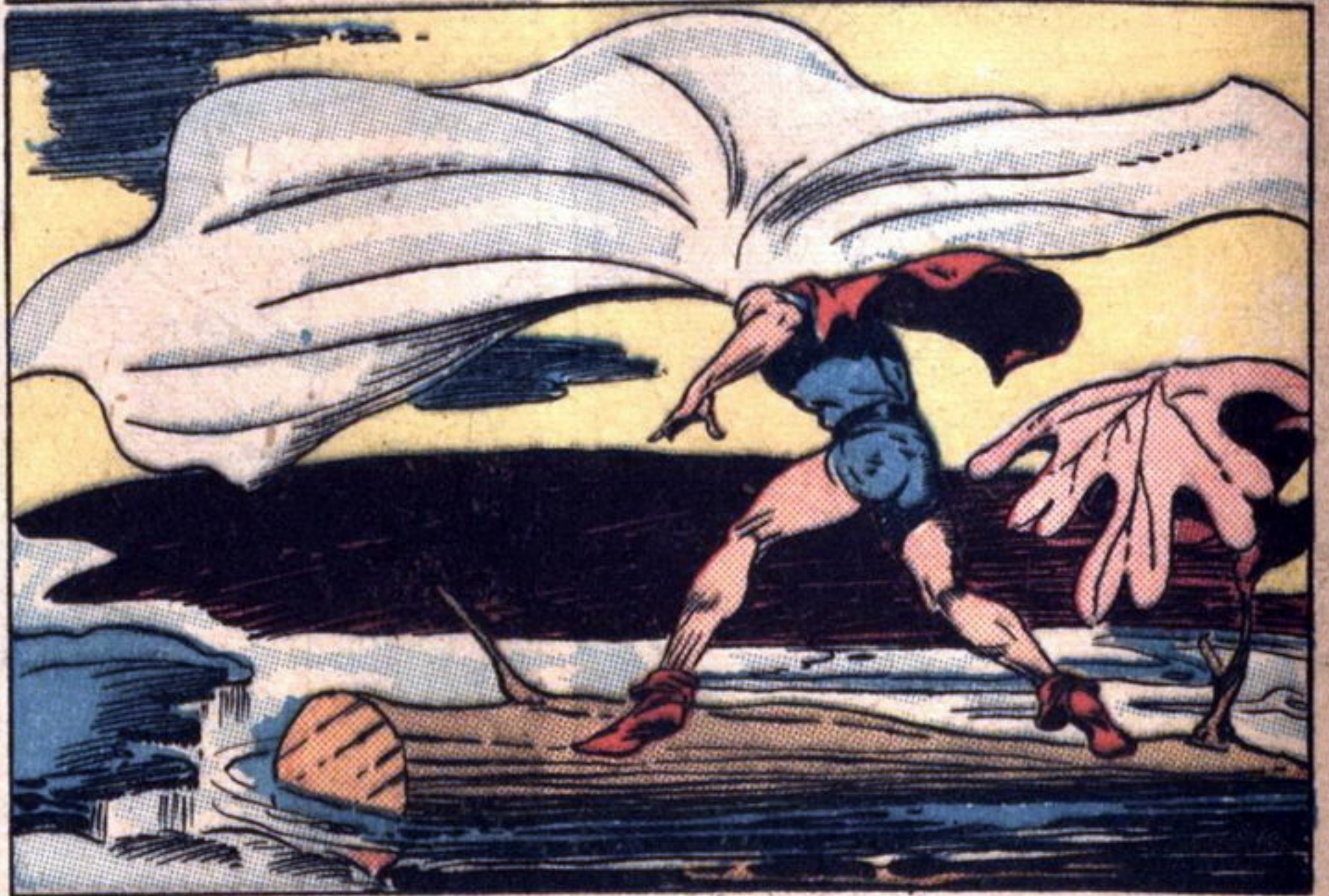




SNATCHING UP A HUGE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW . . .



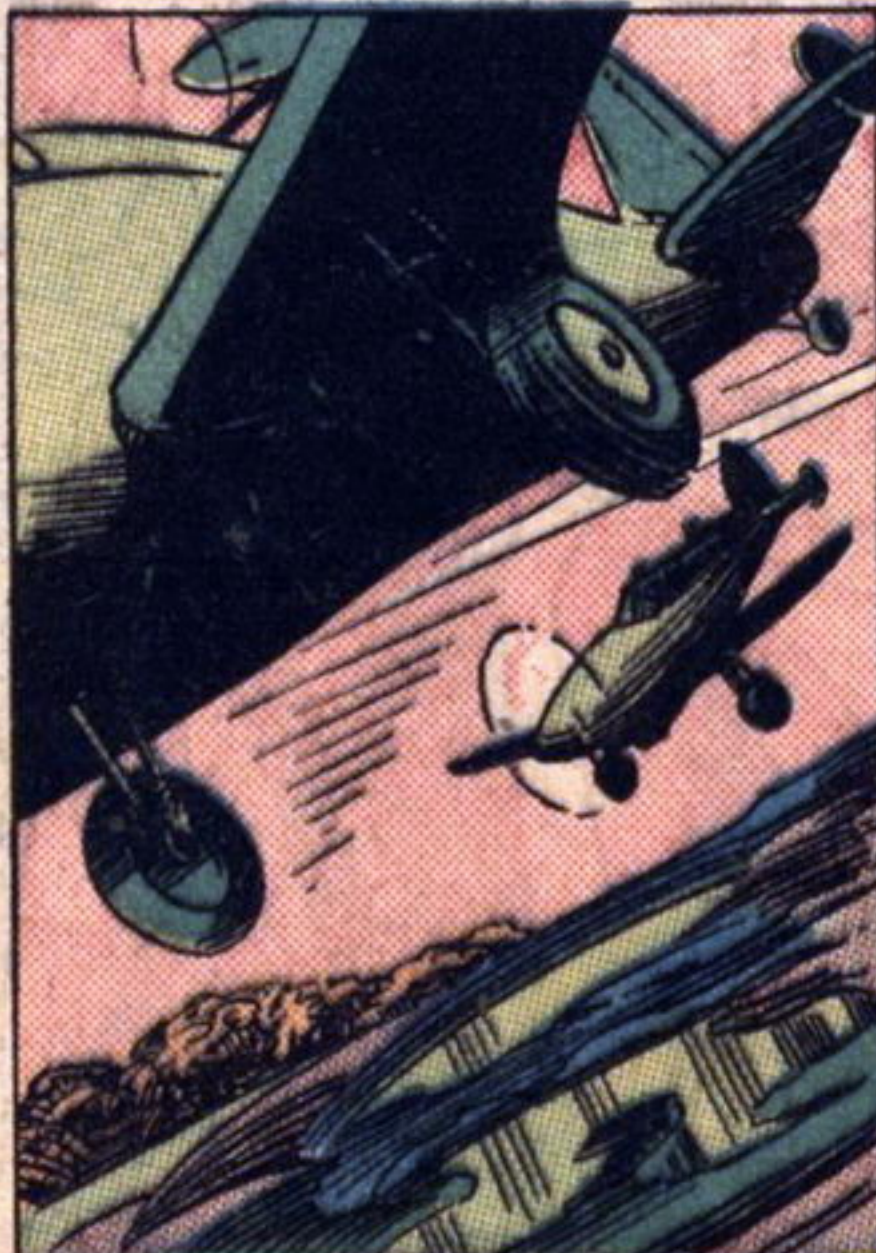
HE RACES TO THE FETID BOG AND WAVES THE HANDKERCHIEF WILDLY TO THE PLANES CIRCLING ABOVE.



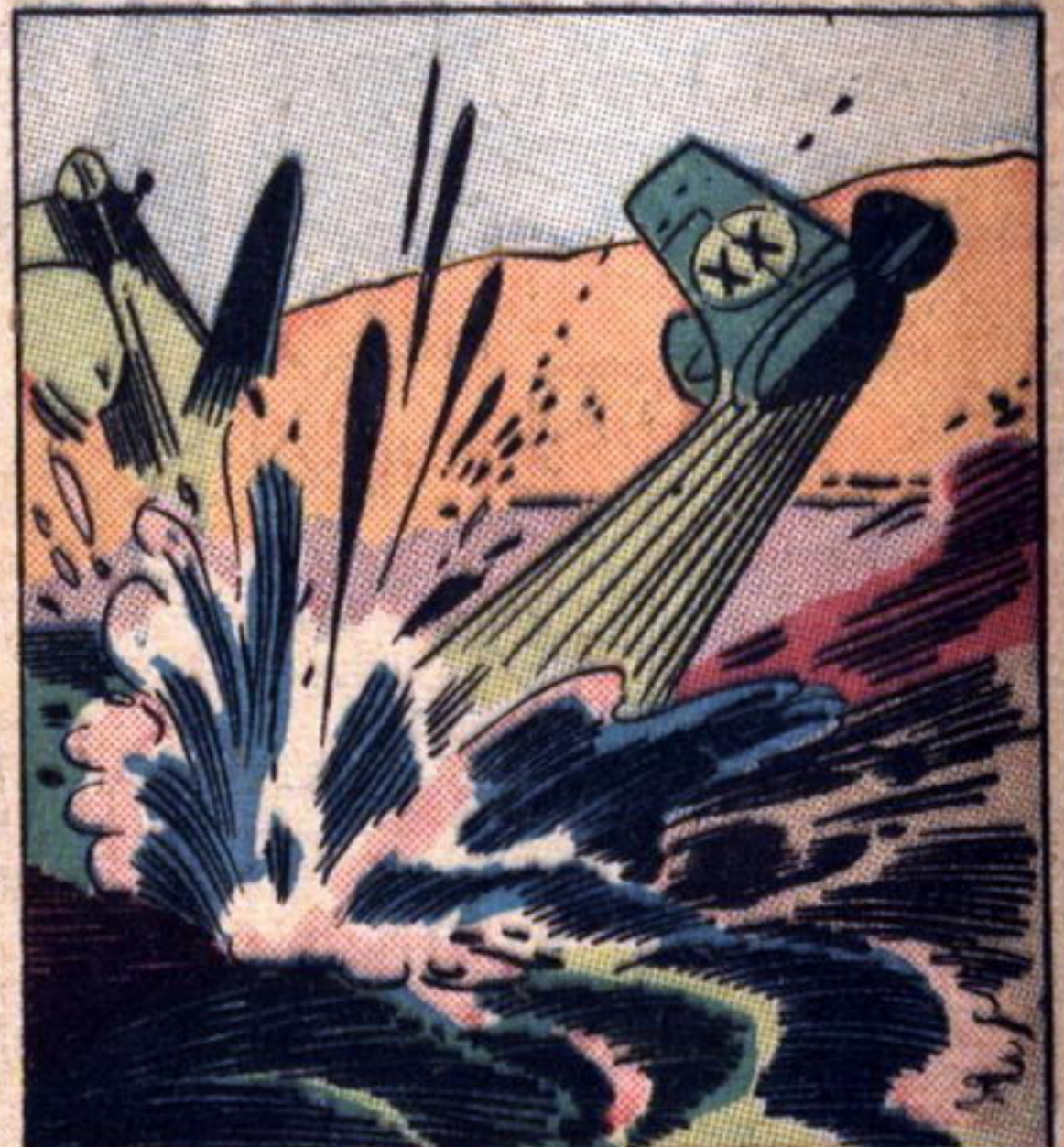
THE FLIGHT COMMANDER SEES IT. . .



THE SQUADRON ROARS DOWN FOR A LANDING.



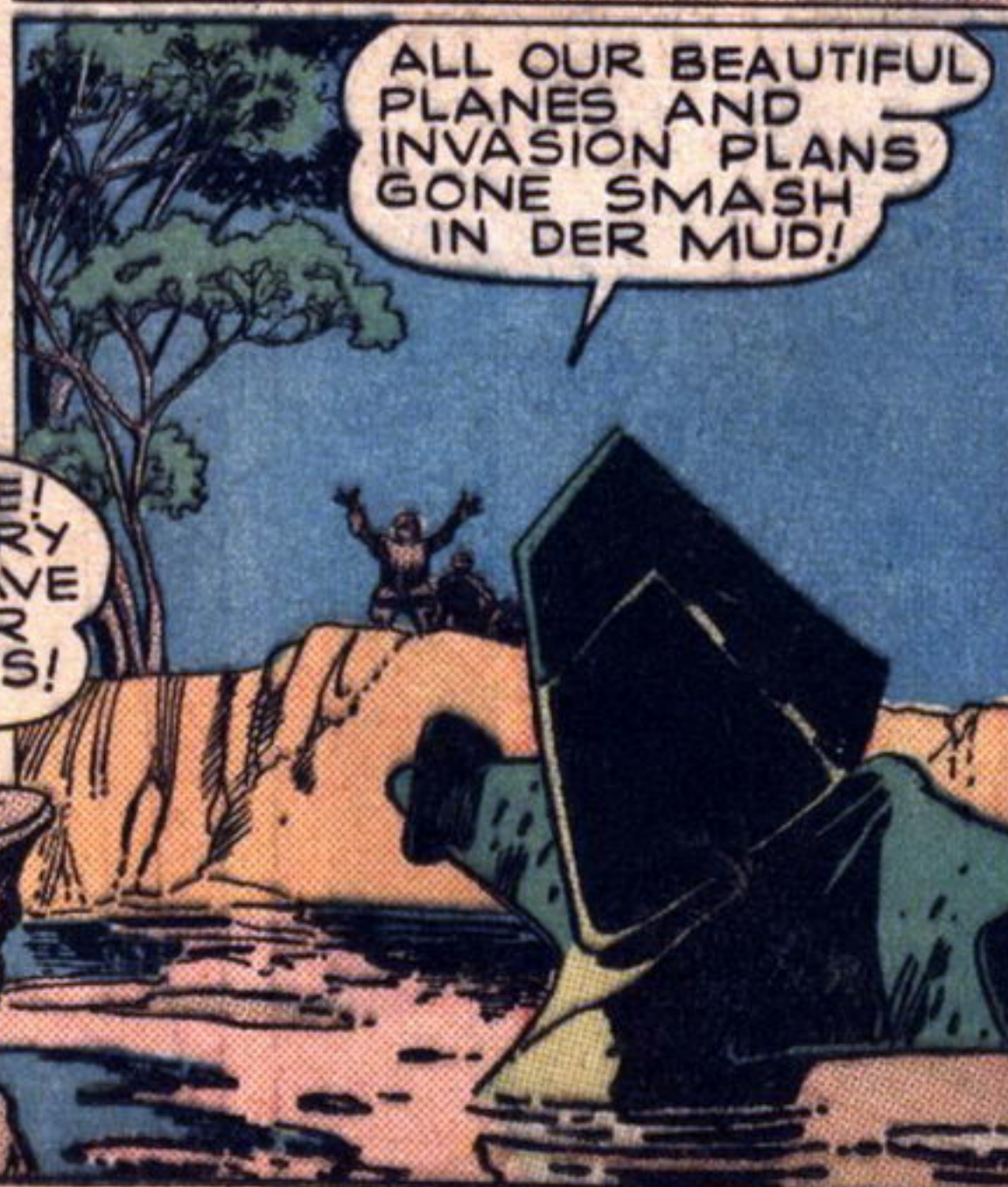
AND CRASHES NOSE-ON IN THE MUCK. . .



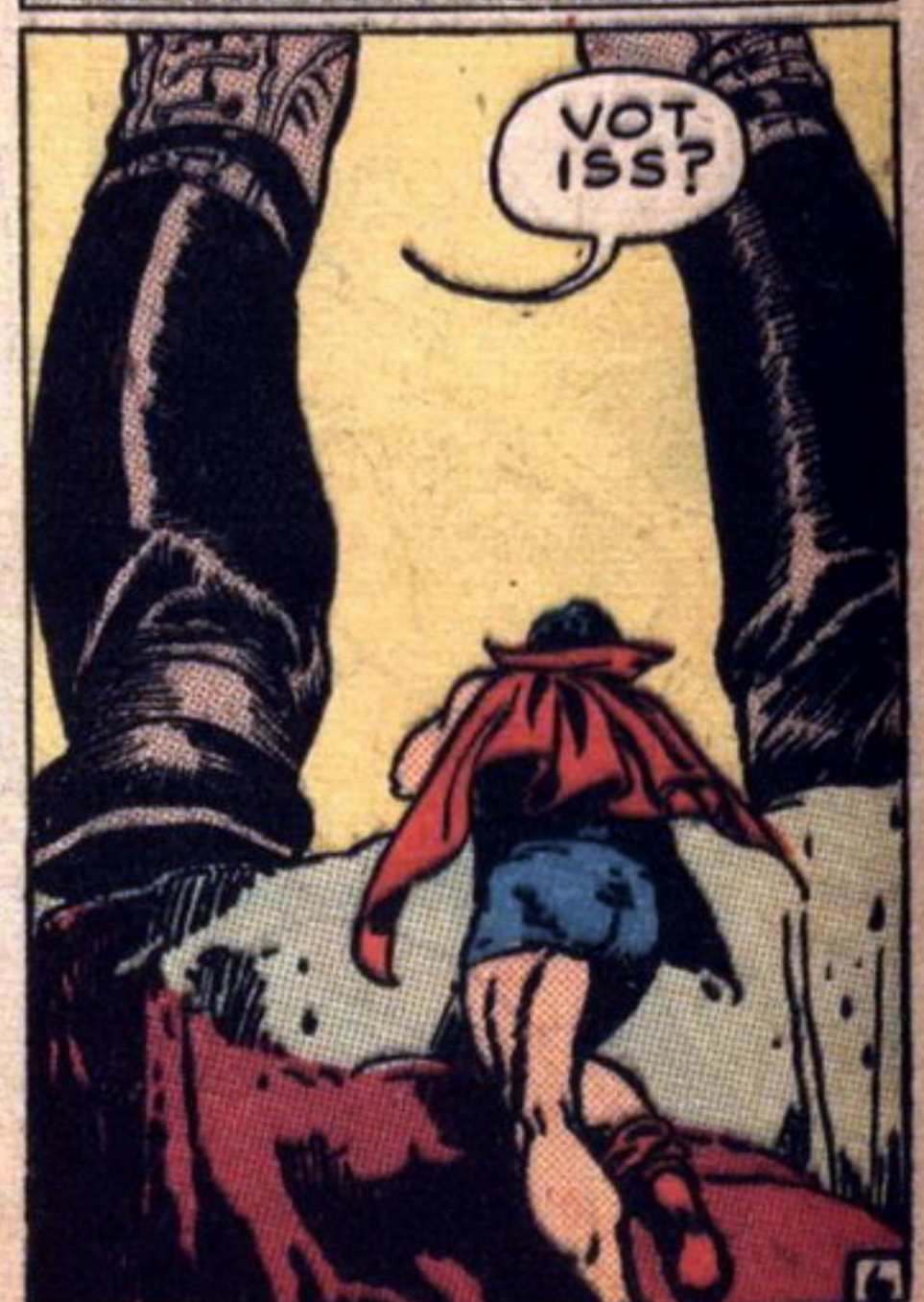
HULLER AND HIS PARTY SEE THE DISASTER FROM THE LANDING FIELD. . .



THEY RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE MARSH. . .



JUST THEN THE DOLL MAN CLAMBERS UP.

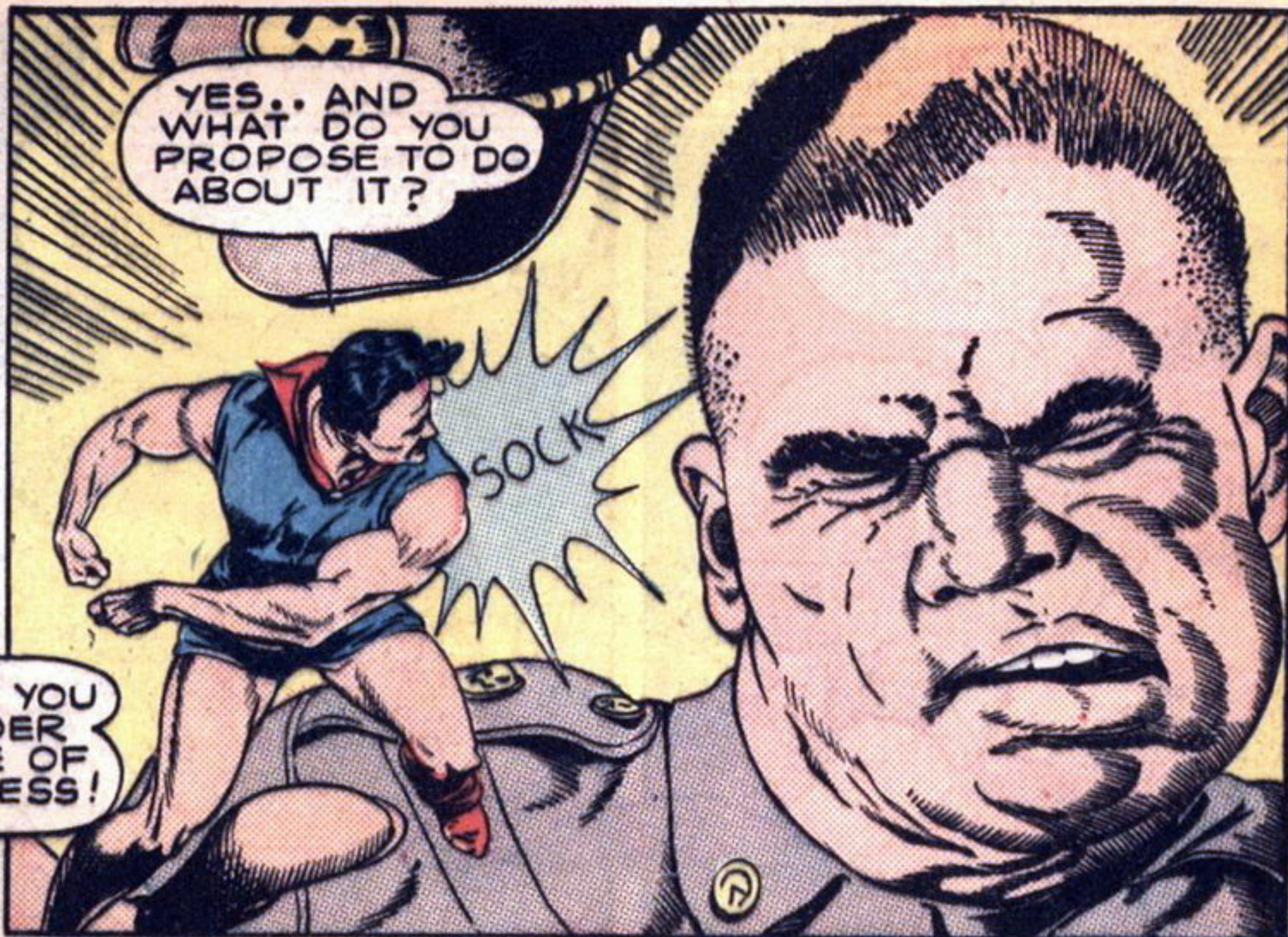




HULLER STOOPS AND PICKS UP THE TINY MAN.



I BET YOU ARE DER CAUSE OF DIS MESS!



YES.. AND WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT?

SOCK

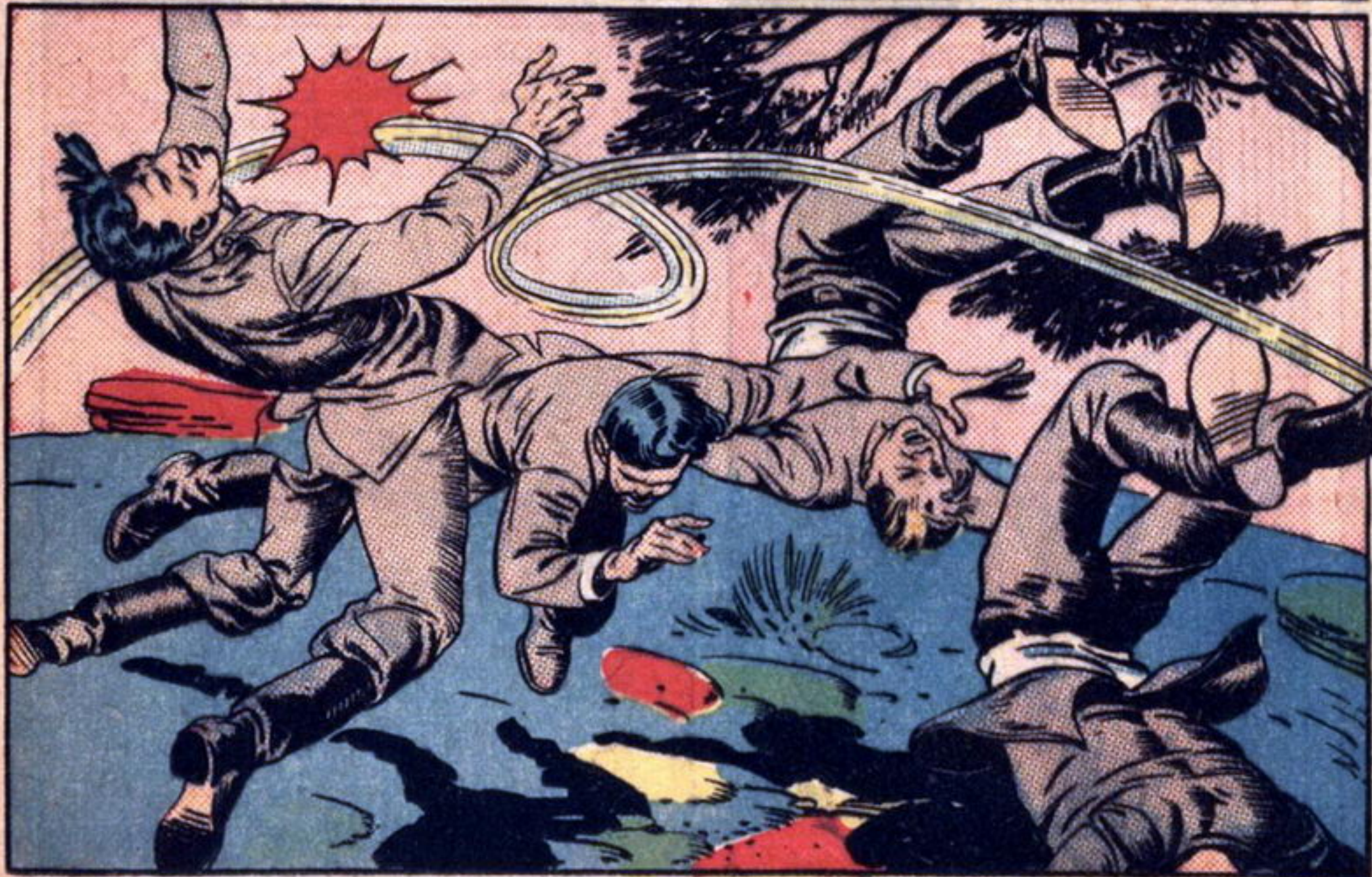


KILL DER MIDGET! HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

HULLER'S ANGRY MEN LUNGE FORWARD TO FINISH THE DOLL MAN OFF.



BUT SWEEPING THROUGH THEM LIKE A TORNADO, THE DOLLMAN SCATTERS HIS ATTACKERS.



THE LAST ONE.. FOR YOU!

S'LONG, EVERYBODY!



LEAVING THE SCENE, THE DOLL MAN HEADS FOR HULLER'S STRONGHOLD.



HAVE TO NOTIFY 'EM ALL BACK HOME!

HE COMMANDEERS THE WIRELESS.



CALLING U.S. AIRDROME OFF TRINIDAD.. SEND SQUADRON TO DEVIL'S ISLAND... TROUBLE.

MEANWHILE HERR HULLER HAS RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS.



I FIX THAT LIDDLE SNOOPER.. BURN DOWN DER WHOLE PLACE?

HE CIRCLES THE CITADEL, LEAVING BLAZING BRUSH FIRES IN HIS WAKE... SOON THE PLACE IS RINGED WITH FLAME.



THE DOLL MAN SEES SMOKE CURLING UNDER THE DOOR.



THAT MADMAN HULLER HAS FIRED THE CASTLE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE MARTHA AND THE DOC?

HE EXPLORES THE CITADEL QUICKLY AND DISCOVERS THE DUNGEON WHERE HIS FRIENDS ARE IMPRISONED.



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY, FOLKS?

THE DOLL MAN RIPS APART THE IRON BARS LIKE MATCHSTICKS.



RIGHT THIS WAY AN' FAST?

THE TRIO DASHES MADLY FOR AN EXIT.



WE'RE TRAPPED! JUST WALLED IN BY FIRE.

JUST THEN THE ARMY PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD.



THIS PLACE NEEDS CLEANING OUT.. WE'LL DROP A FEW BOMBS?



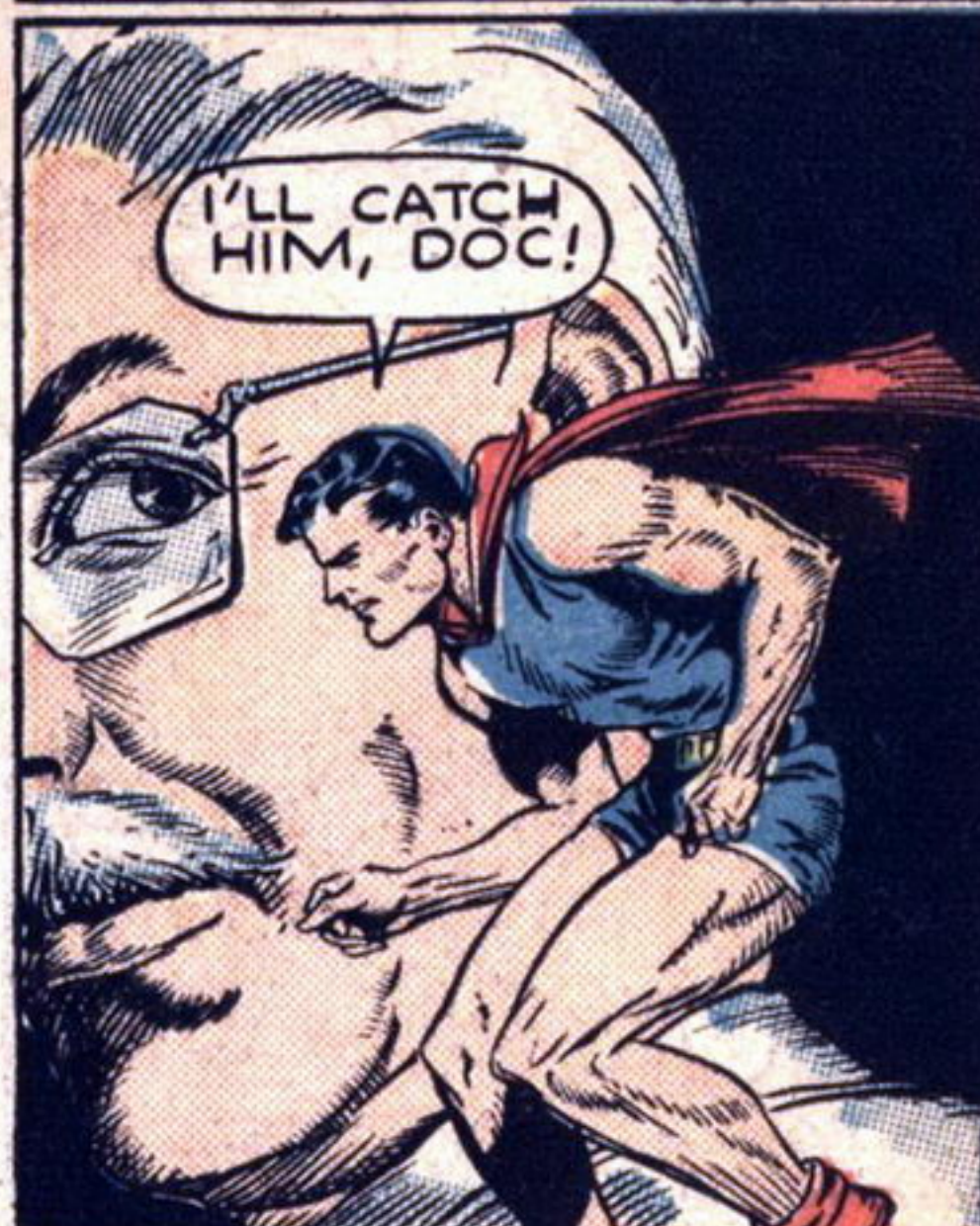
ONE OF THE BOMBS  
EXPLODES NEAR THE  
HOUSE.



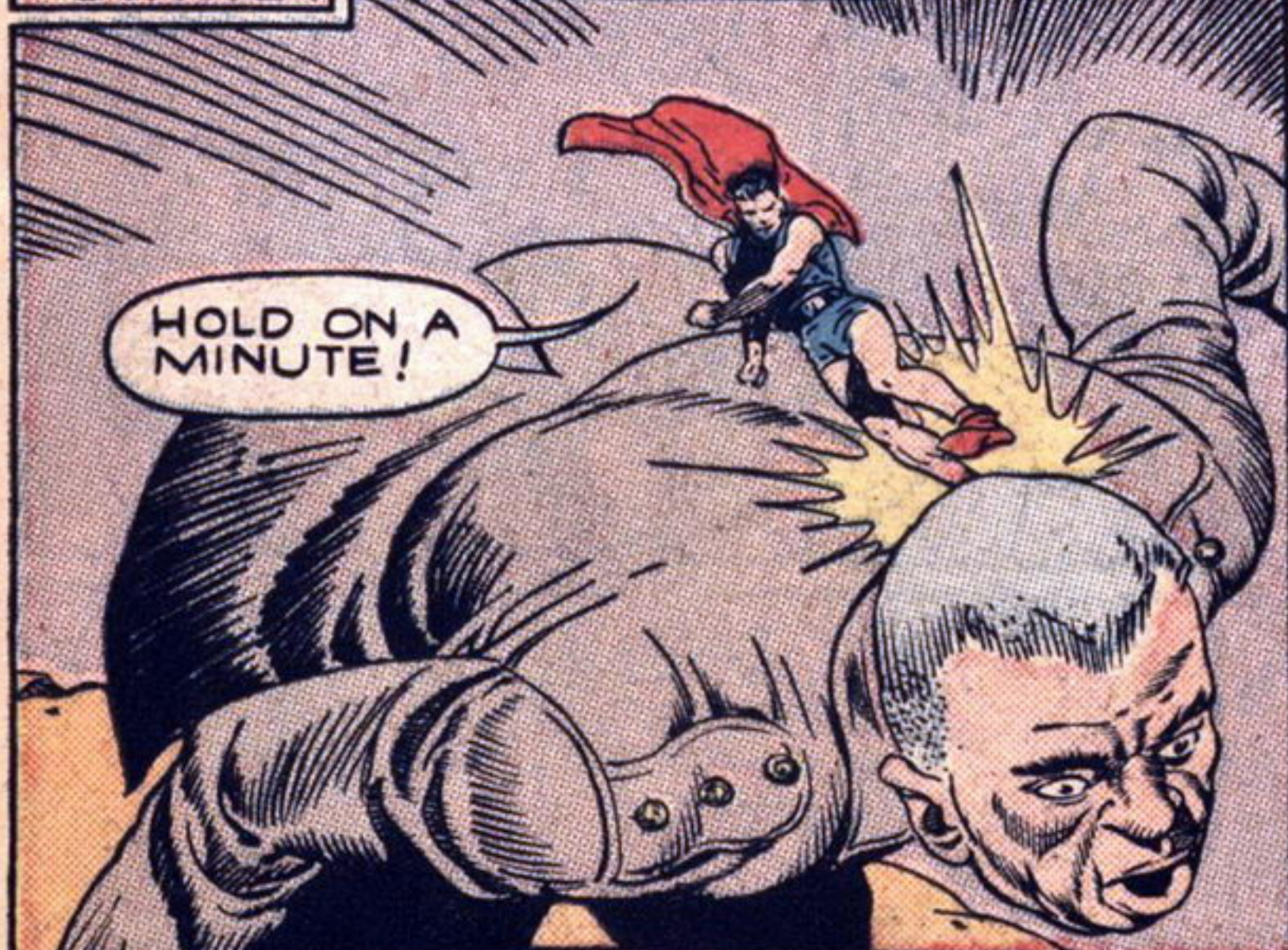
CLEARING A WAY FOR THE  
CAPTIVES.



THEY RUSH OUT JUST IN  
TIME TO SEE HULLER  
ESCAPING OVER THE HILL.



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, THE  
DOLL MAN REACHES THE  
FUGITIVE.



THE MARINES LAND AND PICK  
UP MARTHA AND DOCTOR  
ROBERTS.



WHEN OFFERED A RIDE BY THE  
FLIGHT COMMANDER, DOLL MAN  
REFUSES AND INSTEAD...



More amazing adventures of The Doll Man in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.



# BIG TOP

HEY, SILLY-  
YER WANTED  
ON THE  
PHONE!

WHAT?!--UNCLE PETE  
PASSED ON? OH GRAN-  
I MEAN THAT'S  
AWFUL!

WOW!-THAT MEANS I INHERIT  
TEN THOUSAND BUCKS!-  
I CAN  
RETIRE!

AN' TELL  
OFF A FEW  
PEOPLE

WILLIE, THOSE WHACKS  
YOU HAND ME IN OUR  
ACT HAVE BEEN  
EXTRA HARD!

WANT  
T'MAKE  
SOMETHIN'  
OF IT?

YEAH!-A LITTLE!

WHAT  
GOES  
ON?

WHY-HELLO, BOSS!  
ISN'T YOUR TIE  
LOOSE?-LET ME  
FIX  
IT!

ACK  
ACK!

YOUR HAT NEEDS PULLING  
DOWN AND YOUR PANTS  
NEED PULLING UP,  
IF YOU  
ASK  
ME!

...FOR A HUNDRED BUCK  
RAISE-ILL TIDY YOU  
UP EVERY DAY,  
BOSS!

WHY  
YOU--

I JUST  
INHERITED  
TEN GRAND-  
WANNA  
MARRY  
ME?

WHY-I'VE  
ALWAYS  
LOVED YOU-  
WHAT WAS  
THE  
NAME  
AGAIN?

I'LL PHONE  
THAT LAWYER  
AND ASK HIM  
FOR A THOUSAND  
ADVANCE!

WHAT?-IT WASN'T  
UNCLE PETE THAT  
DIED-BUT ONLY  
UNCLE ZEKE WHO  
WAS ON THE  
W. P. A.  
?

YEP!

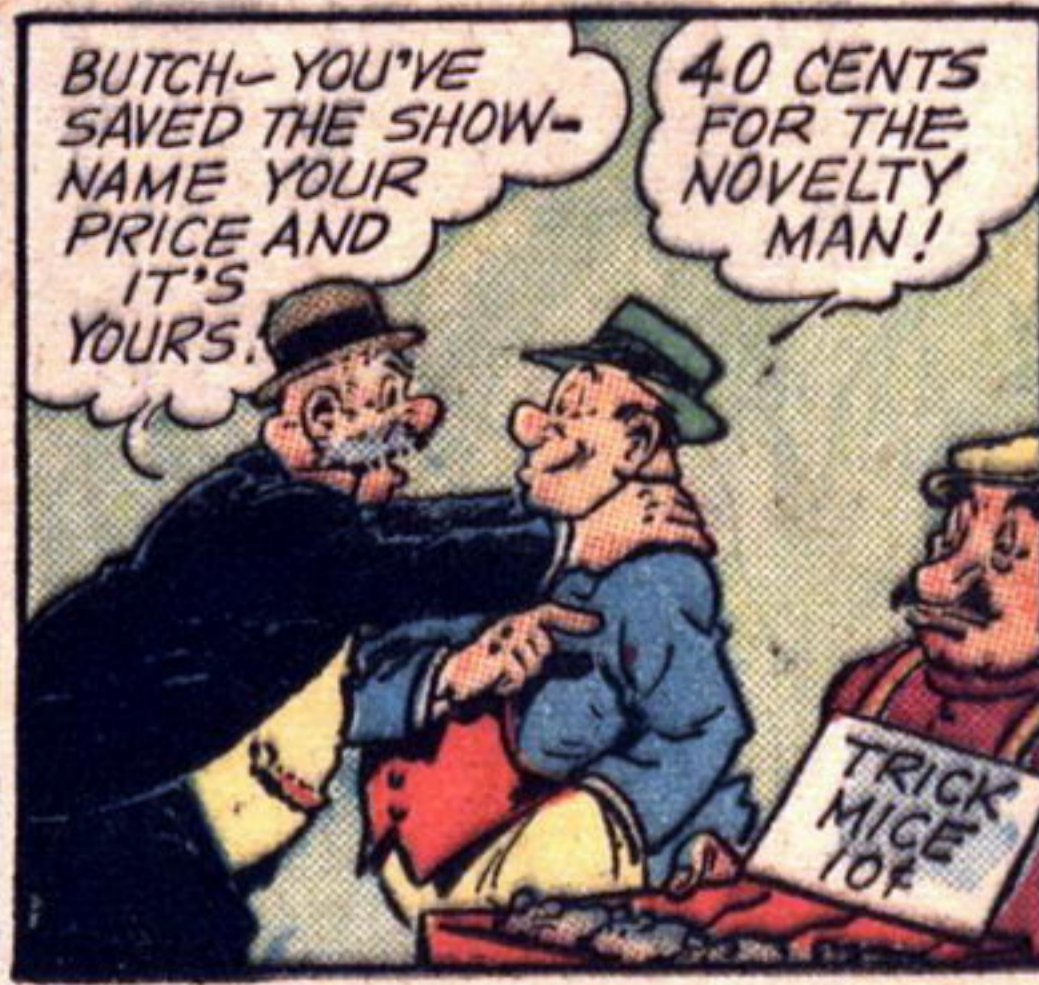
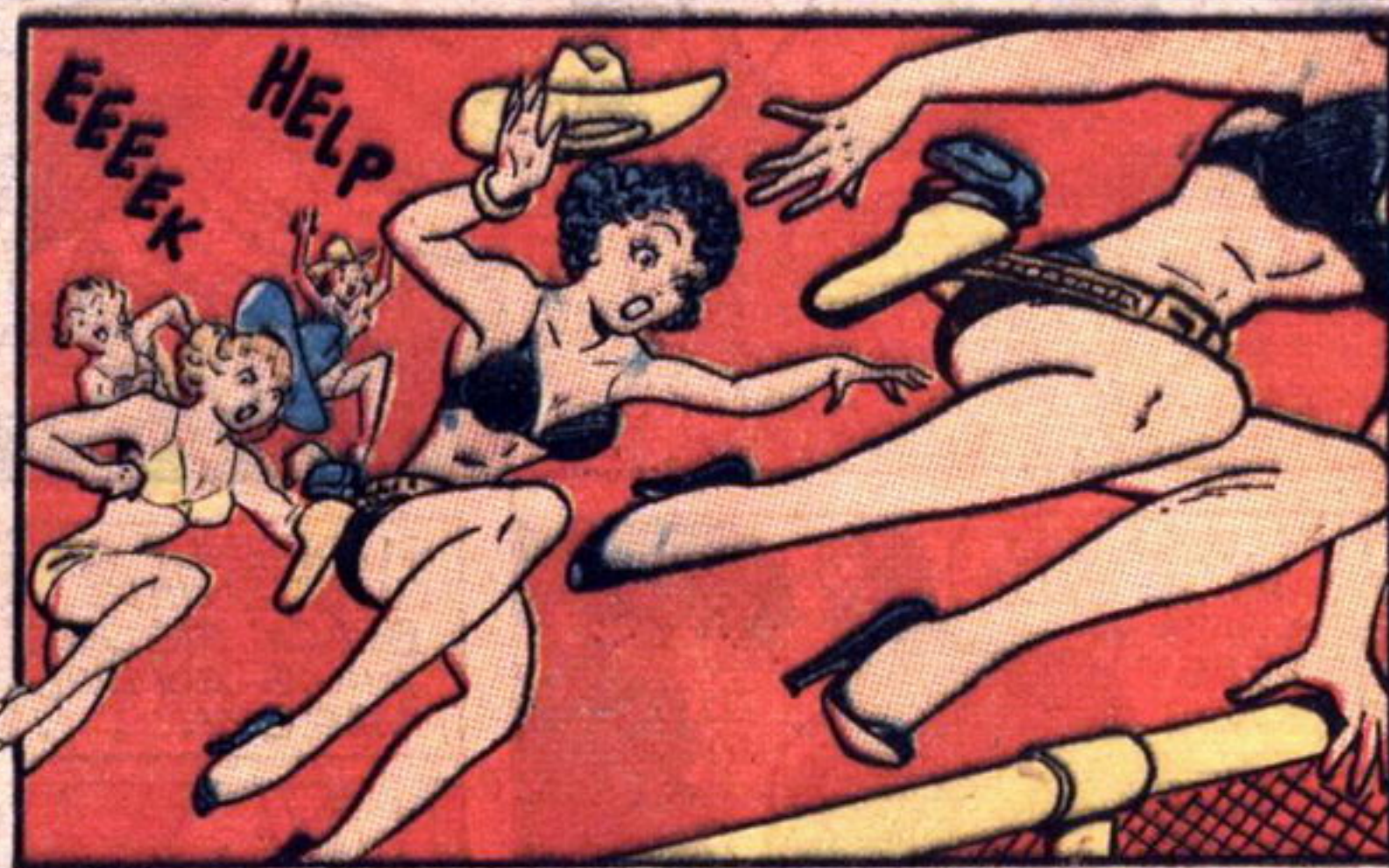
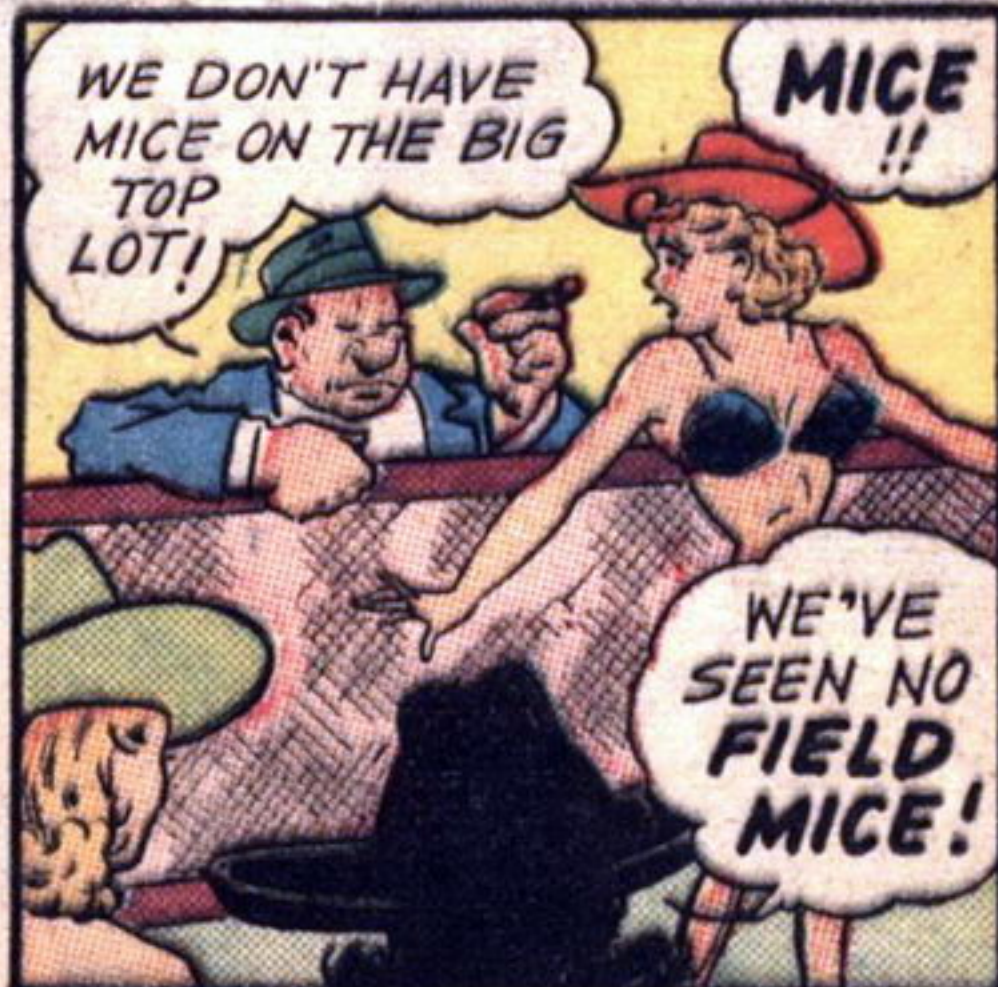
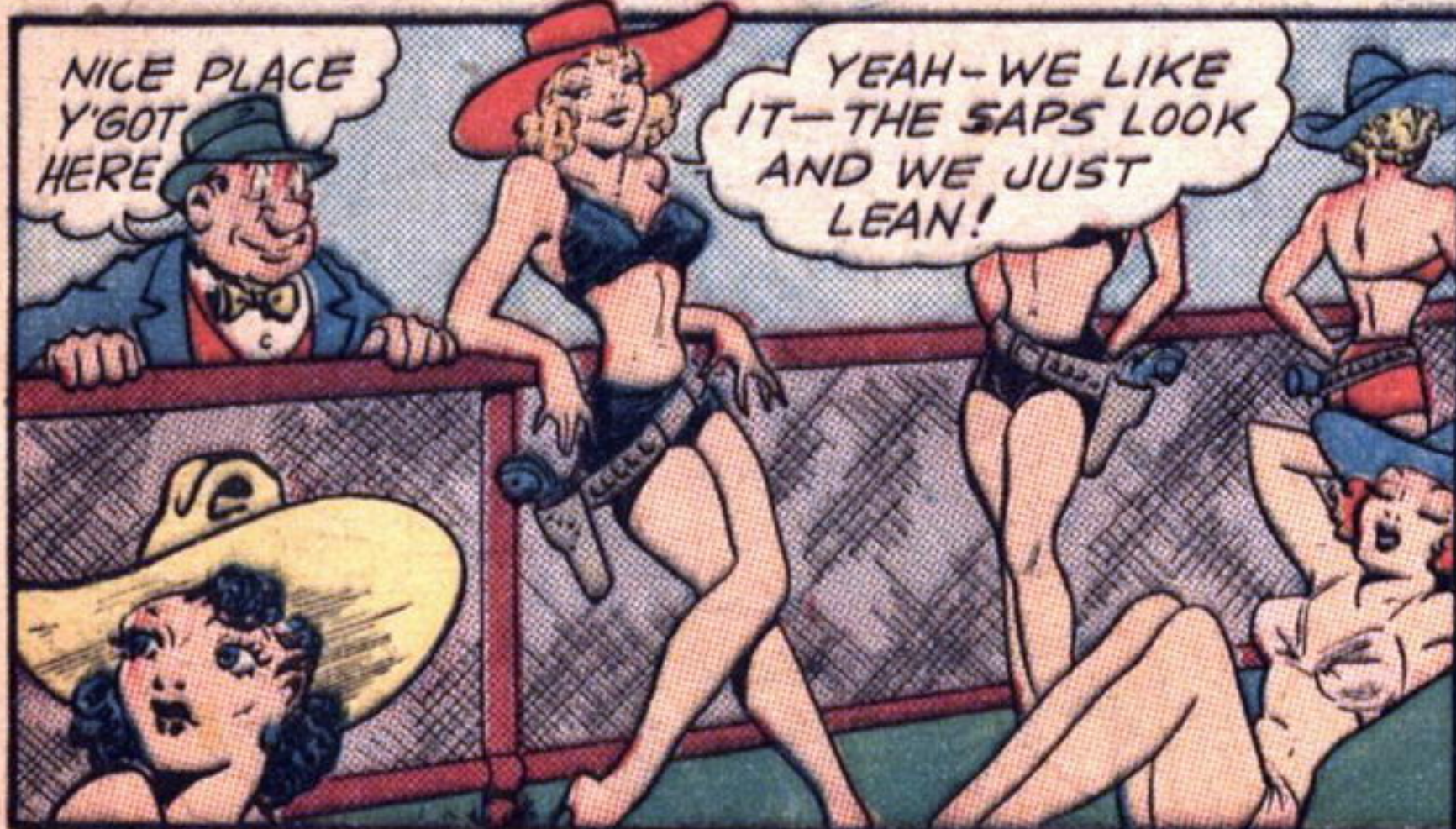
PITY, BOSS!  
PLEASE  
GIVE ME  
MY  
JOB  
BACK?

OKAY- BUT I'M  
CUTTING YOU  
SIX BUCKS AND  
PUTTING A NEW  
PARTNER IN YOUR  
ACT!

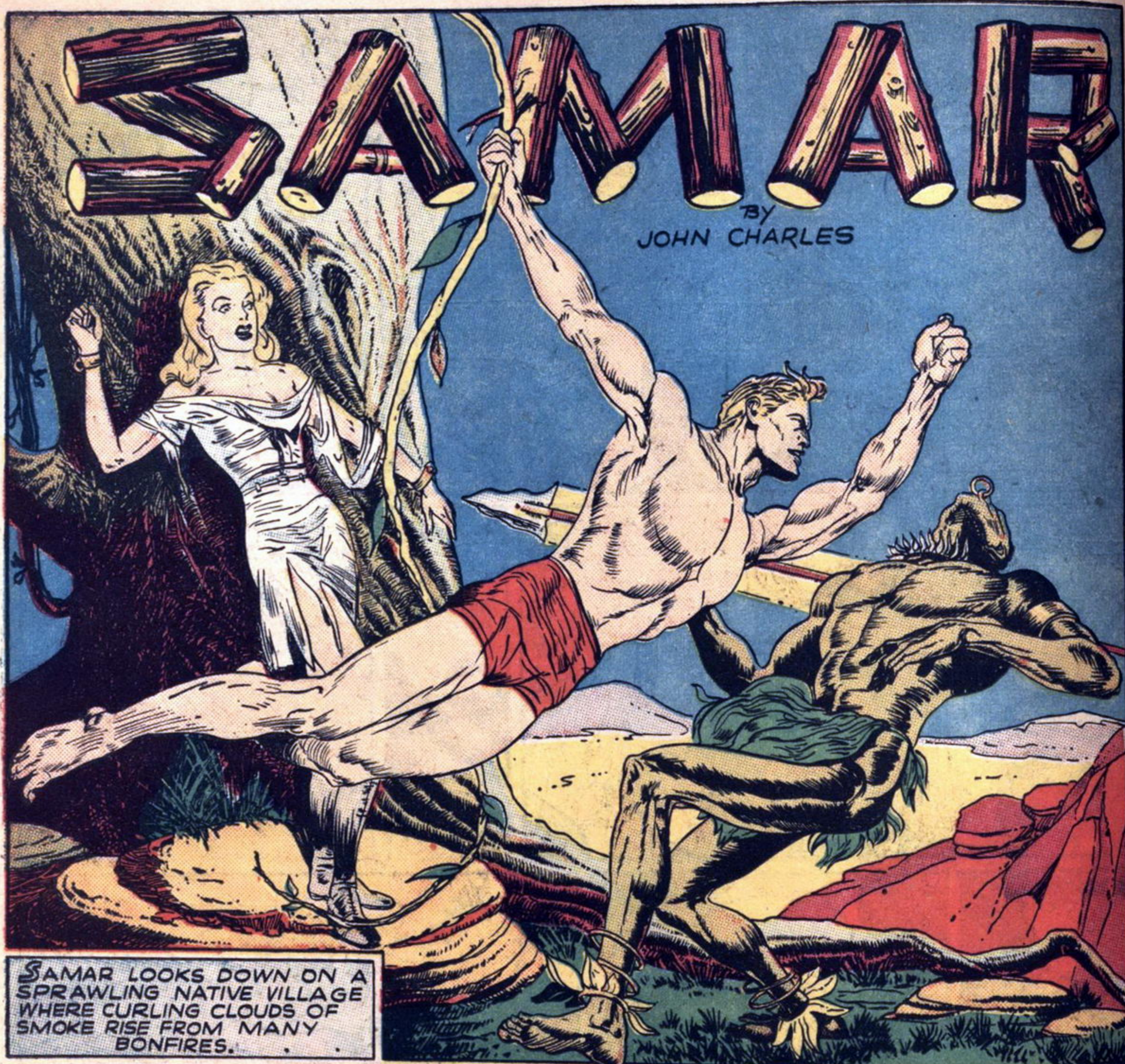
IT'S TIME TH' GORILLA  
DID SOMETHING  
BESIDES SIT  
ON HIS  
BREECHES!



# BIG TOP

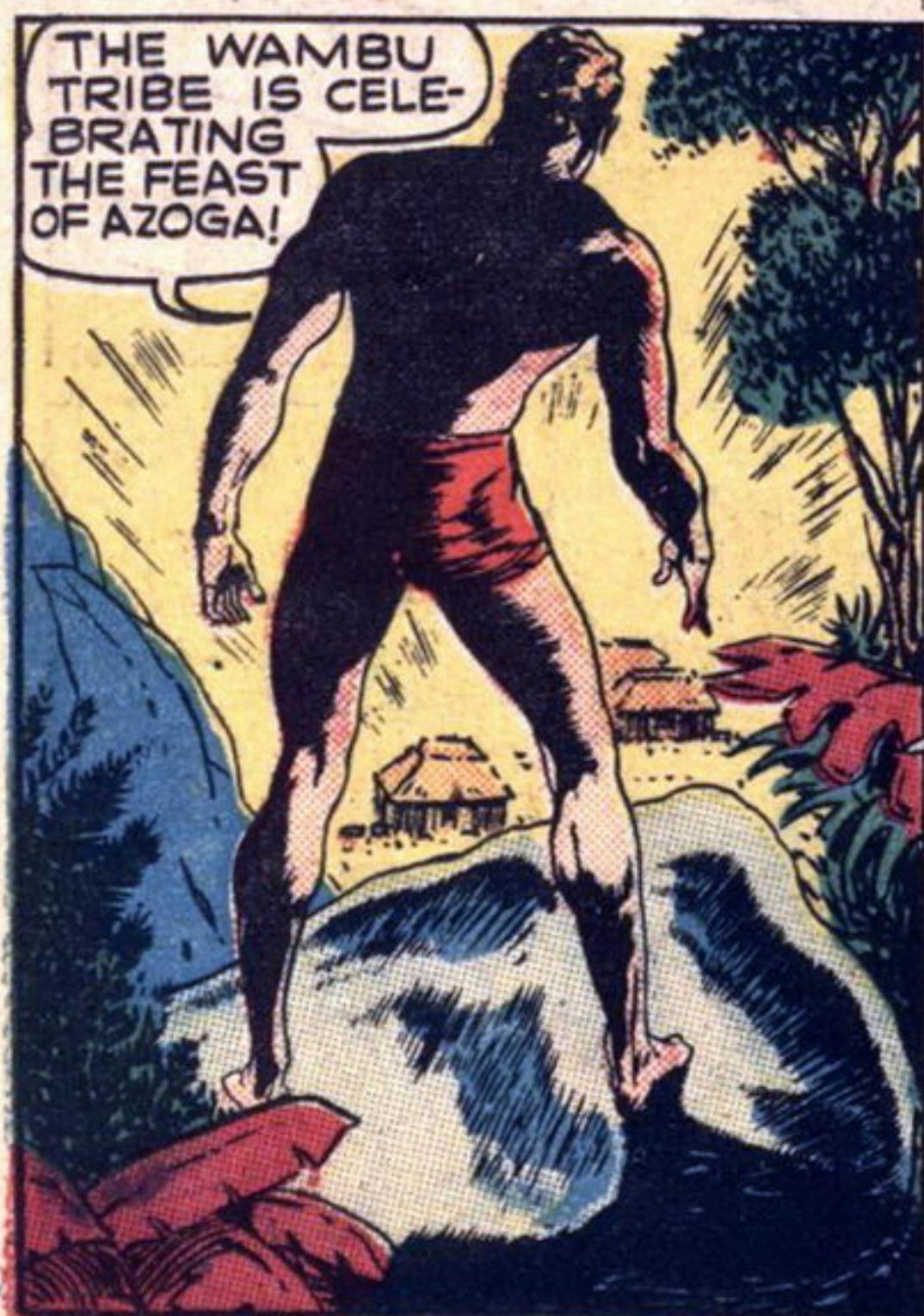






By  
JOHN CHARLES

SAMAR LOOKS DOWN ON A SPRAWLING NATIVE VILLAGE WHERE CURLING CLOUDS OF SMOKE RISE FROM MANY BONFIRES.

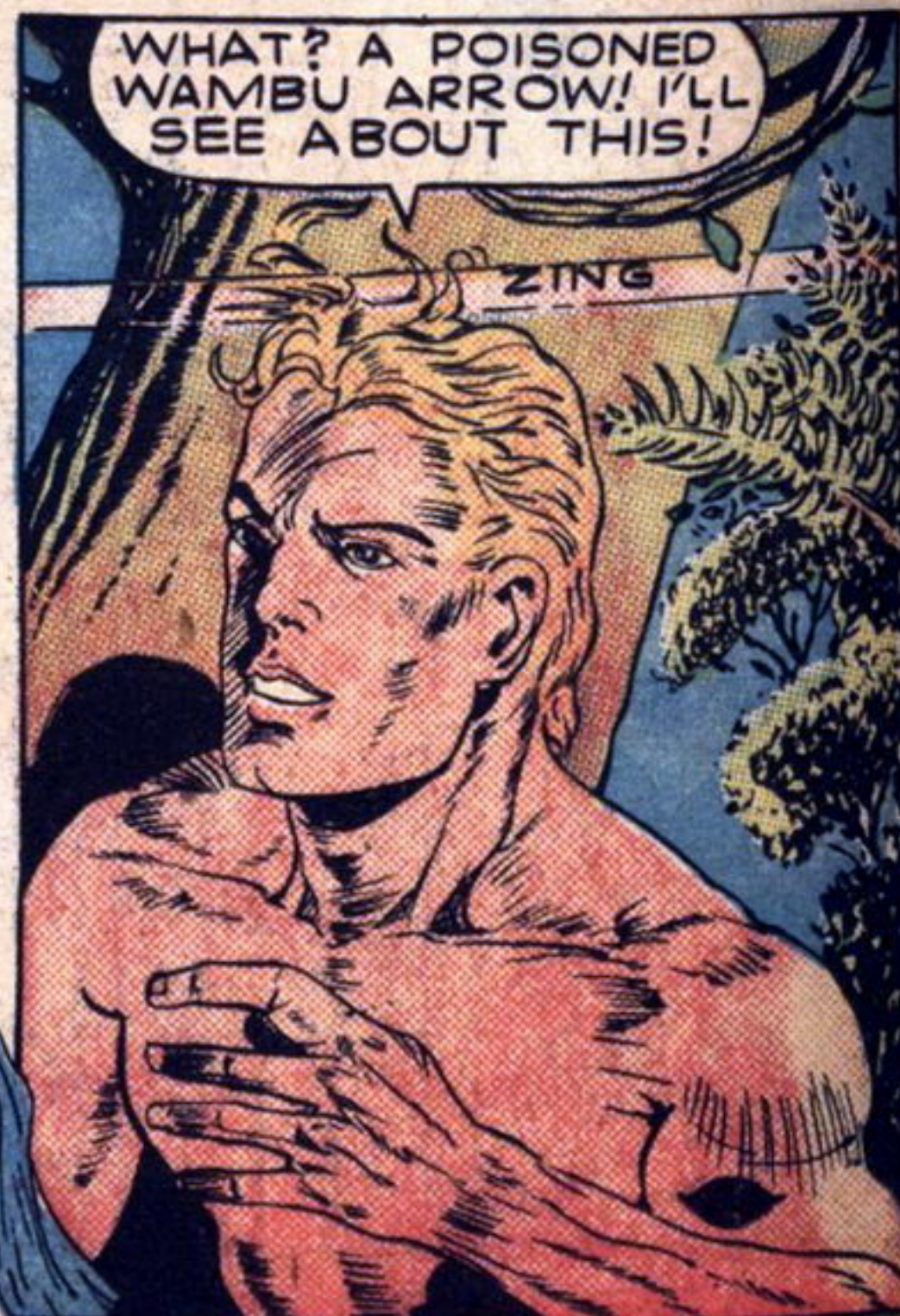


THE WAMBU TRIBE IS CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF AZOGA!

SUDDENLY A GLISTENING BLACK FIGURE AIMS AN EVIL ARROW.



NO WHITE MAN SEE SACRED AZOGA FEAST. I KILL!



WHAT? A POISONED WAMBU ARROW! I'LL SEE ABOUT THIS!

ZING



BEFORE THE NATIVE CAN DRAW HIS BOW AGAIN, SAMAR SWINGS HIMSELF UP.



THE ARROW CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION.

HE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, LANDING SQUARELY ON THE SNIPER.



OOF!

WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT ME?

ME TELL! NO HIT ME AGAIN!



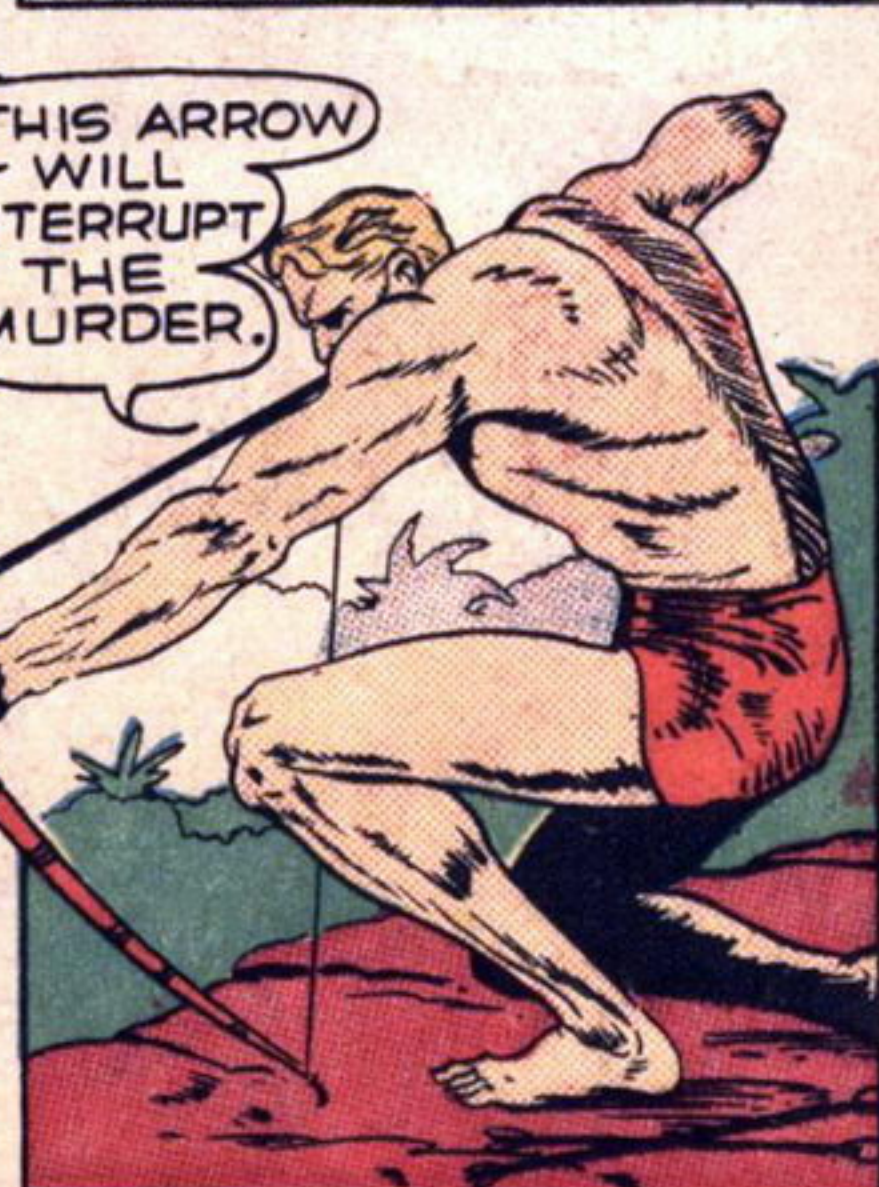
SAMAR PICKS UP THE BLACK'S BOW AND PROCEEDS TOWARD THE VILLAGE.



I MUST STOP THAT AZOGA FESTIVAL! CANNIBALISM IS OUTLAWED HERE!

FROM A CLIFF AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE, HE SEES CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.

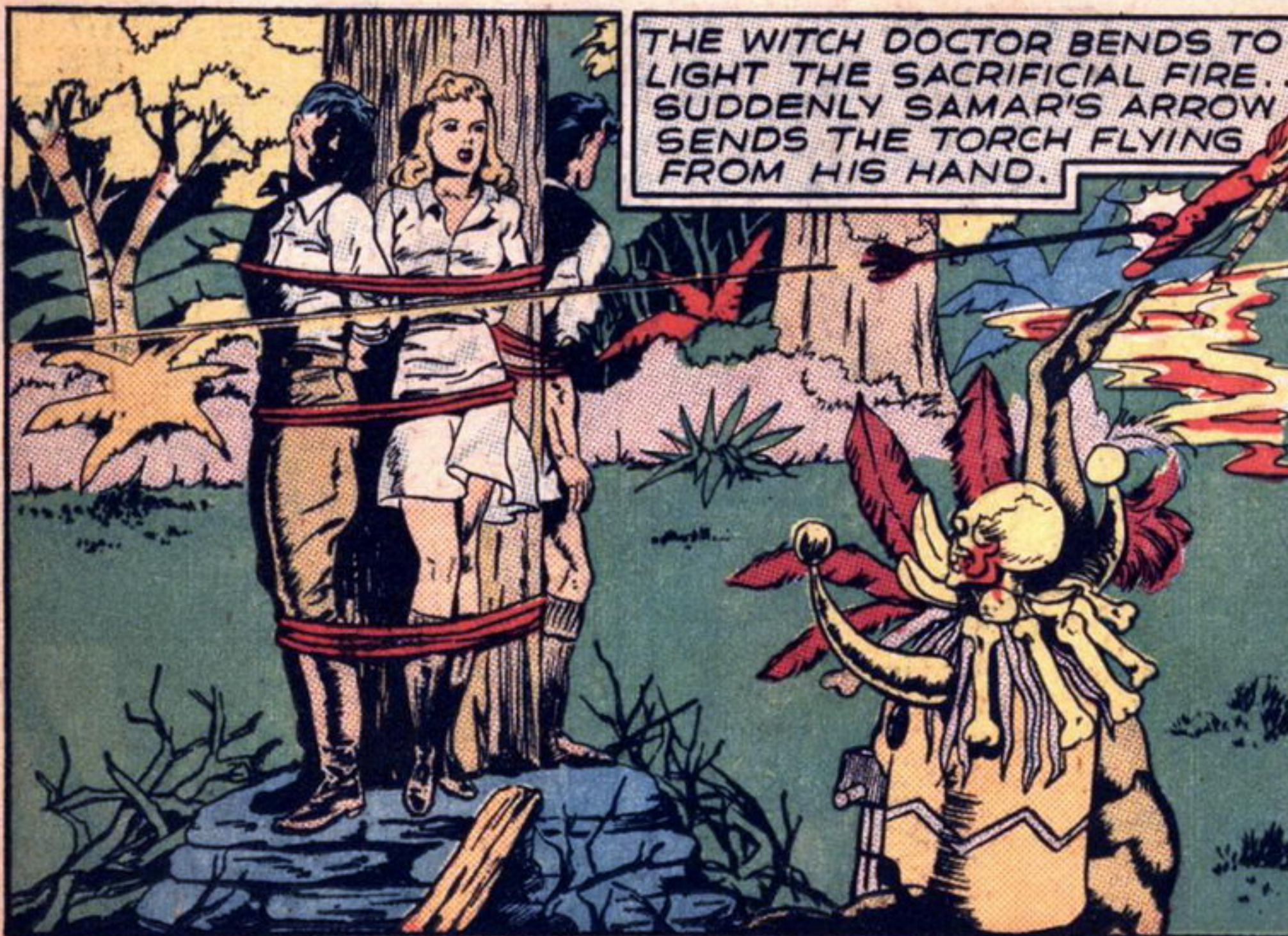
THIS ARROW WILL INTERRUPT THE MURDER.



WHITE TRADER GIVE PRESENTS TO CHIEF SO WAMBU TRIBE CELEBRATE CANNIBAL FEAST OF AZOGA.

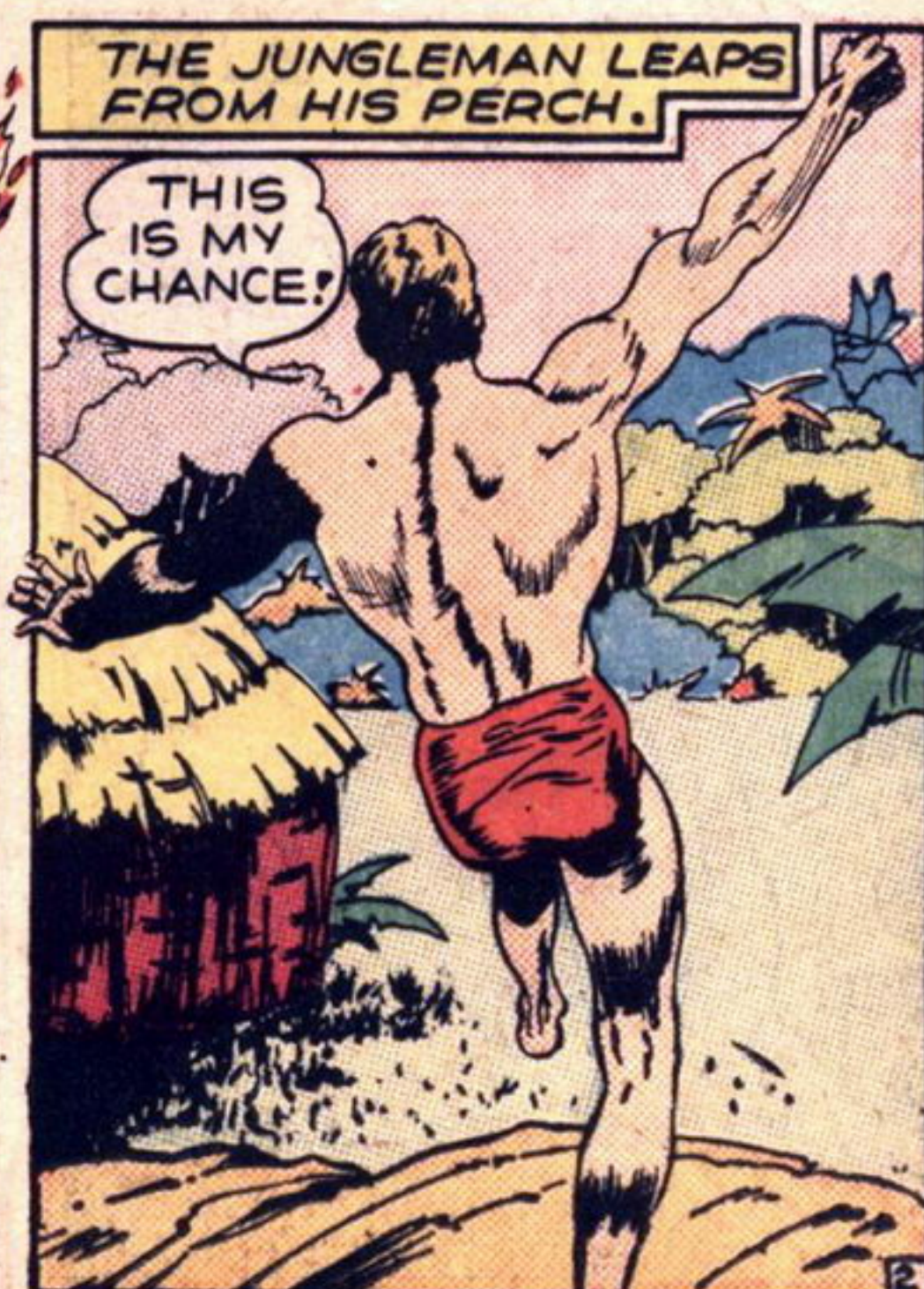


THE WITCH DOCTOR BENDS TO LIGHT THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE. SUDDENLY SAMAR'S ARROW SENDS THE TORCH FLYING FROM HIS HAND.



THE JUNGLEMAN LEAPS FROM HIS PERCH.

THIS IS MY CHANCE!

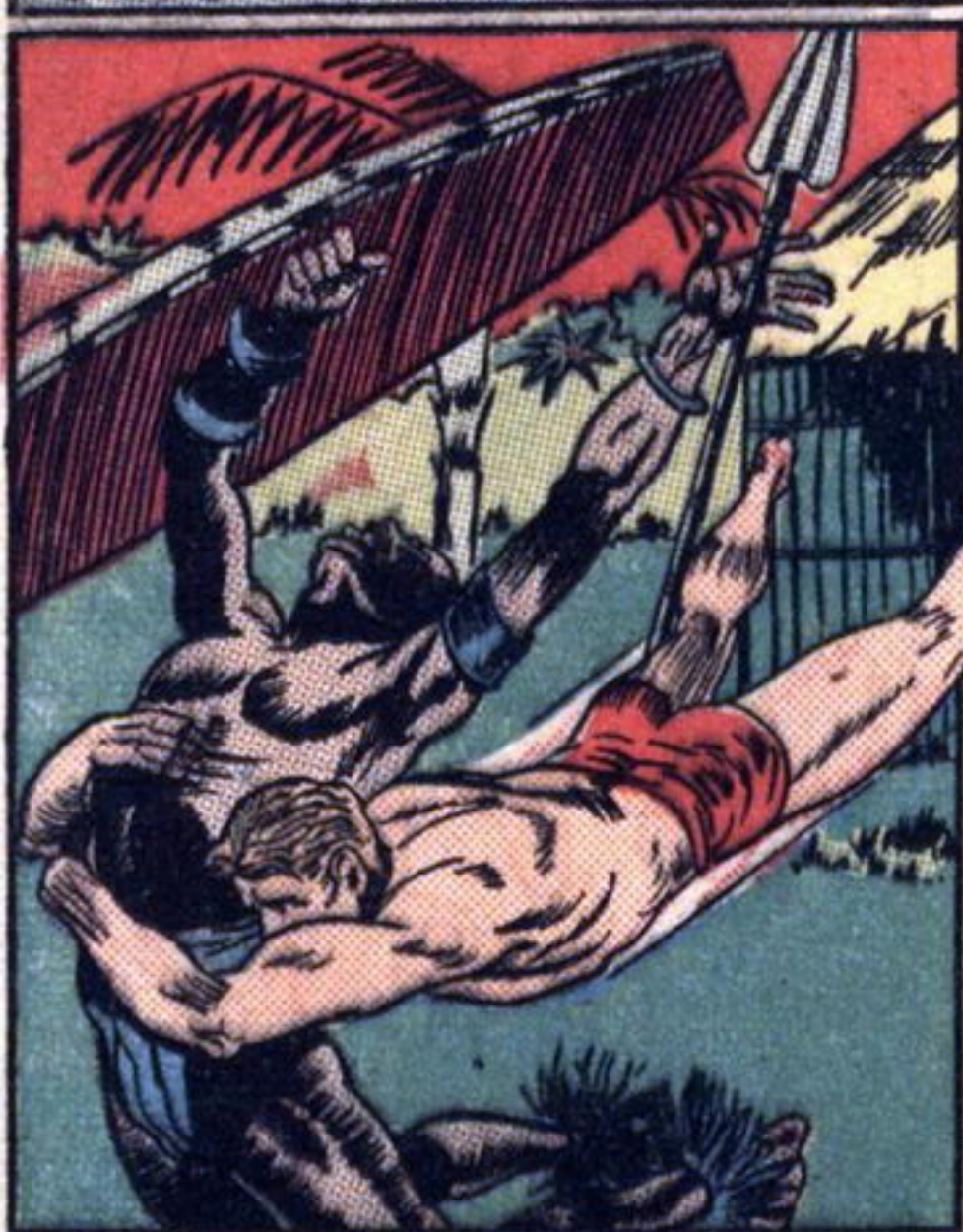




QUICKLY SAMAR CIRCLES  
AROUND THE CHIEF'S HUT.



LIKE A GREAT EAGLE, SAMAR  
DIVES ON HIS PREY, SENDING  
THE NATIVE SPINNING TO THE  
GROUND.



THE GUARD OUT COLD, SAMAR  
STRIDES INTO THE HUT.



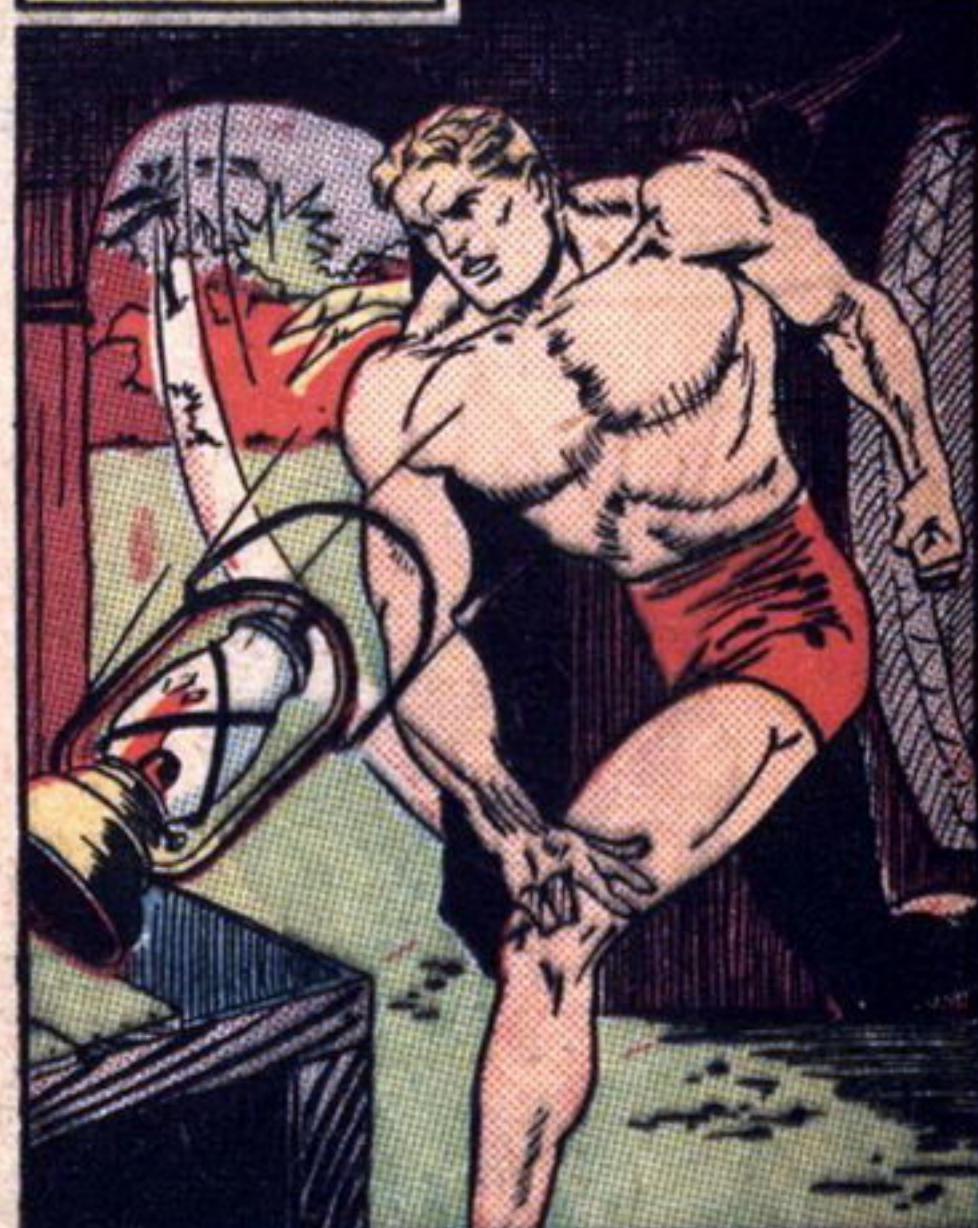
HE EXAMINES SOME BEADS.  
SUDDENLY . . .



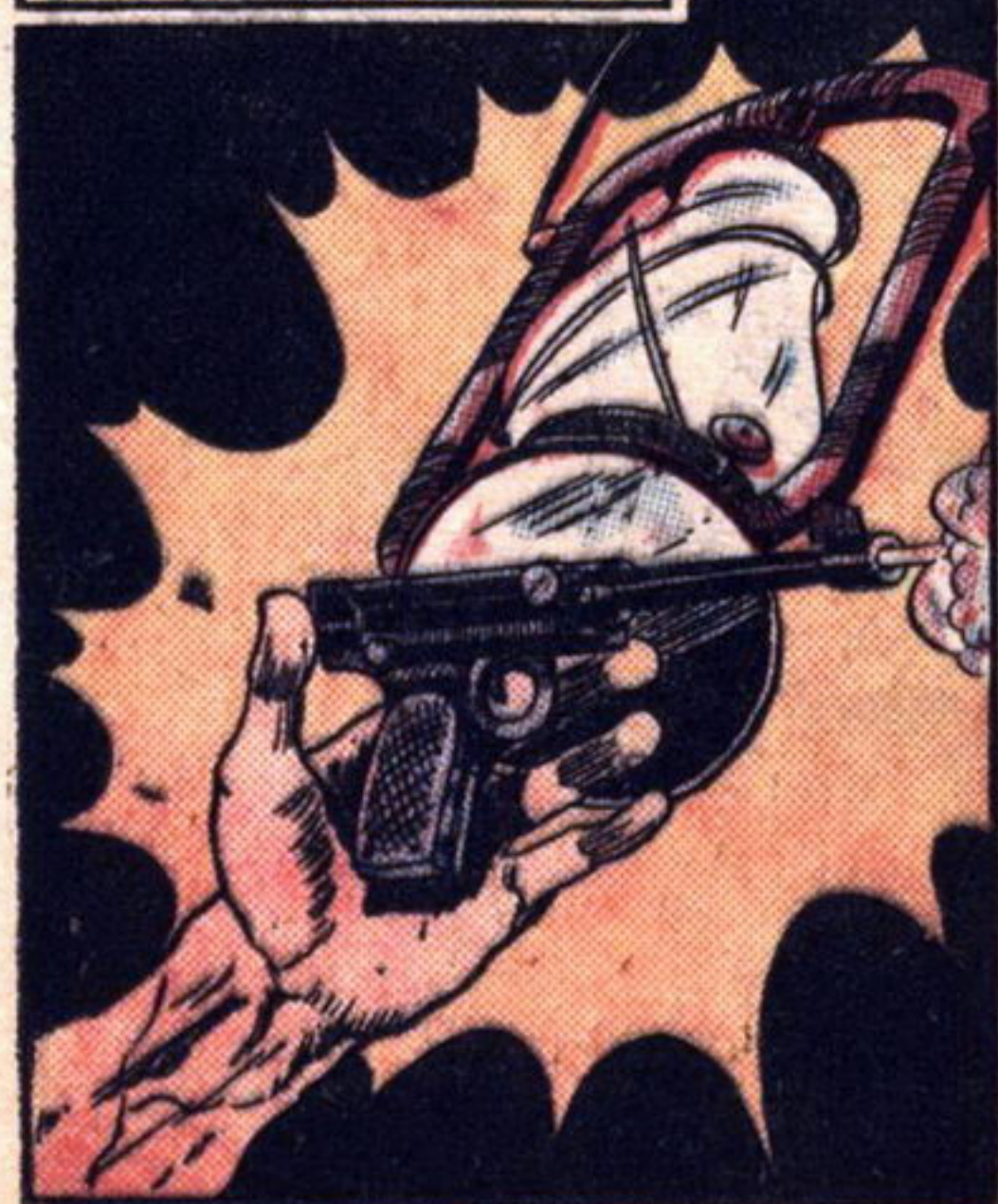
SAMAR WHIRLS ABOUT SWIFTLY.



BUT HE SNATCHES UP A  
LANTERN AND HURLS IT AT  
HIS FOE.



THE SHOT FLIES WILD  
AS THE LANTERN  
STRIKES THE GUN-  
MAN'S HAND.



HE IS BEHIND THIS  
AZOGA SACRIFICE!  
I MUST HOLD HIM  
UNTIL THE  
OTHERS  
ARE SAFE!

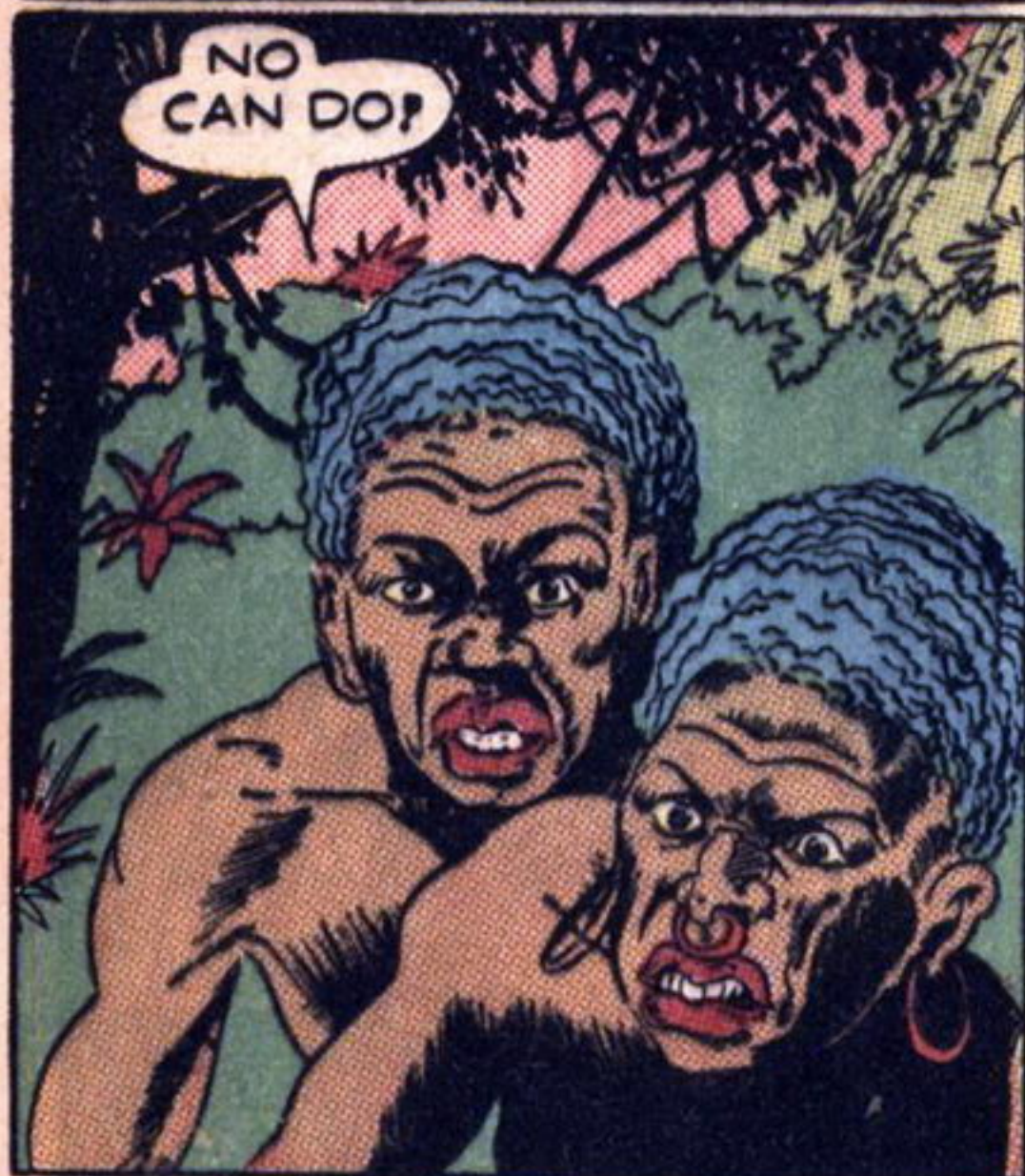


WITH A FLYING LEAP  
SAMAR TACKLES THE  
MAN.

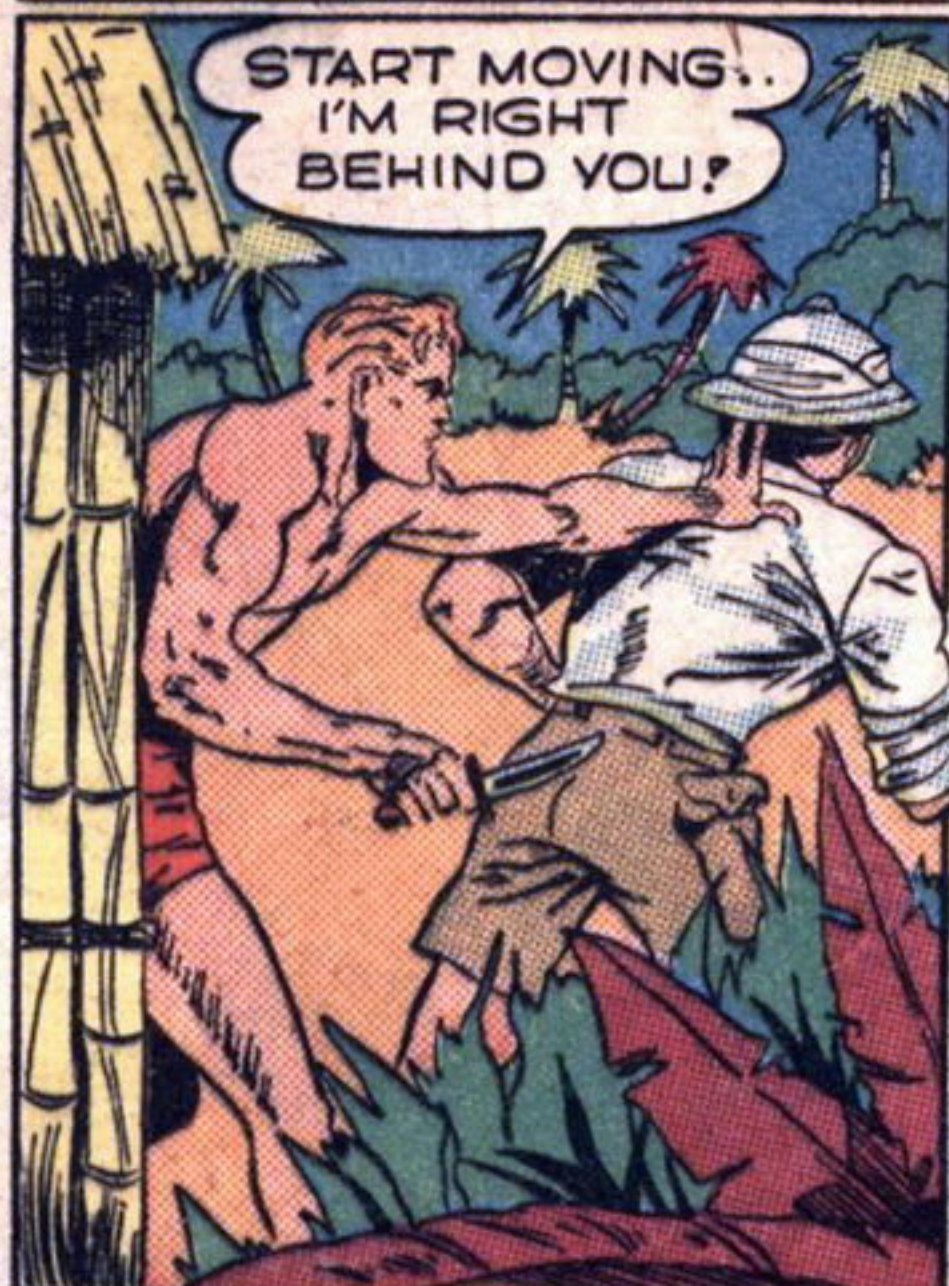




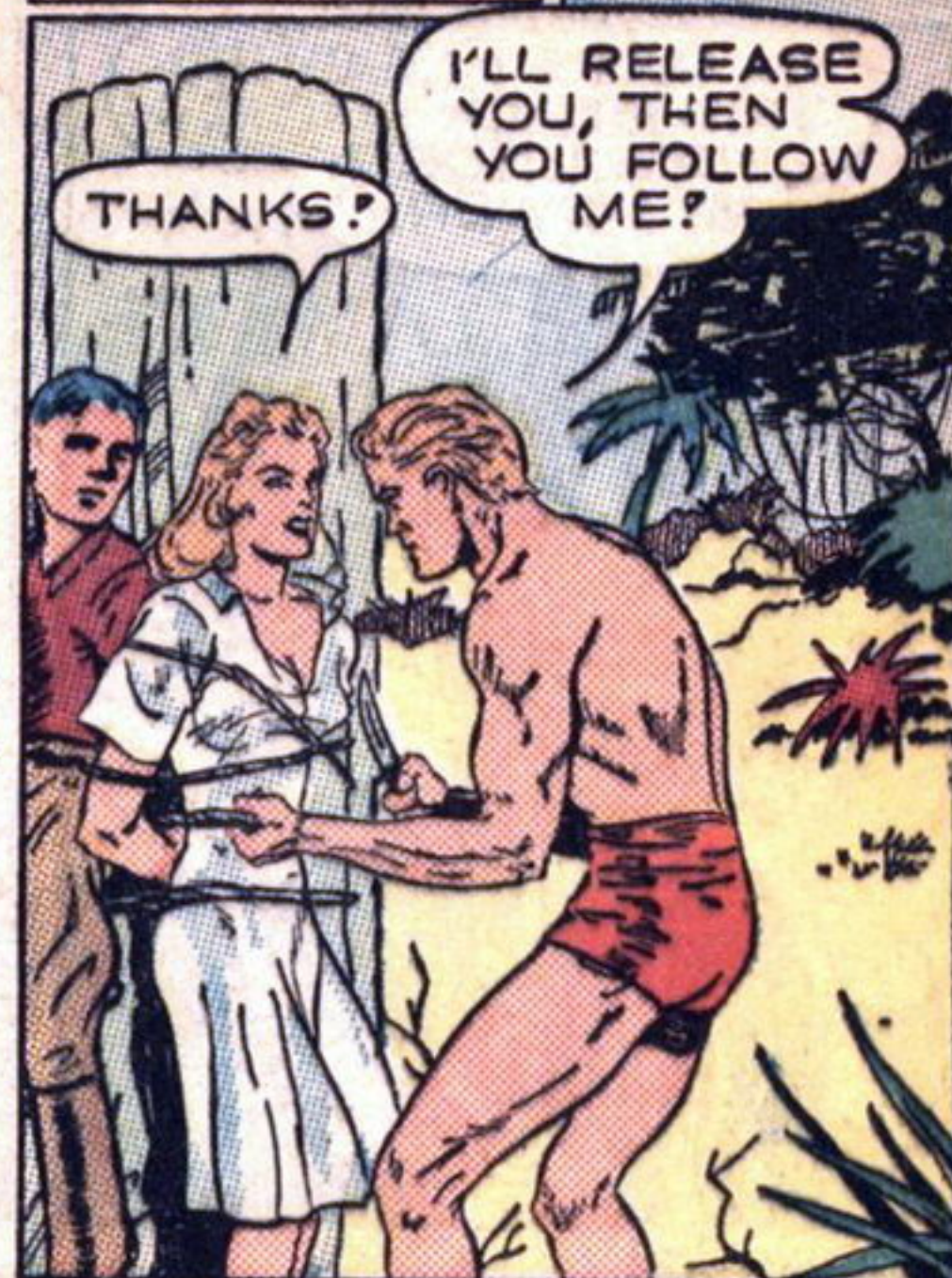
THE NATIVES ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK SAMAR, BUT FEAR HITTING THE WHITE TRADER.



SAMAR LEADS THE MAN TOWARD THE JUNGLE..



HE TURNS TO THE CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.



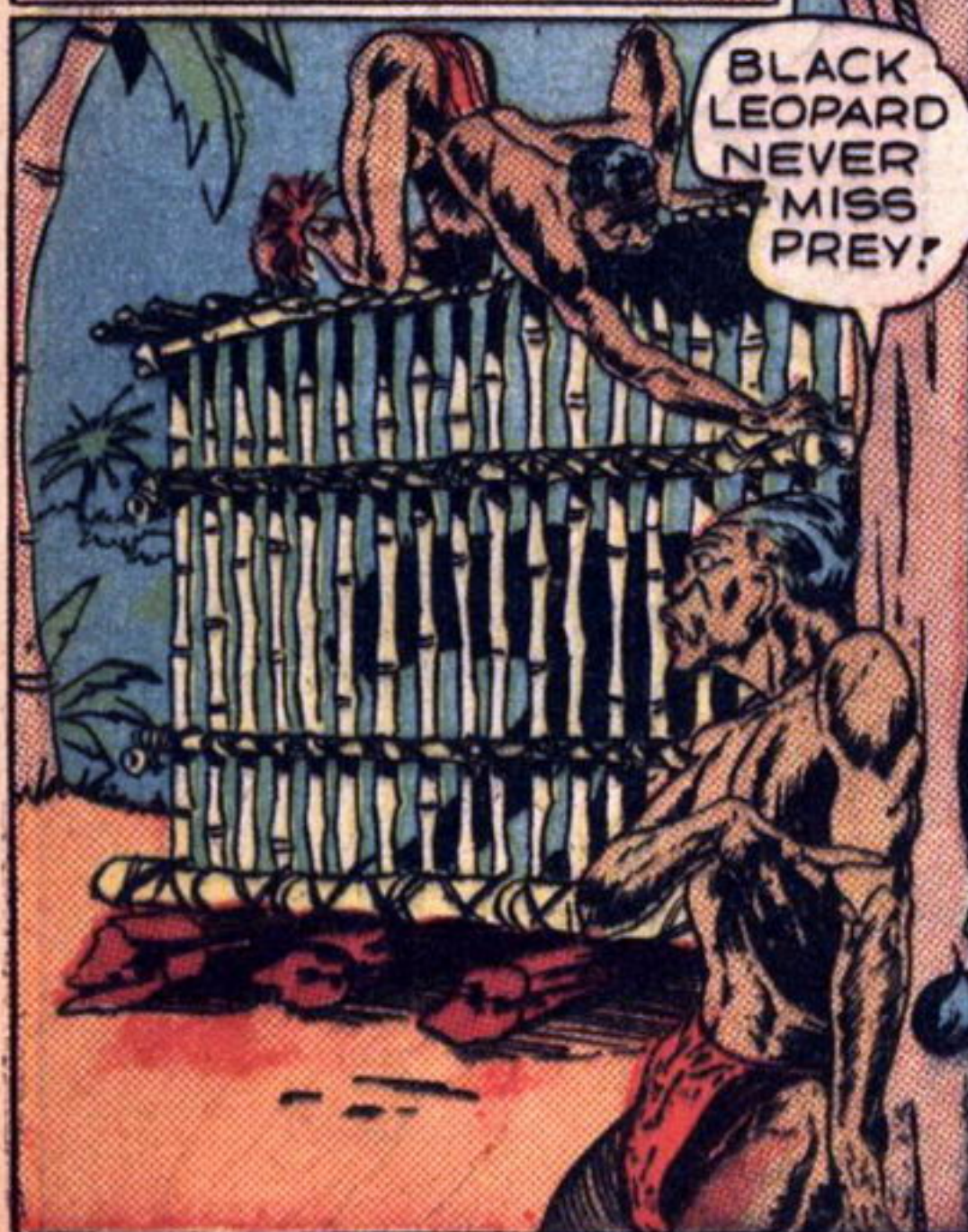
THE NATIVES DISCOVER SAMAR'S DOINGS.



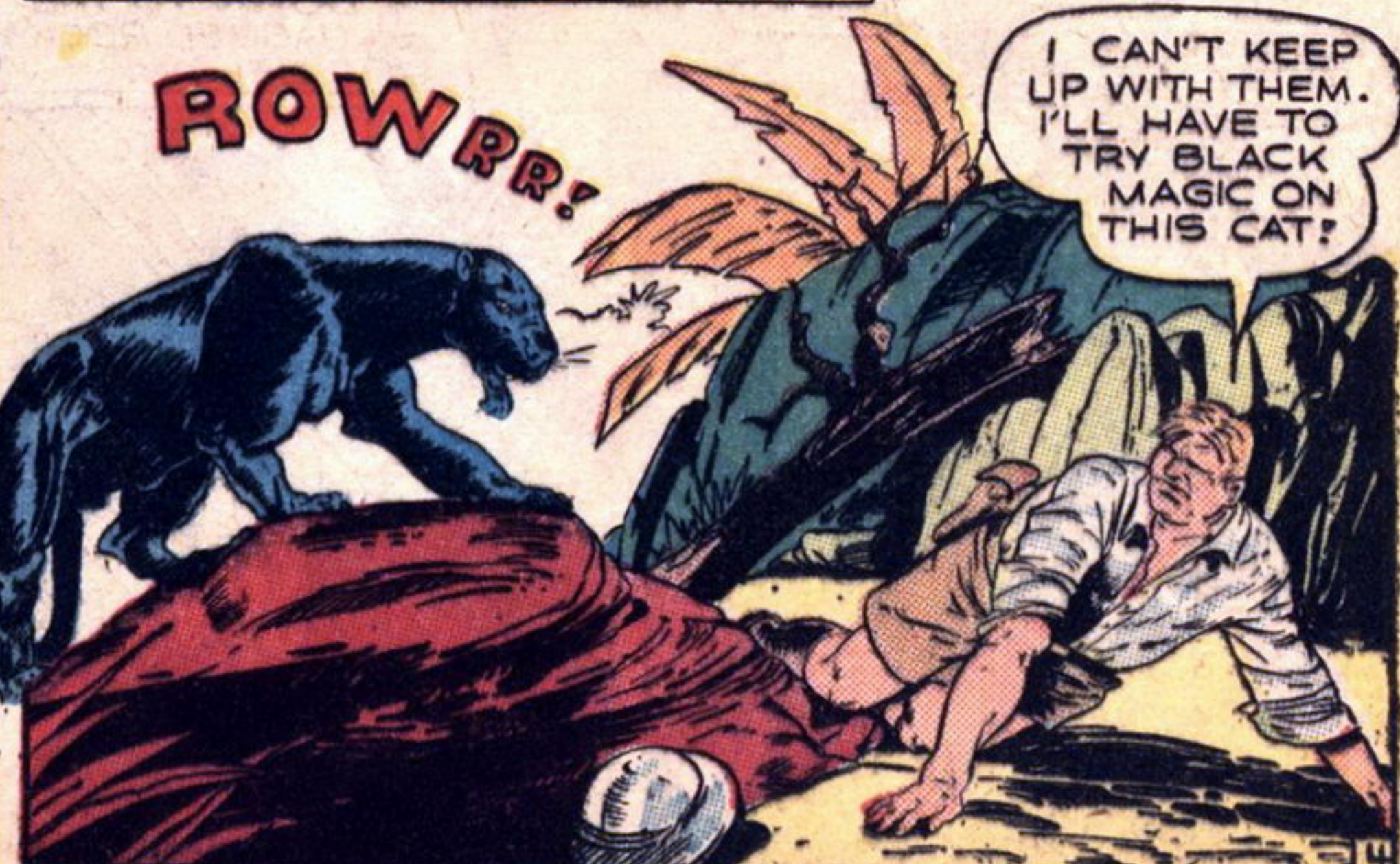
LET OUT BLACK LEOPARDS? THEY WILL TRACK DOWN WHITE MEN!



THEY FREE THE ANIMALS AT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S ORDER.



ONE OF THE BIG FELINES OVERTAKES THE GROUP. SAMAR AND THE MEDICAL STUDENTS TAKE TO THE TREES.. BUT THE TRADER IS TOO SLOW.





THE TRADER STROKES THE LEOPARD IN A SENSITIVE SPOT.



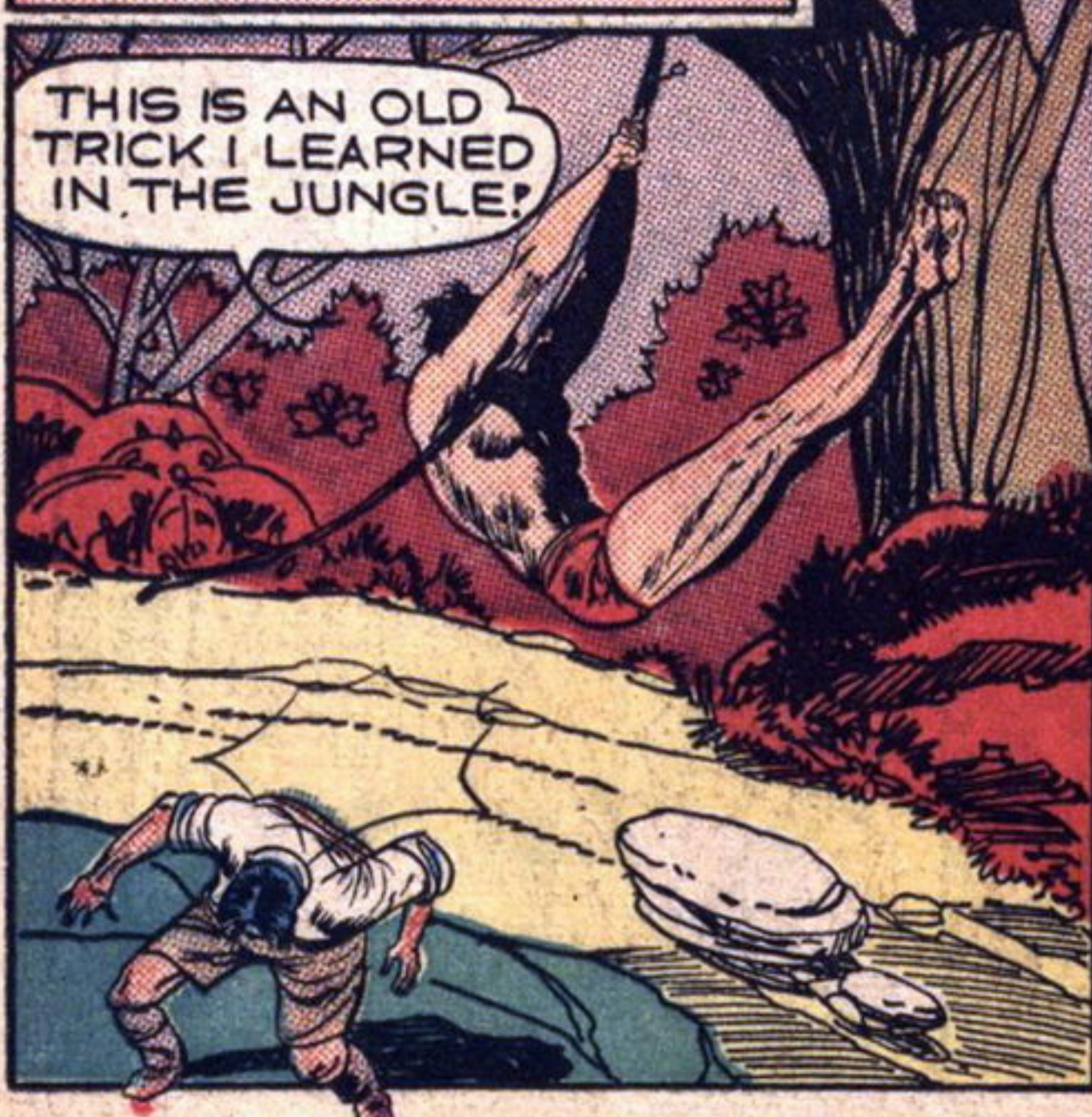
JUST THEN THE TRIBAL CHIEF ARRIVES WITH HIS MEN.



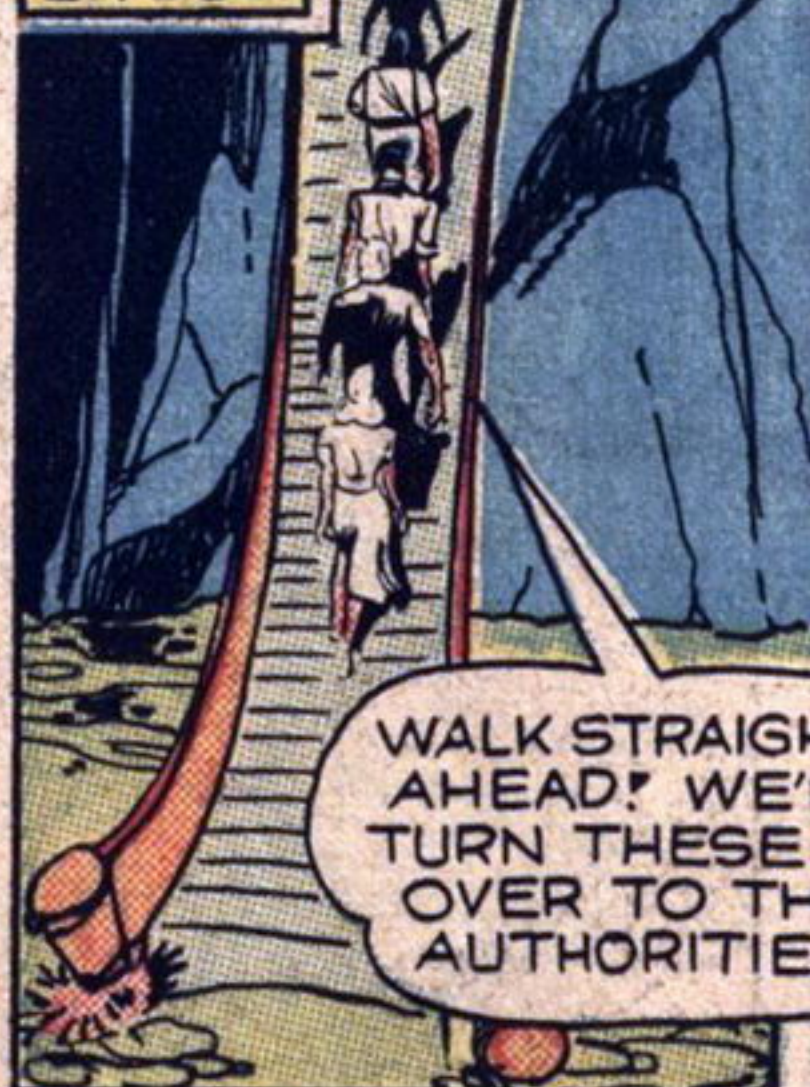
IN THE SHADOW OF THE TREE-TOPS, SAMAR CRIES OUT TO THE STUDENTS.



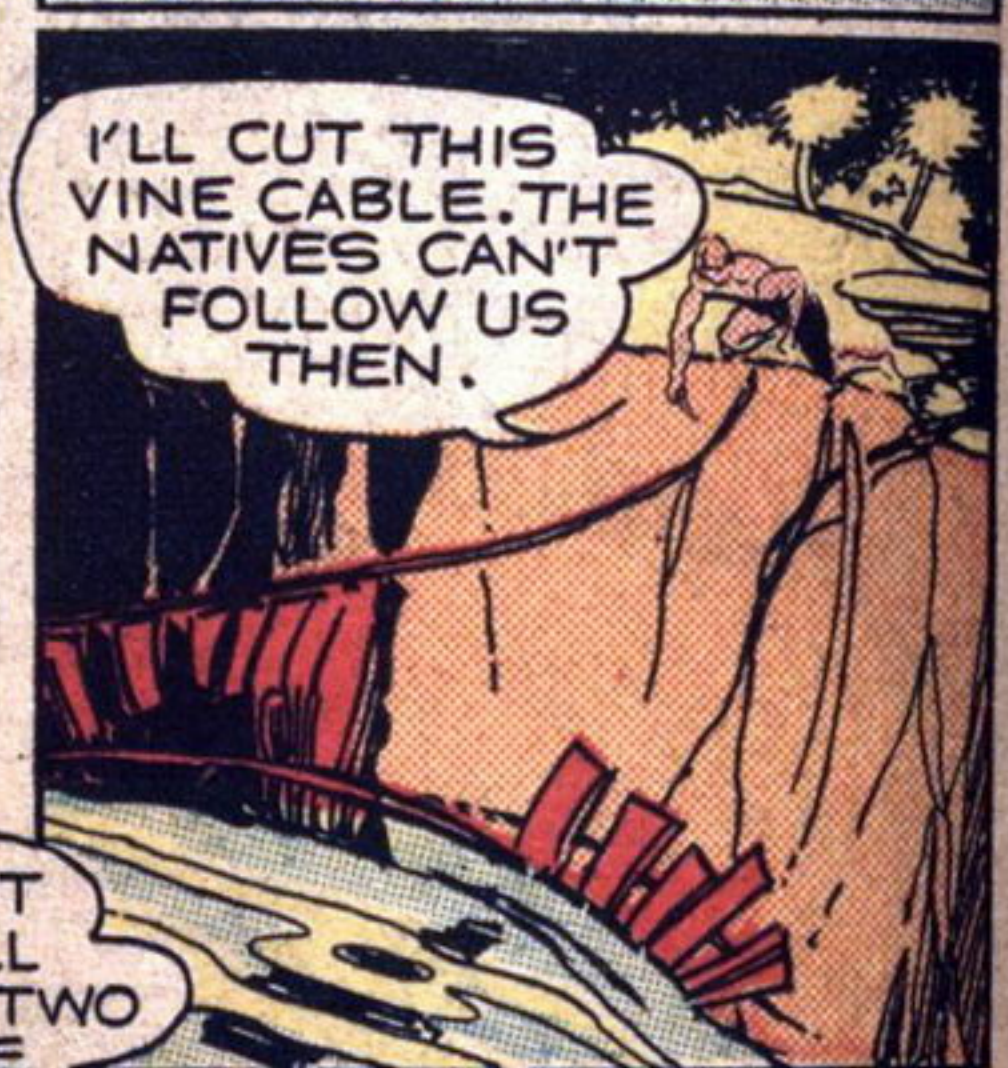
THE TRADER IS JUST ABOUT TO SET FIRE TO THE TREE WHEN.



SAMAR CAPTURES THE TRADER AND THE NATIVE CHIEFTAIN. HE LEADS THEM ACROSS A VINE BRIDGE.



AFTER THEY'VE CROSSED THE BRIDGE...



THE CHIEF, REALIZING THE TRADER TRICKED HIM, TURNS UPON HIM.



HE HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE CLIFF WITH THE HUNTER..DOWN..DOWN TO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW.

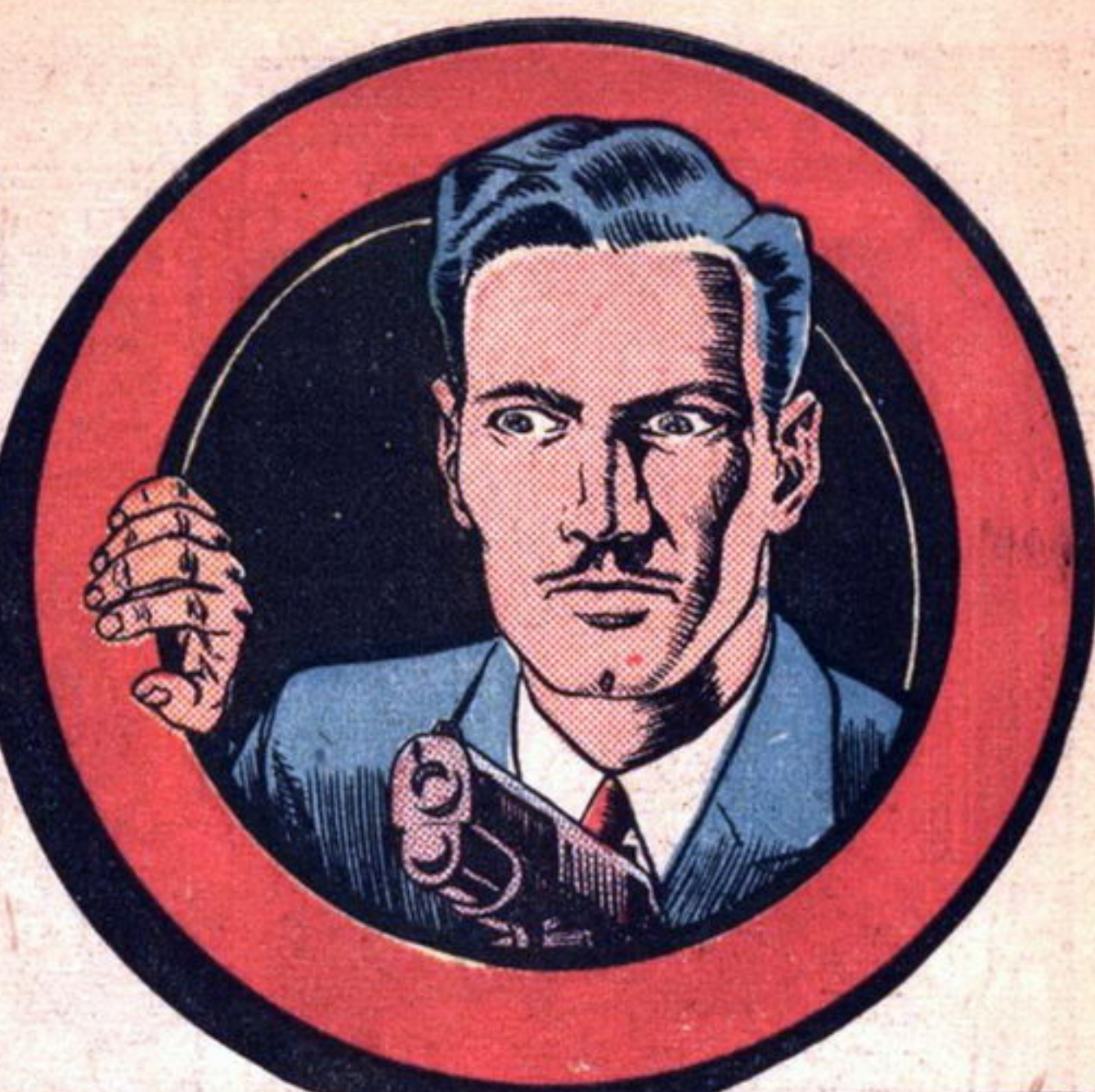


THEN SAMAR TURNS TO THE STUDENTS.





# ZERO



## GHOST DETECTIVE

BY NOEL FOWLER

SUDDENLY HE HEARS A GHOSTLY VOICE...

YOU WILL DIE TONIGHT, BROTHER, UNLESS...

UNLESS WHAT?

ZERO, A MORTAL WHO IS ABLE TO COMMUNE WITH THE SUPERNATURAL, HAS ALLIED HIMSELF WITH DEATH. BY MEANS OF HIS POWERS, HE IS ABLE TO BATTLE THE EVILS OF ANOTHER WORLD. . . . IN AN OLD MANSION A YOUNG MAN LIES ASLEEP.

IT SOUNDED LIKE MY BROTHER'S VOICE WAS WARNING ME!

JIM DOLAN DRESSES QUICKLY AND DEPARTS WITH A FEW WORDS TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

DID I HEAR A GHOST OR WAS I DREAMING??

MY BROTHER'S GHOST HAS WARNED ME OF DEATH. I'M LEAVIN' BY PLANE FOR THE WEST!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE!





THE FRIGHTENED WOMAN  
RUSHES TO ZERO'S  
HOME.

MR. ZERO?  
LET ME  
IN?



THE GHOST DETECTIVE  
OPENS THE DOOR.

MR. ZERO, YOU MUST  
HELP ME! I'VE BEEN  
LEFT ALONE IN A  
HAUNTED HOUSE  
AND I'VE NO OTHER  
PLACE TO GO!



ZERO RETURNS WITH HER TO THE  
MANSION.

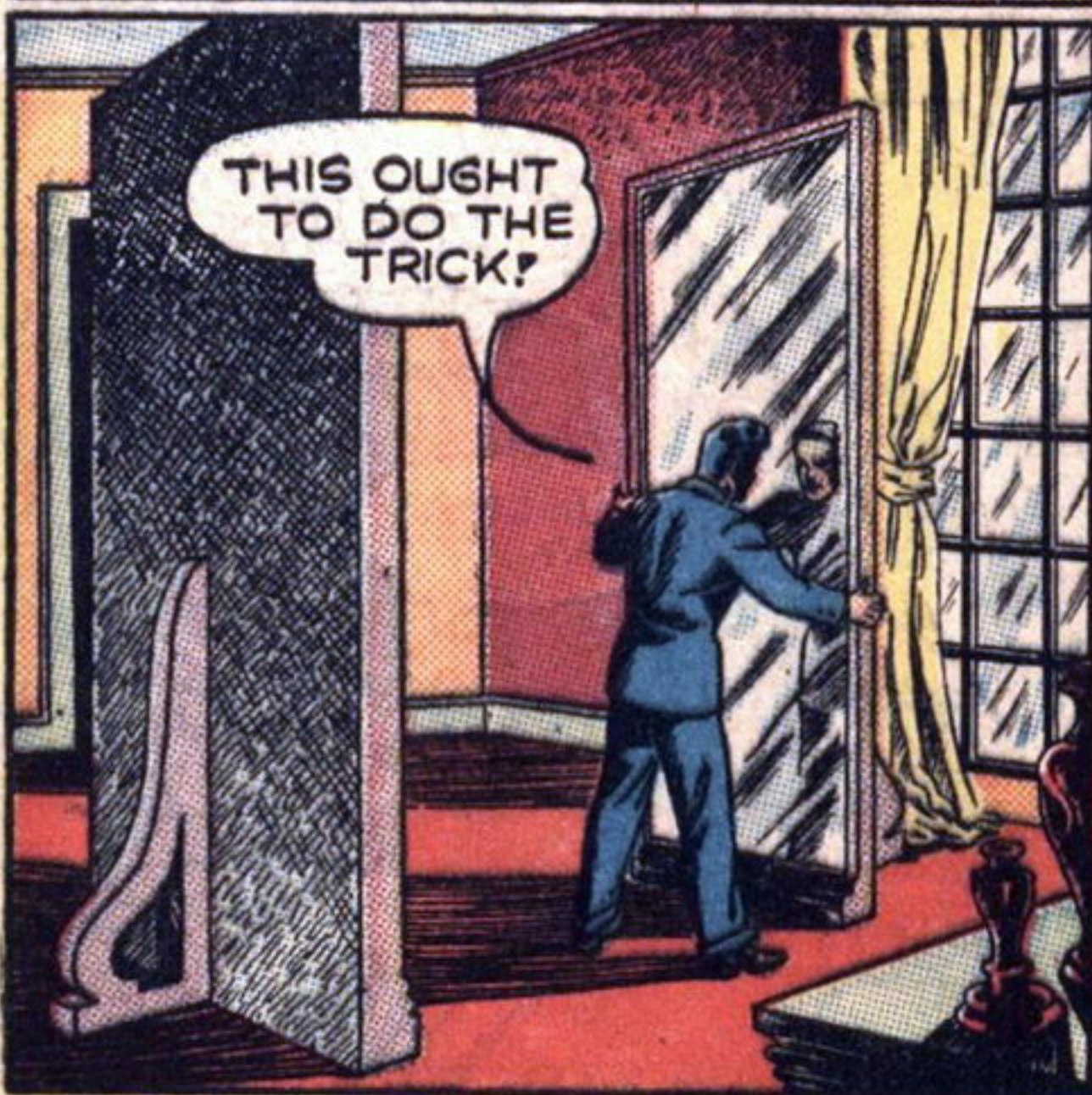
I'LL TAKE A LOOK  
AROUND. YOUR  
STORY SOUNDS  
INTERESTING.

I'M SO  
GLAD  
YOU'RE  
COMING  
BACK WITH  
ME!



THAT NIGHT, IN A GLOOMY BEDROOM  
ZERO SETS UP TWO LONG MIRRORS.

THIS OUGHT  
TO DO THE  
TRICK!



I'LL PUT OUT THE  
LIGHT AND TRAP  
THE GHOST  
BETWEEN THOSE  
MIRRORS!



ZERO WAITS BEHIND A  
CURTAIN... SOON...

THE GHOST IS  
MATERIALIZING!



I AM THE SPIRIT OF  
JIM DOLAN'S BROTHER.  
I WAS KILLED BY..



OH! HE WAS  
INTERRUPTED  
BY ANOTHER  
GHOST. THEY'RE  
STRUGGLING!



A VICIOUS SPECTRE  
ATTACKS THE  
FIRST GHOST.

YOU'VE  
SAID  
ENOUGH!







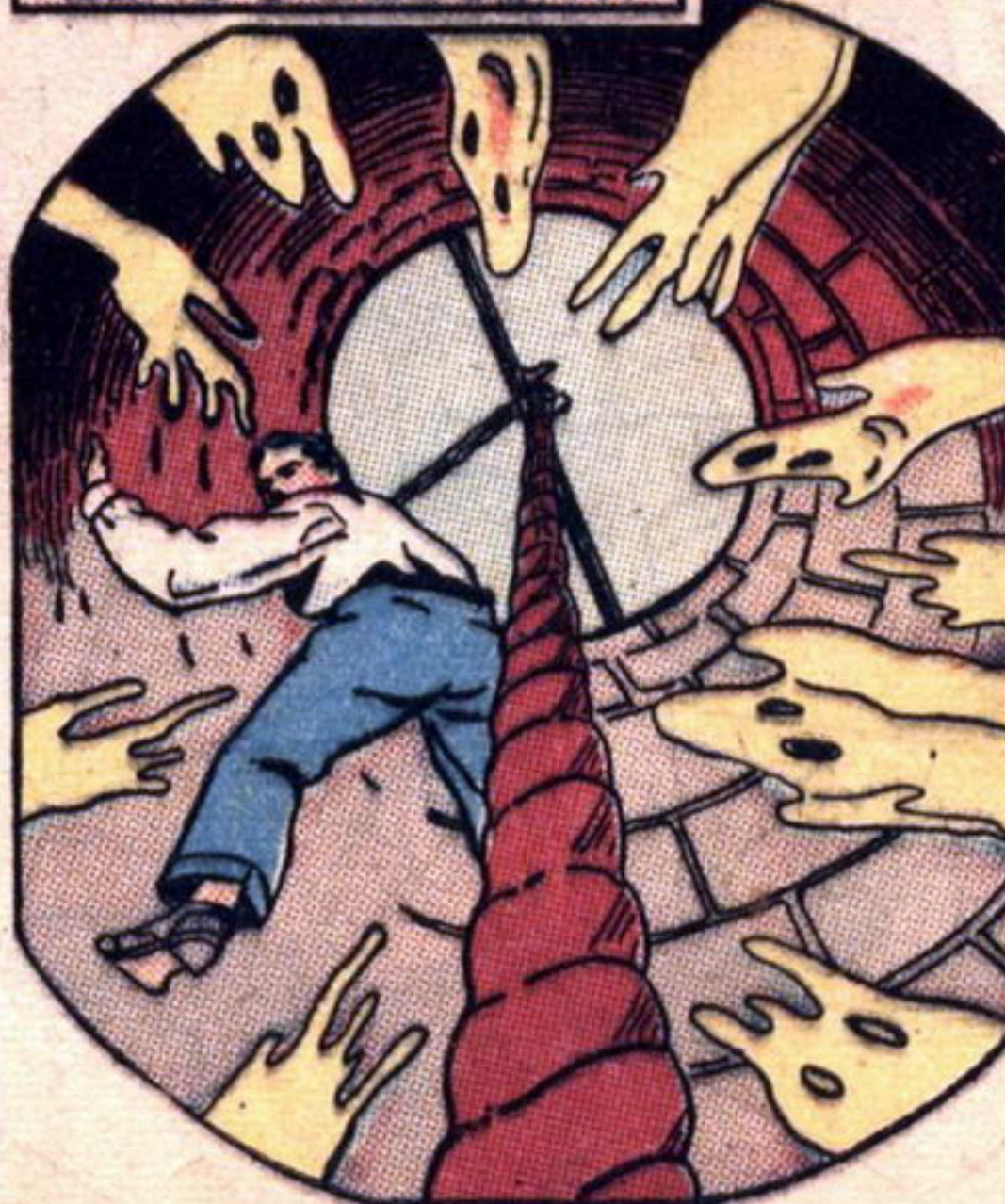
THE GHOST OF JIM DOLAN'S BROTHER RELATES THAT HIS COUSIN'S SPIRIT IS INTENT ON CARRYING ON A FAMILY FEUD.



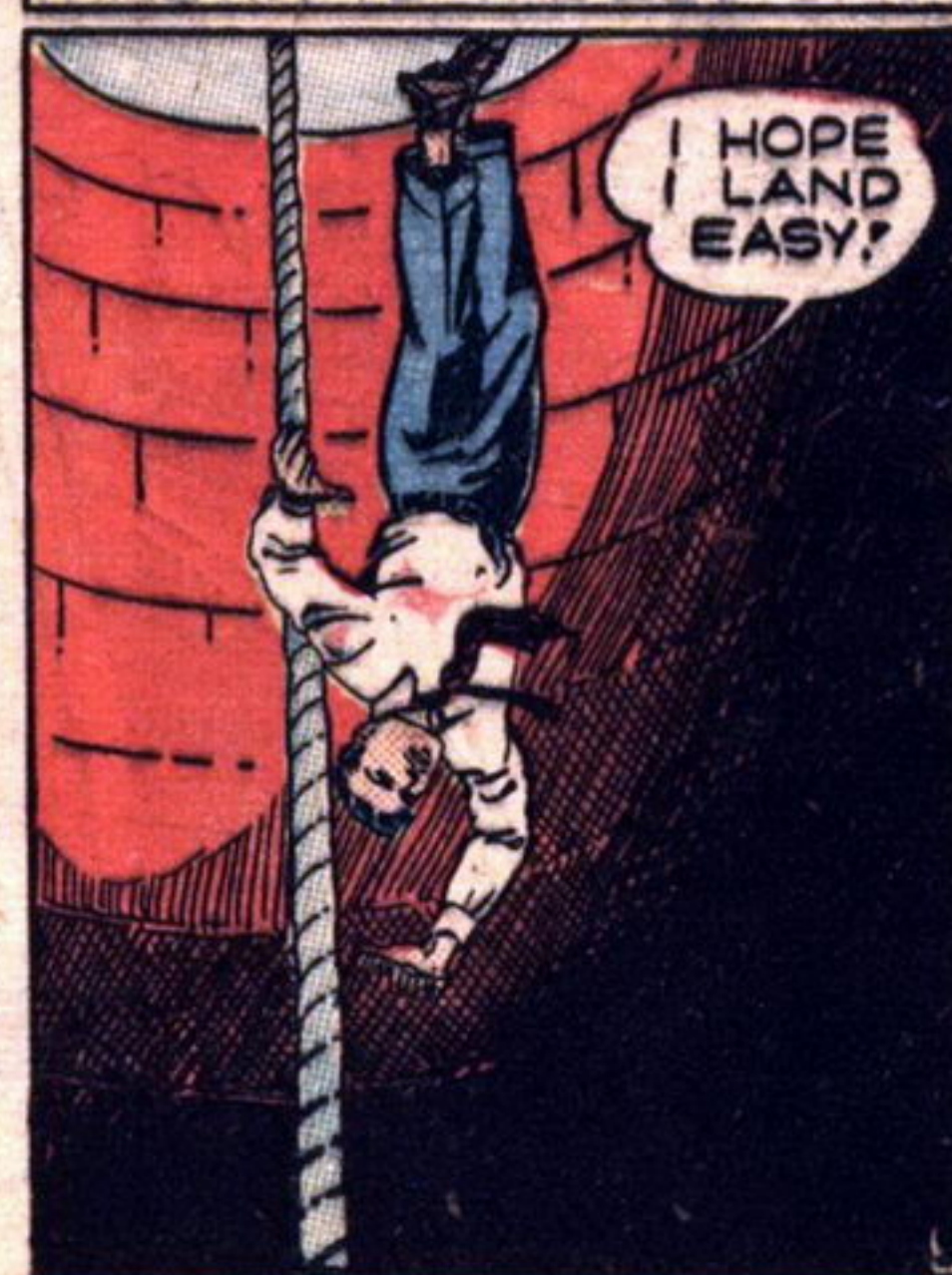
ZERO REMOVES THE MIRROR AND THE GHOST VANISHES.



THE WELL IS INFESTED WITH GHOSTS WHO TRY TO PREVENT ZERO'S DESCENT.



HE STRUGGLES BUT IS SOON PULLED FROM THE ROPE AND THROWN TO THE BOTTOM.





ZERO LANDS AT THE BOTTOM.



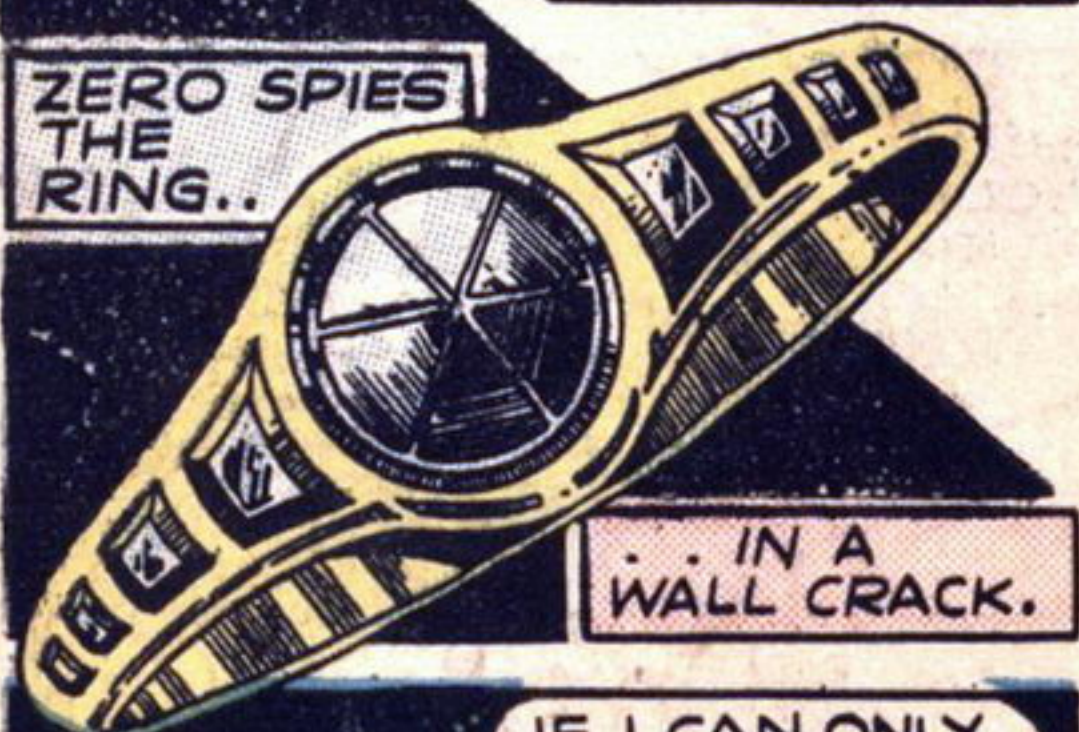
SUDDENLY HE FEELS A VIGOROUS FOE ATTACK HIM.



THE HANDS OF THE SPECTRE GRAB HIM AROUND THE NECK.



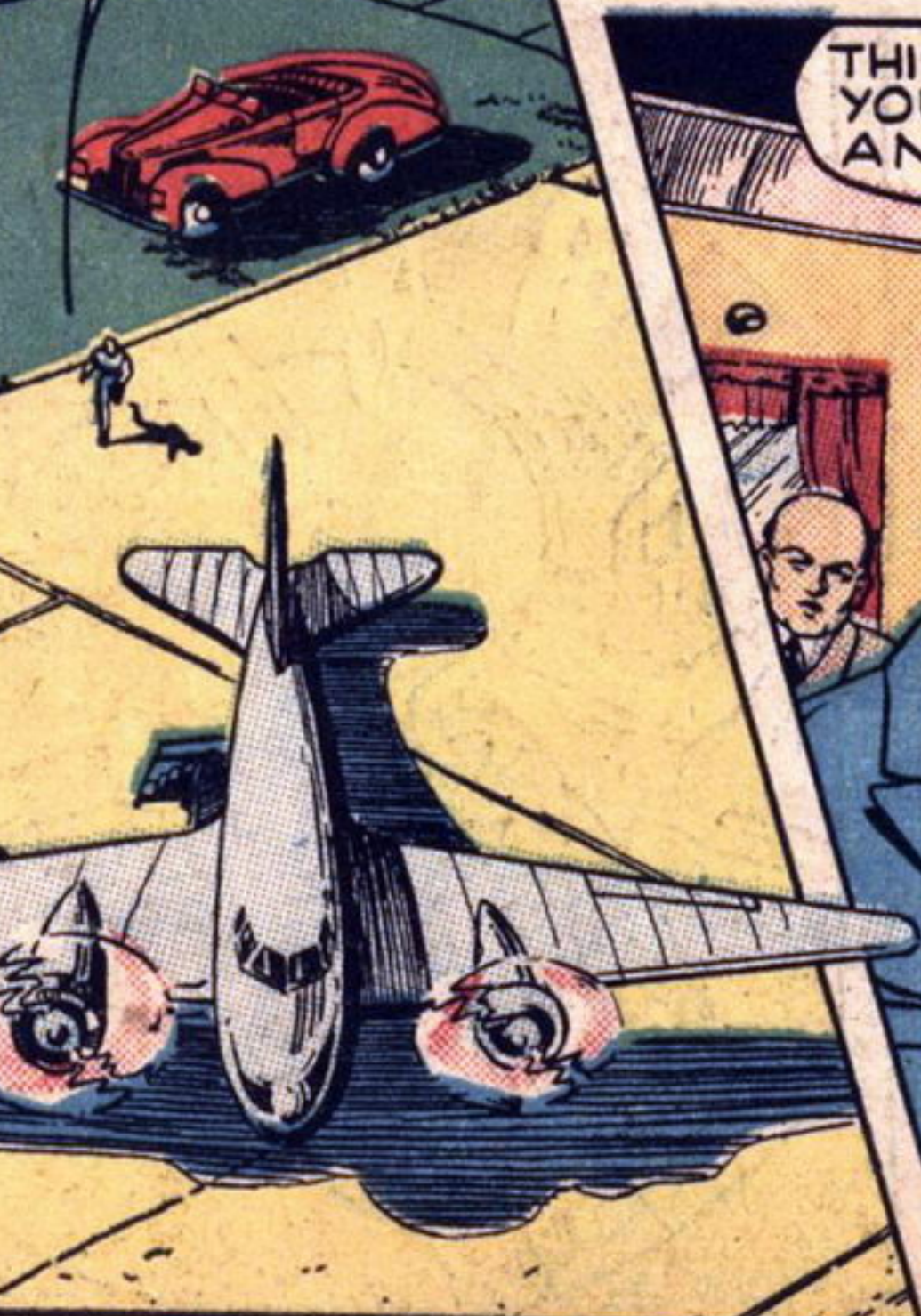
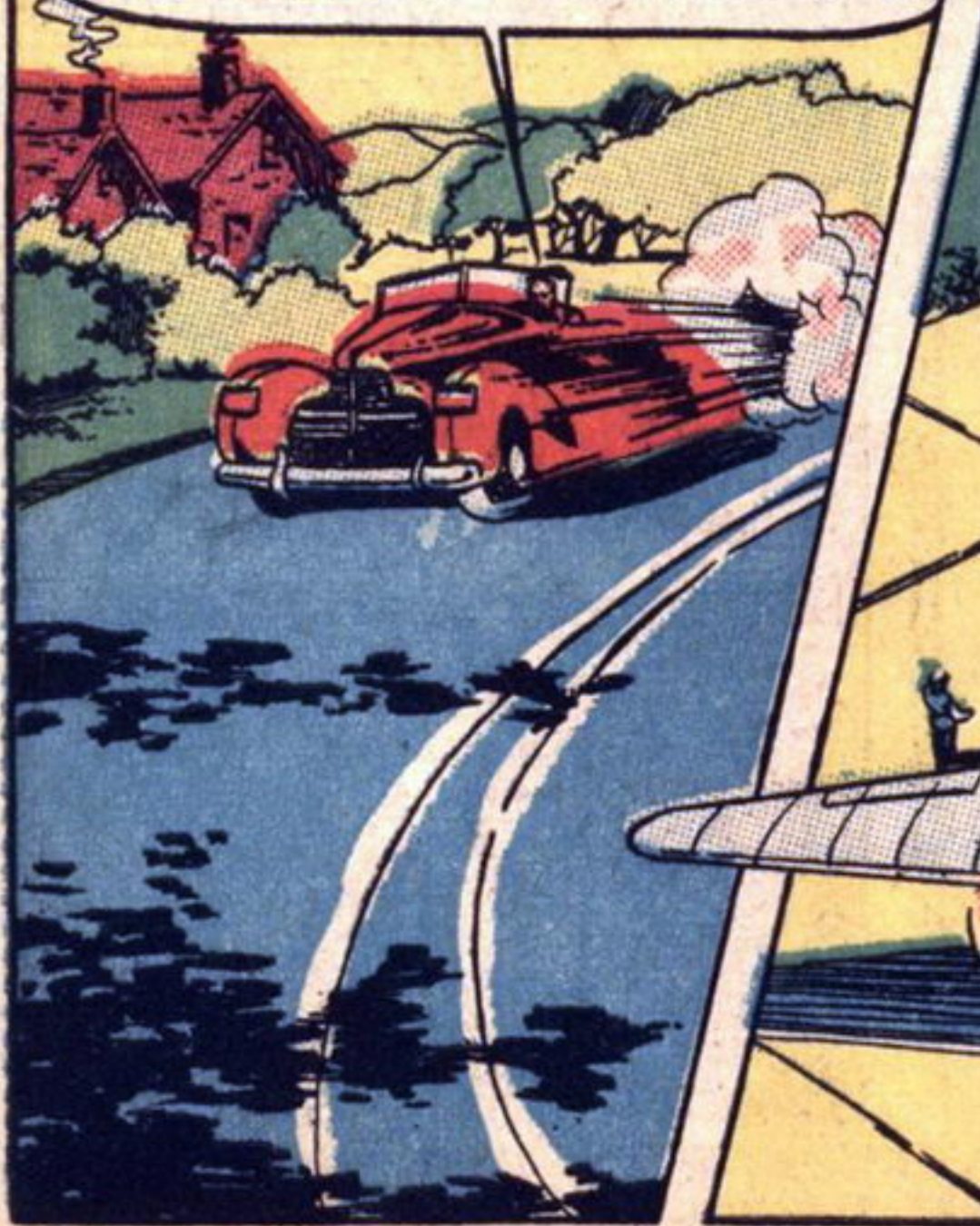
ZERO SPIES THE RING..



HE MANAGES TO SLIP THE RING ON HIS FINGER.



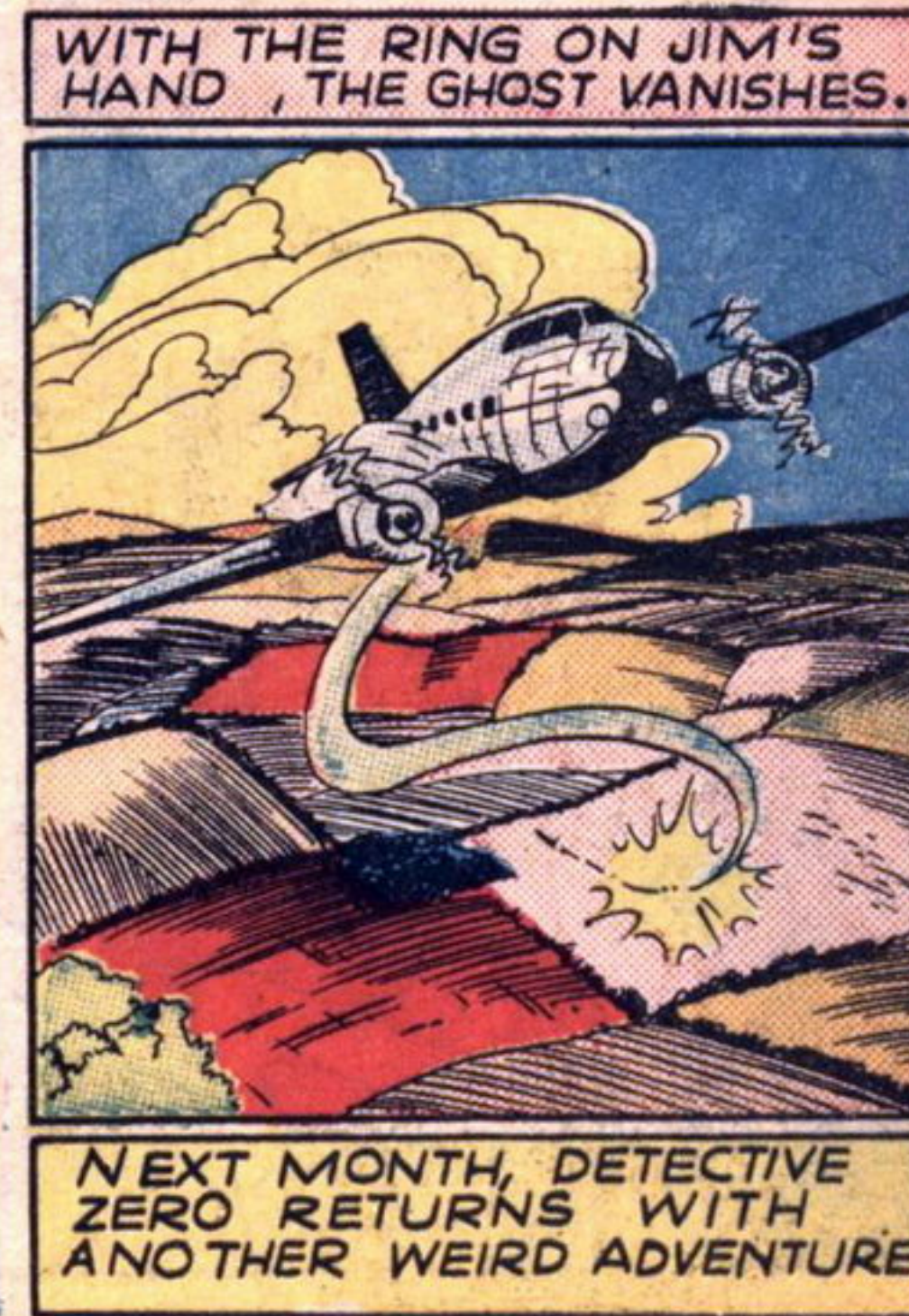
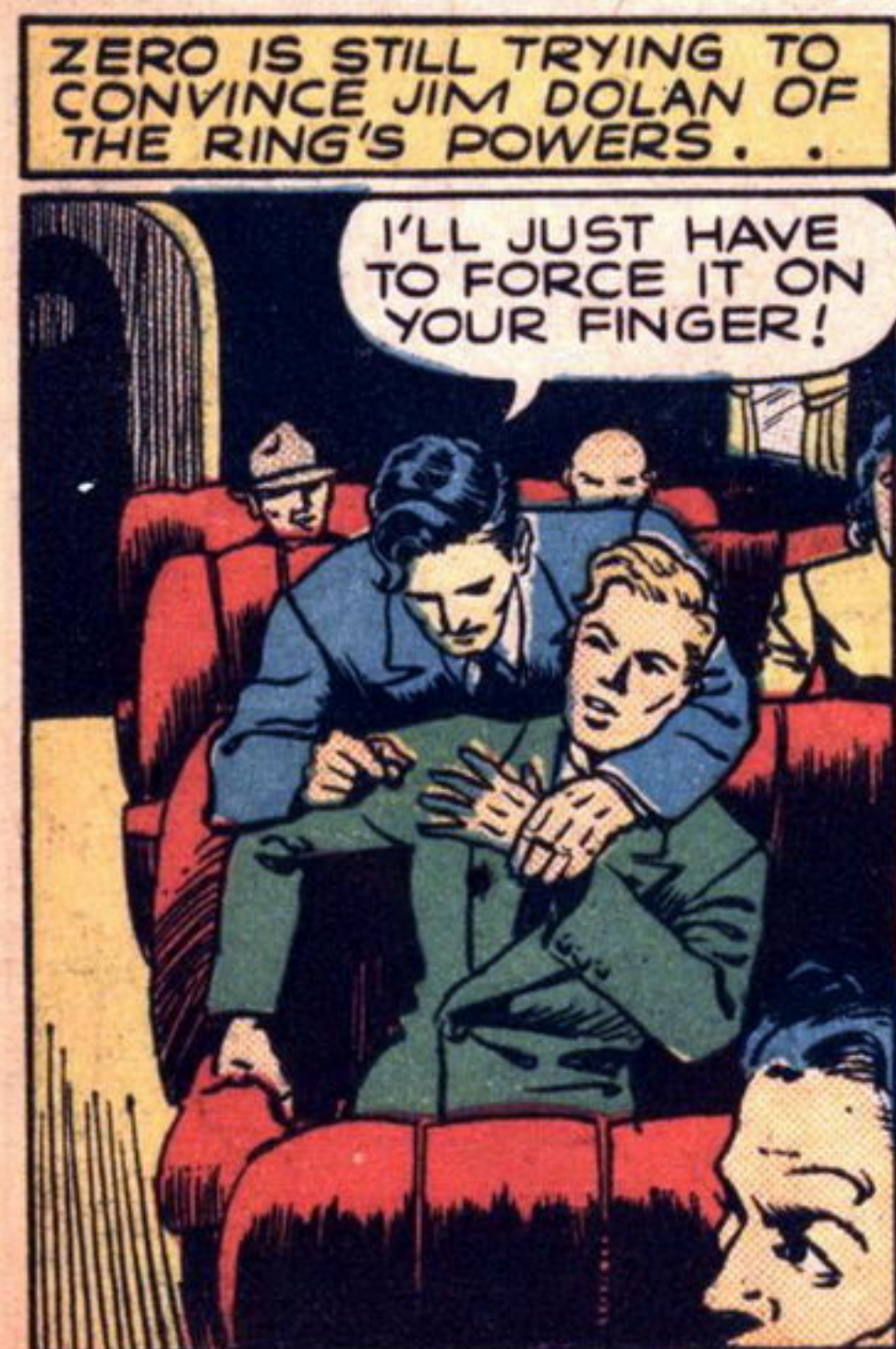
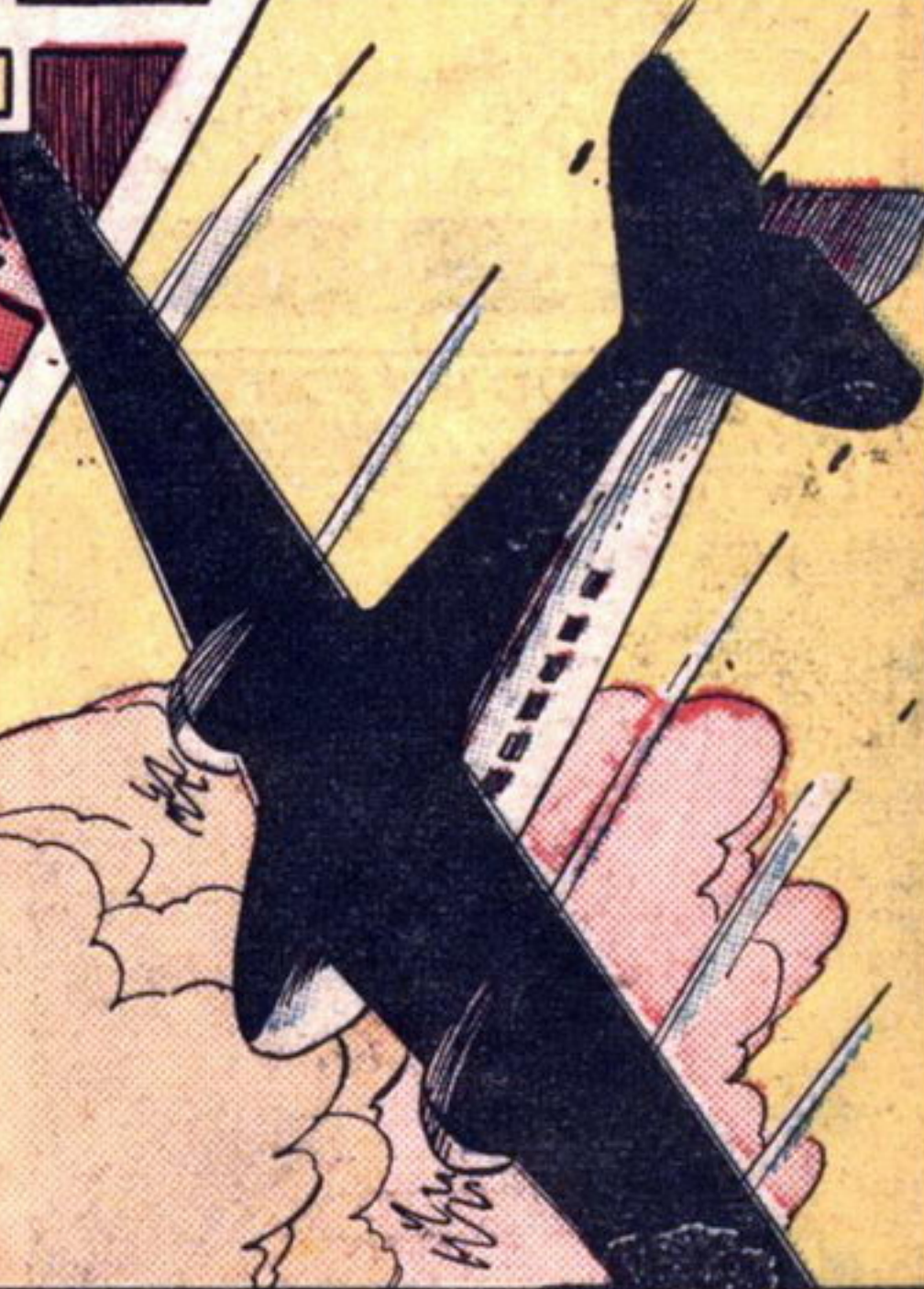
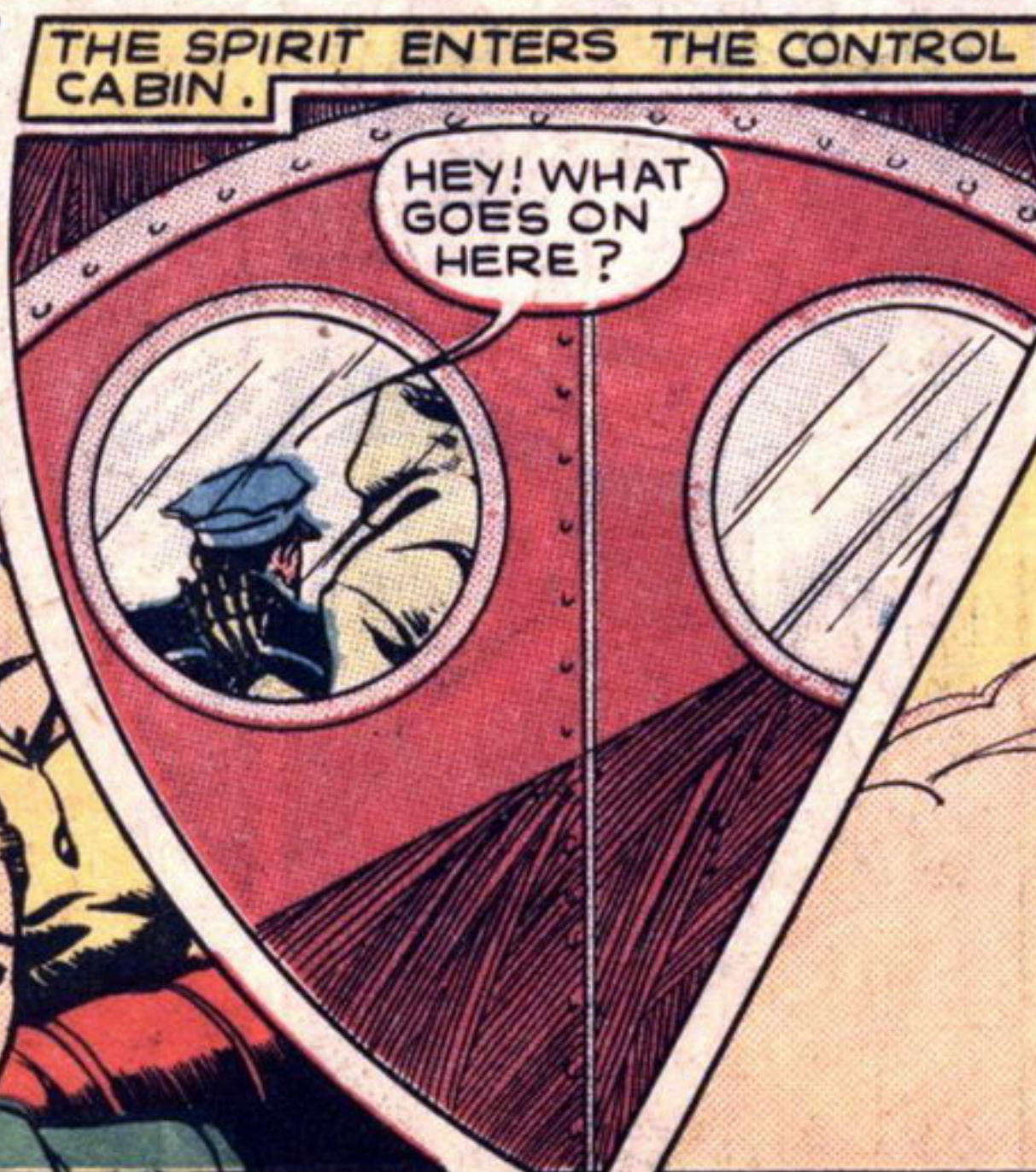
I HOPE I CAN CATCH THAT BROTHER AT THE AIRPORT.



THIS IS YOUR FAMILY RING. YOU MUST WEAR IT TO PREVENT ANY HARM TO YOURSELF!







Follow Zero, Ghost Detective, in the October issue FEATURE COMICS.



# DUSTY DANE

by  
VERNON  
HENKEL

WITH THE WHOLE WORLD  
AS THEIR "OYSTER" DUSTY  
DANE AND HIS SIDEKICK,  
BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ROAM  
WHEREVER ADVENTURE  
CALLS...



A BOAT GLIDES TO THE FOOT OF THE  
LIGHTHOUSE... THREE FIGURES  
ALIGHT...



WE  
WERE NOT  
SEEN... QUIET,  
SLIMEY!



HA! HA! DISPOSE  
OF THE BODY, SLIMEY..  
"DOC, BRING THE  
GUN UP,...

YES,  
MASTER!

VISITORS?  
BUT I GET  
NO VISITORS,  
...WHO...???



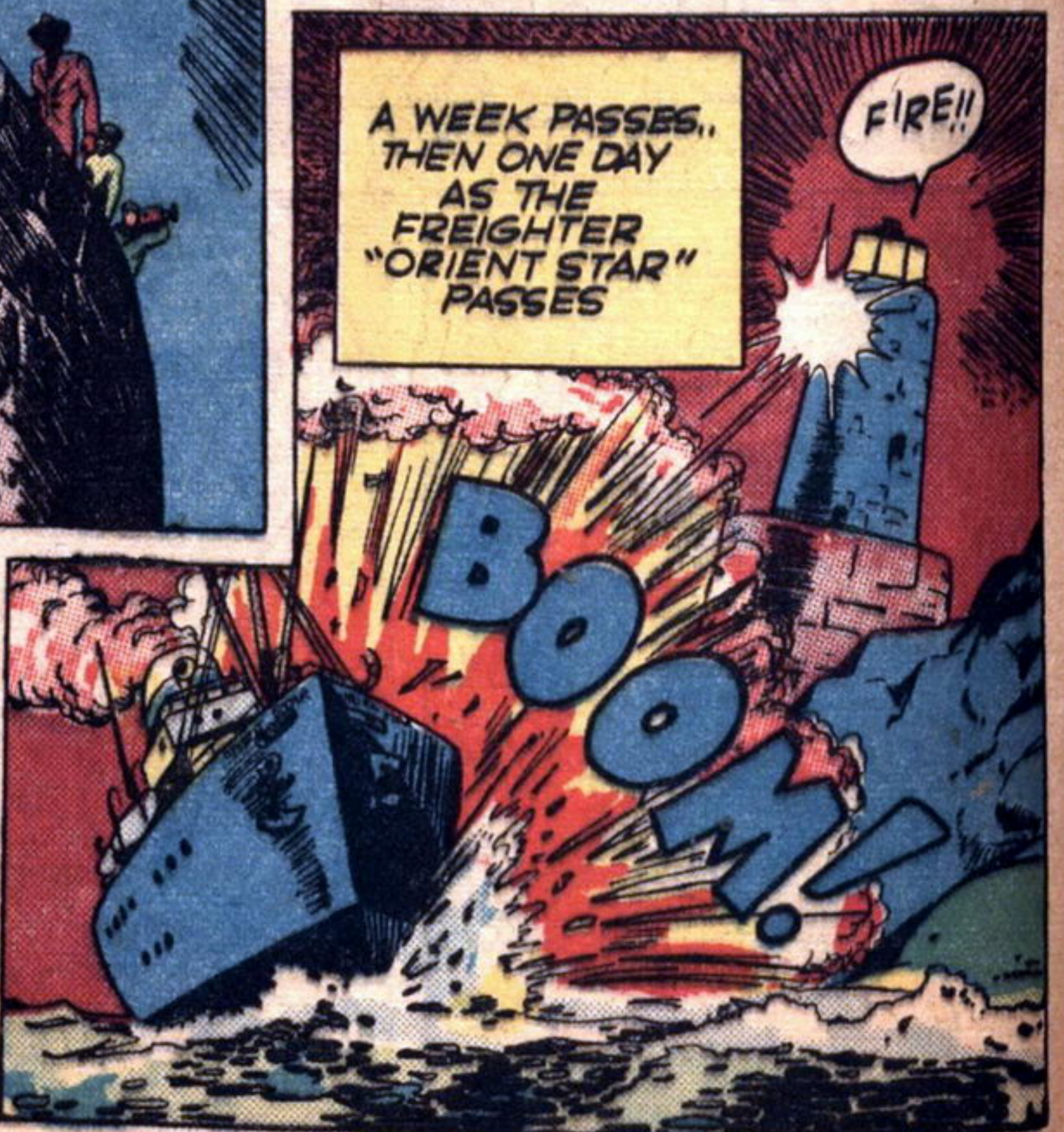
ROCK POINT LIGHTHOUSE LOOMS  
THROUGH MIST... IT IS DARK...  
THE WIND HAS DIED DOWN... THE  
SOUND OF CREAKING OARS  
FLOATS ACROSS THE COVE.



W..WHAT DO  
YOU WANT  
UP HERE..  
A GUN! NO..NO!  
YOU CAN'T  
UGH!!

BANG!

A WEEK PASSES..  
THEN ONE DAY  
AS THE  
FREIGHTER  
"ORIENT STAR"  
PASSES



FIRE!!

BOOM!!



THERE IS A WILD CLAMOR FOR THE LIFEBOATS AS THE STRICKEN SHIP PLUNGES TO THE BOTTOM...



TUT TUT, THAT'S NO WAY FOR CAPTAINS TO TALK!

NEAT, DUSTY!



A LONE LIFEBOAT PULLS AWAY FROM THE SHIP... DUSTY DANE AND HIS ROVING PAL, BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ONLY SURVIVORS...



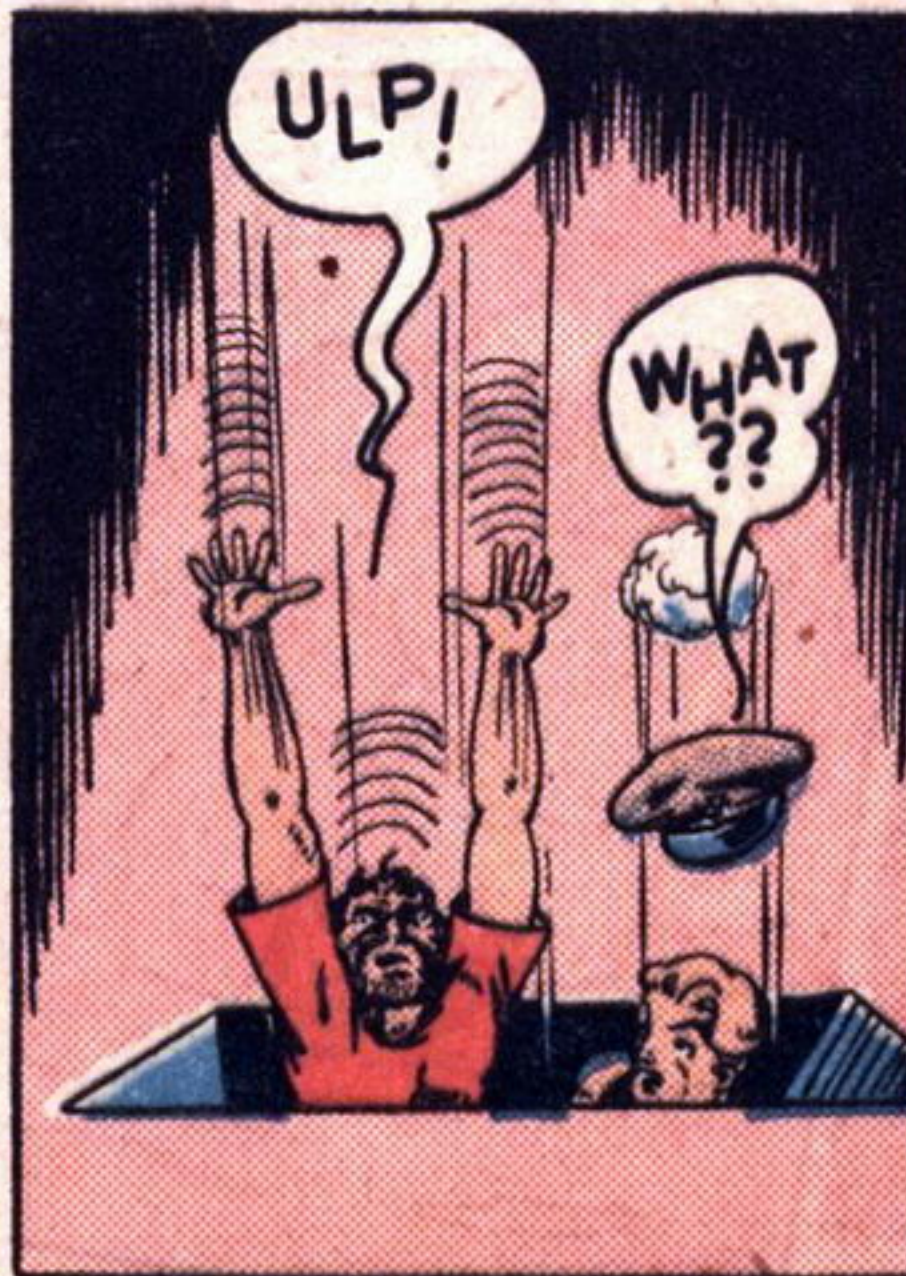
CAN'T SAY I'VE BEEN IN A CREEPIER PLACE IN ME LIFE. ANYBODY HOME?

THIS WAY!!



ULP!

WHAT??



THIS IS DANDY! WE GET A SCOW SUNK UNDER US.. THEN LAND IN A PIT UNDER A LIGHTHOUSE!

LOOK UP! THE TRAP DOOR IS OPENIN'!



I CONGRATULATE YOU ON SURVIVING THAT CATASTROPHE.. I AM JULIUS KORN!

...I COULDN'T DO THAT! YOU SEE I DESTROYED YOUR SHIP WITH MY RAY MACHINE.. YOU ARE MY PRISONERS.. OR SHOULD I SAY VICTIMS?

O.K., KORN.. WILL YA BE SO KIND TO THROW US A ROPE?

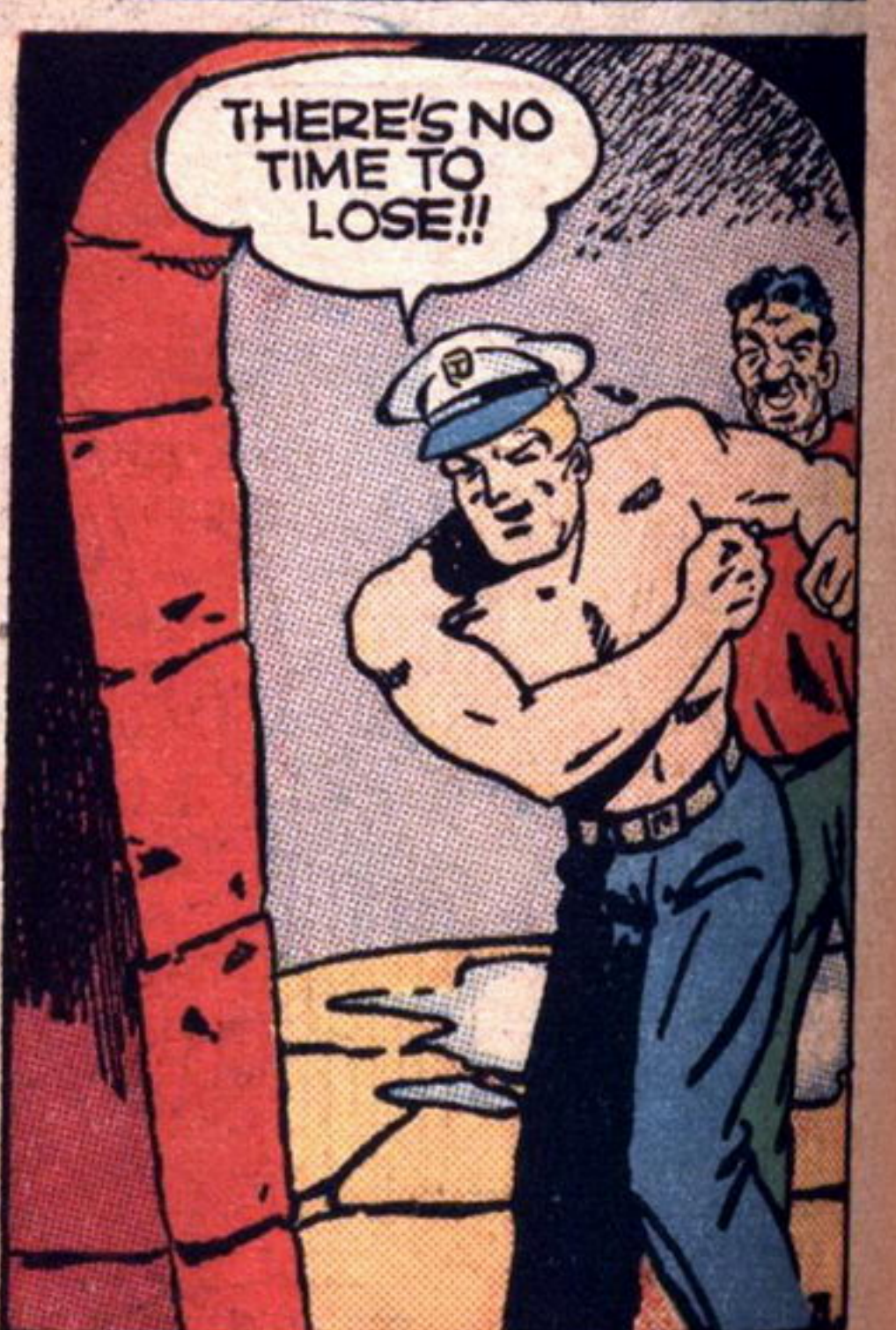
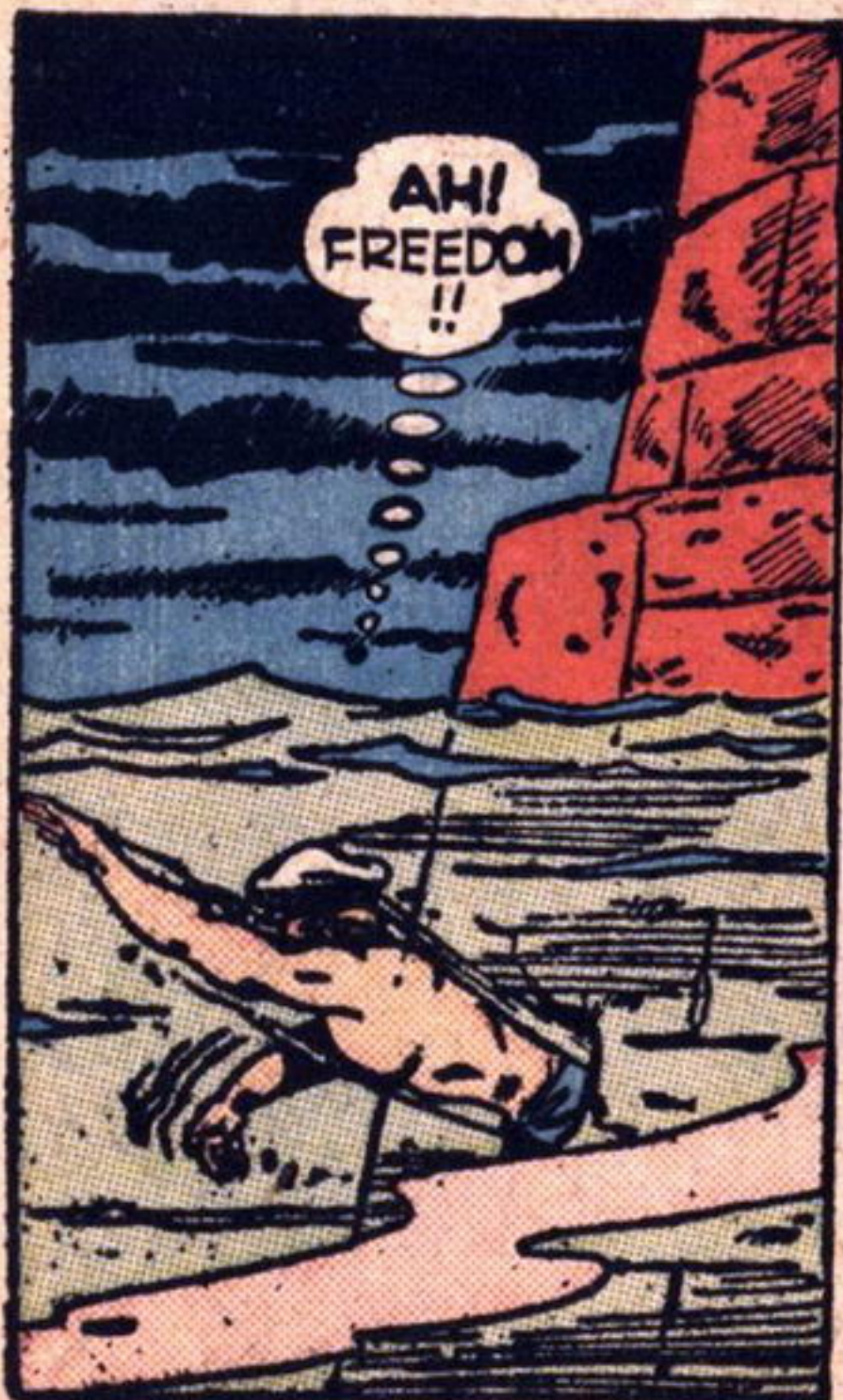


THE GUY IS CUCKOO!!

NO ONE MUST KNOW OF MY WORK HERE.. SO I AM FORCED TO KILL YOU!









AT THE TOP OF THE LIGHTHOUSE..

HA! LOOK AT THAT PRIZE, SLIMEY.. GET THE RAY MACHINE SET UP!!

NOW.. ALL I DO IS PRESS THIS TRIGGER AND THAT LINER WILL BURST INTO BITS!!

NOT SO FAST, CHUMS, YOUR KILLING IS OVER!

YOU!! B-BUT YOU DROWNED ...WHAT..??

I'M JUST A GHOST!

MIKE, LOOK OUT.. THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND YA!

EOWWW!! IT AIN'T HUMAN!!

I'LL DENT IT!

HEY! KORNY'S RAY MACHINE IS SMOKING.. IT'LL BLOW UP!! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!!

MAKE WAY FOR ME!!

**BLAM!**

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK WE JUST MADE IT!!



# HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by ARTHUR BEEMAN

SURE, THESE KIND OF THINGS ARE SWELL—

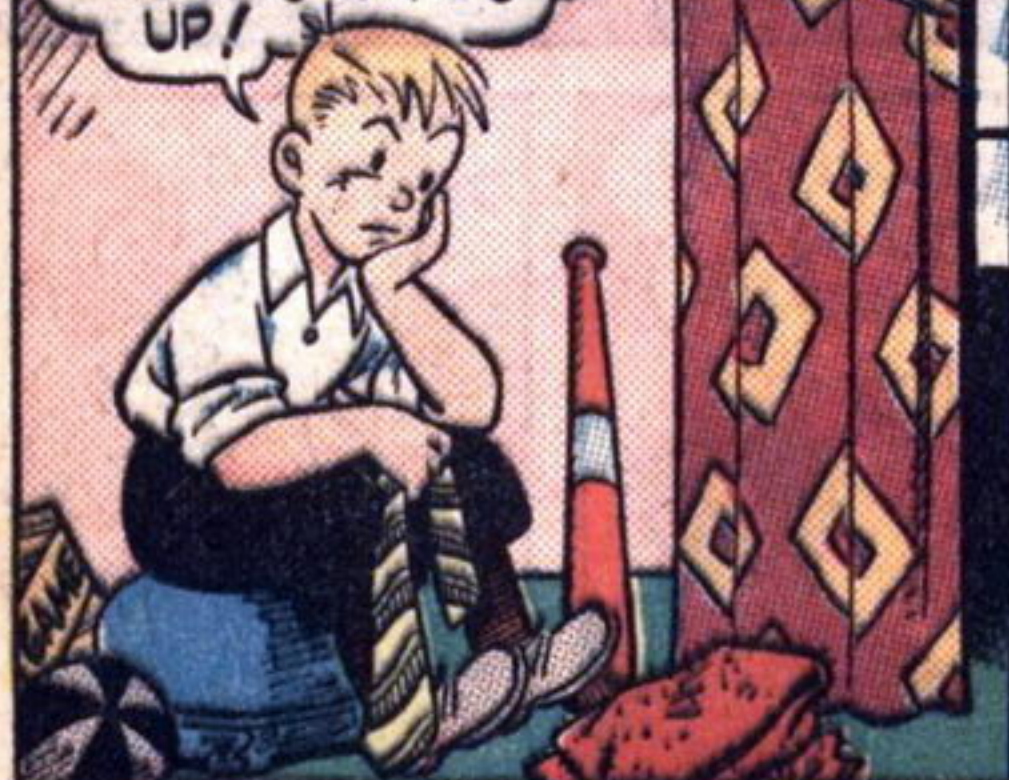


ONLY, SHUCKS! A FELLOW HAS JUST ONE BIRTHDAY A YEAR -- AND I'M BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE SKATES OR A SCOOTER OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO RIDE ON -- THAT'S WHAT I WANTED!



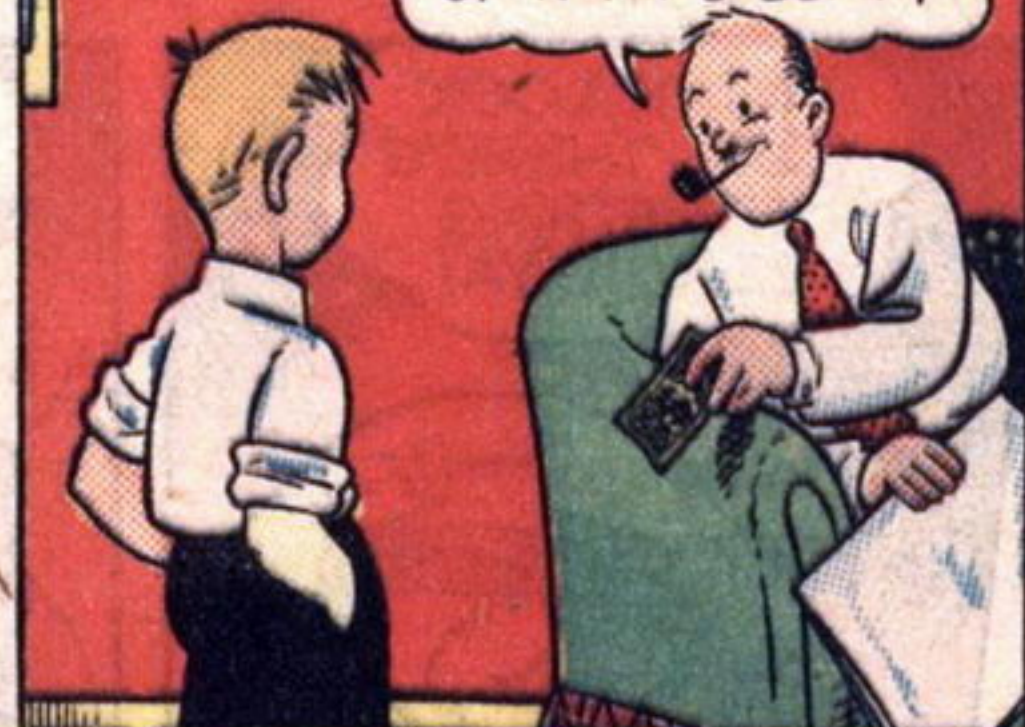
I GUESS SOMETIMES PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WE'RE GROWING UP!

HEY JUNIOR!



YES, DAD?

RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET ME A BOTTLE OF INK, WILL YOU -- THEN YOU CAN BUY YOURSELF A NICE PRESENT OUT OF WHAT'S LEFT!



GEE -- MY POP'S A WONDERFUL GUY! I WISH EVERY KID IN THIS WORLD HAD A FATHER LIKE MINE!



-- IF THEY DID, WE WOULDN'T HAVE ALL THESE WARS AND TROUBLES GOING ON --



HE SAID I COULD GET MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED -- AND BOY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!



HE'S A GOOD BOY -- USES HIS HEAD TOO! MAY REALLY AMOUNT TO SOMETHING SOME DAY --



HERE'S YOUR INK, POP -- AND I BOUGHT MYSELF A PEACHY PRESENT TOO! WANT TO SEE IT?

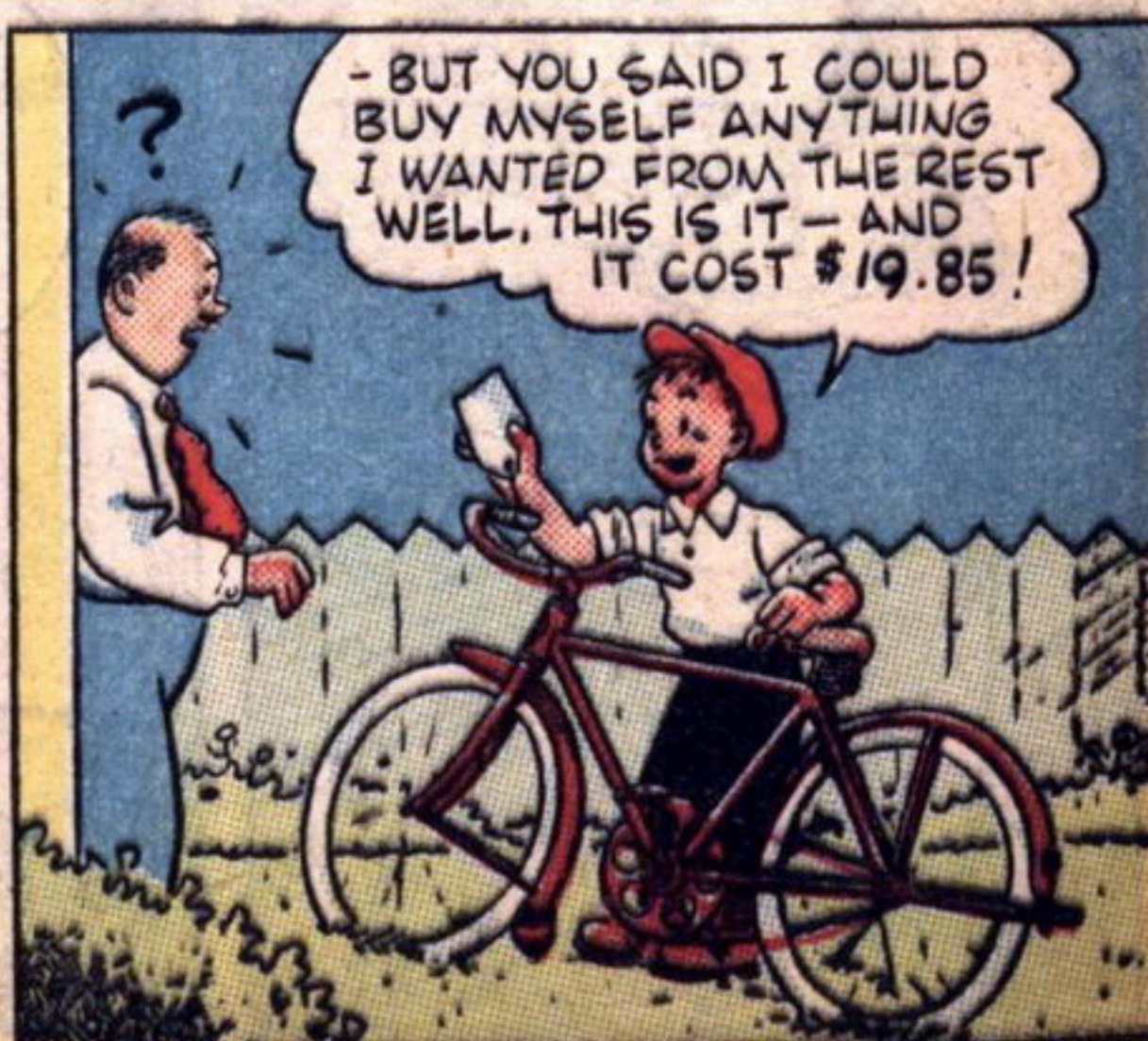
YOU BET!



WAIT -- HOW MUCH DID YOU SPEND OF MY CHANGE? REMEMBER, I GAVE YOU A \$20. BILL -- AND THIS INK ONLY COST 15¢!



-- BUT YOU SAID I COULD BUY MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED FROM THE REST WELL, THIS IS IT -- AND IT COST \$19.85!



More of Homer Doodle in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.





AS A HOSTESS, USA PURCHASES SUPPLIES FOR THE COMING MASQUERADE.



I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE TWO SENTRIES FROM THIS FORT... OH -- WHAT'S THAT?



OUTSIDE...







WISE GUY, EH? YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER SENTRIES, SO...

YOU WON'T FRAME ME. LET GO!



THERE ARE LOTS OF YOU, BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE...

OWW! GET HIM, MEN!

BANG!



AS THE MEN GANG UP ON THE SOLDIER...

I MUST HELP HIM. AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE TORCH WITH ME!



USA SWINGS INTO ACTION

BUT THIS SHOE WILL DO THE TRICK!



HIT A LADY, WILL YOU?



I DIDN'T KNOW A HEEL COULD BE SO USEFUL!

LET'S SCRAM, WE'LL GET THE SOLDIER LATER. THIS DAME MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE



WHY DID THEY ATTACK YOU, SOLDIER?

IT WAS A PRIVATE MATTER I CAN'T TELL YOU ABOUT... BUT THANKS FOR THE HELP... I... I GOTTA GO NOW.



SEEMS TO BE MORE THAN JUST A PRIVATE AFFAIR... I MUST FIND OUT... SAY, SERGEANT-



WHO IS THAT SOLDIER WHO JUST PASSED?

HE'S ALLEN MARSHALL, SON OF GENERAL MARSHALL, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE FORT HERE.



THE NIGHT OF THE MASQUERADE...  
FORT MAXON GLITTERS WITH  
LIGHTS AND LAUGHTER...



LIFE IN THIS  
ARMY IS SWELL.  
LET'S DANCE THIS  
ONE, SWEETHEART.

USA, IN HER REAL COSTUME,  
IS PRESENT...



EVERYBODY  
SEEMS TO BE HAVING  
A GOOD TIME, BUT  
I DON'T SEE  
PRIVATE MARSHALL  
...I MUST FIND  
HIM.

YOU SURE LOOK  
PRETTY IN THE  
COSTUME OF THE  
GOOD OLD U.S.A.-  
HOW ABOUT A  
DANCE, MISS?



NOT NOW-MAYBE  
LATER... I'M  
LOOKING FOR  
SOMEONE.

IN MARSHALL'S TENT USA  
CONFRONTS HIS BUDDY.



I'M LAID UP  
WITH A COLD,  
MISS... BUT  
MARSHALL  
WENT TO THE  
MASQUERADE.

THAT'S  
STRANGE.

USA PROWLs AROUND THE CAMP.



CIVILIANS... AND  
MARSHALL LETTING  
THEM IN!

HERE ARE THE UNIFORMS,  
RICHTER. YOU'RE ON  
YOUR OWN... AND THIS  
IS THE LAST TIME!

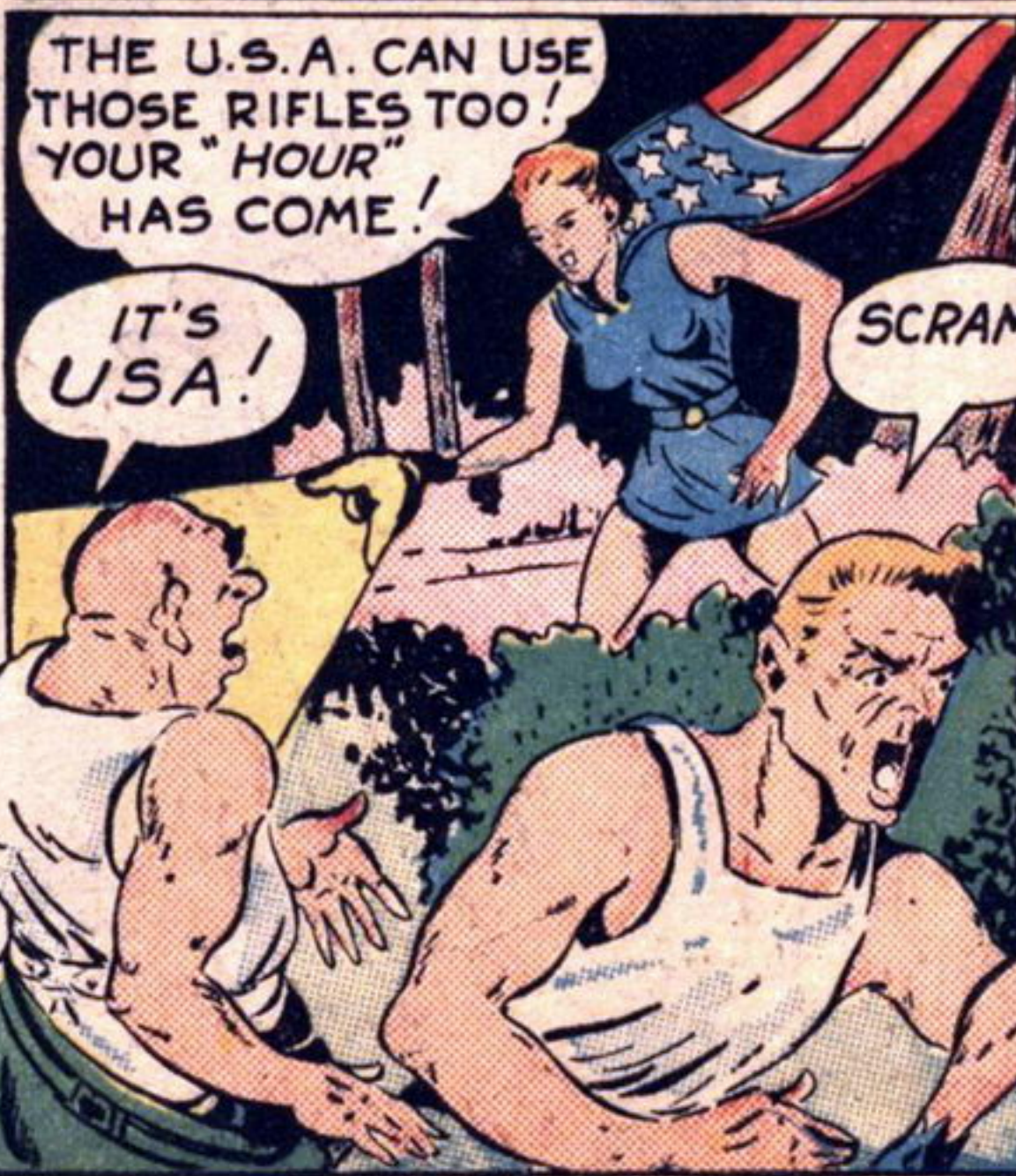


THE MEN DON  
THE UNIFORMS.



REMEMBER,  
MEN. GET ALL  
THE RIFLES  
YOU CAN. OUR LEADER  
CAN USE THEM...THE  
"HOUR" WILL SOON  
COME.

AT THAT MOMENT USA APPEARS...



THE U.S.A. CAN USE  
THOSE RIFLES TOO!  
YOUR "HOUR"  
HAS COME!

IT'S  
USA!

SCRAM!

I'LL LIGHT THE WAY  
FOR YOU... OUT  
OF THIS  
COUNTRY!





**USA TURNS TO YOUNG MARSHALL...**

I LET THEM GO BECAUSE YOU'RE INVOLVED, MARSHALL. NOW OUT WITH IT OR I'LL REPORT YOU.

OKAY, USA. BUT MY FATHER MUSTN'T KNOW. IT WILL RUIN HIM.



I GAMBLLED AND LOST. RICHTER THREATENED TO EXPOSE ME IF I DIDN'T HELP HIM GET THOSE WEAPONS FOR A REVOLT THEY ARE PLANNING... THEY KILLED THE OTHER SENTRIES...

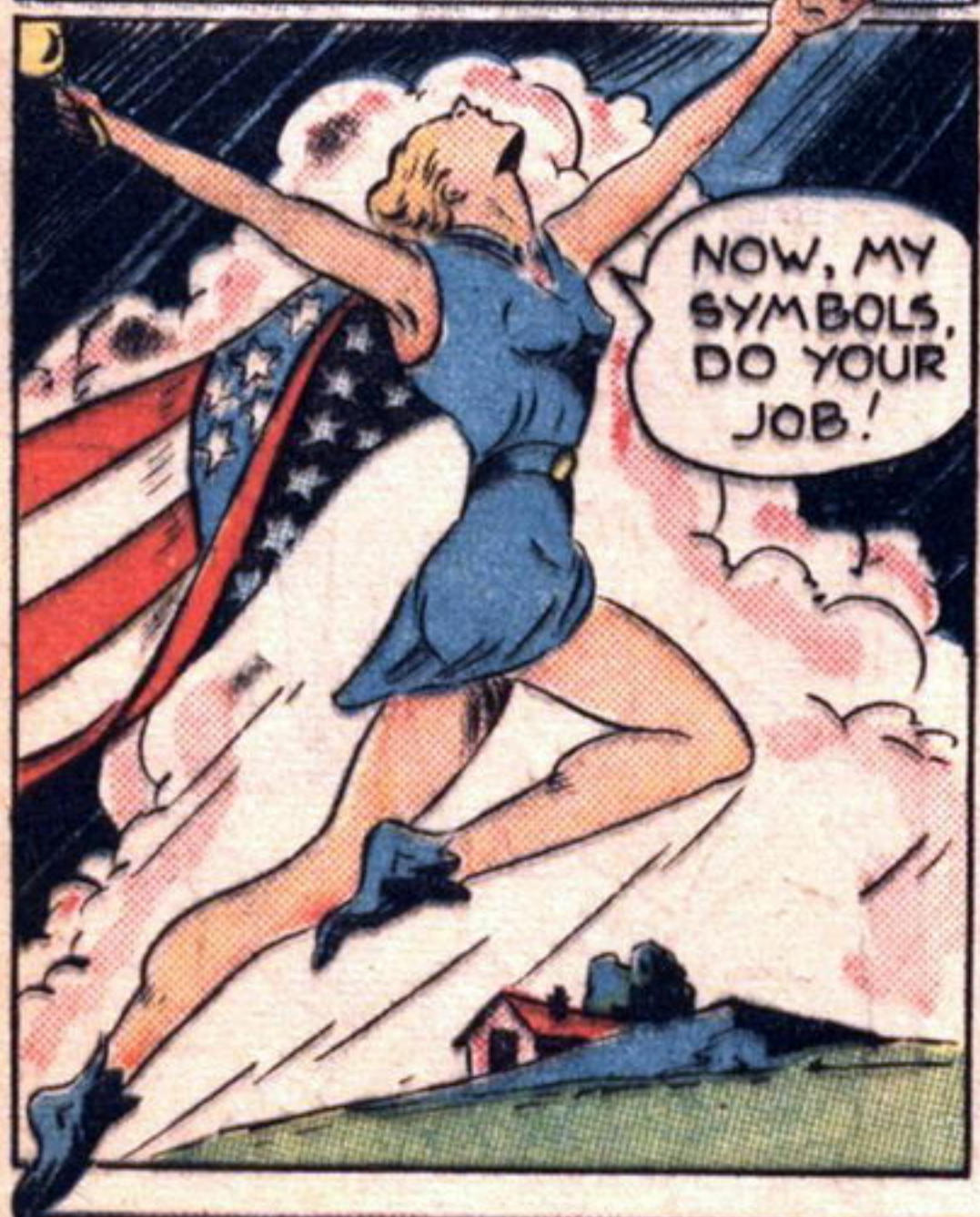


THE SAFETY OF OUR COUNTRY SHOULD MEAN MORE TO A SOLDIER THAN LIFE... BUT I'LL HELP YOU.. GO BACK TO THE BALL.

THANK YOU, USA.



**THE FAMILIAR FORM OF USA ZOOMS INTO THE AIR...**



NOW, MY SYMBOLS, DO YOUR JOB!

**HER TORCH LIGHTS UP...**



A TRUCK... AND MEN LOADING AMMUNITION. HERE WE GO!

HERE'S THE LIST OF OUR MEN... DISTRIBUTE THE RIFLES, AND NO SLIP-UPS!



SURE, BOSS.

**SUDDENLY USA ZOOMS OUT OF THE SKY.**



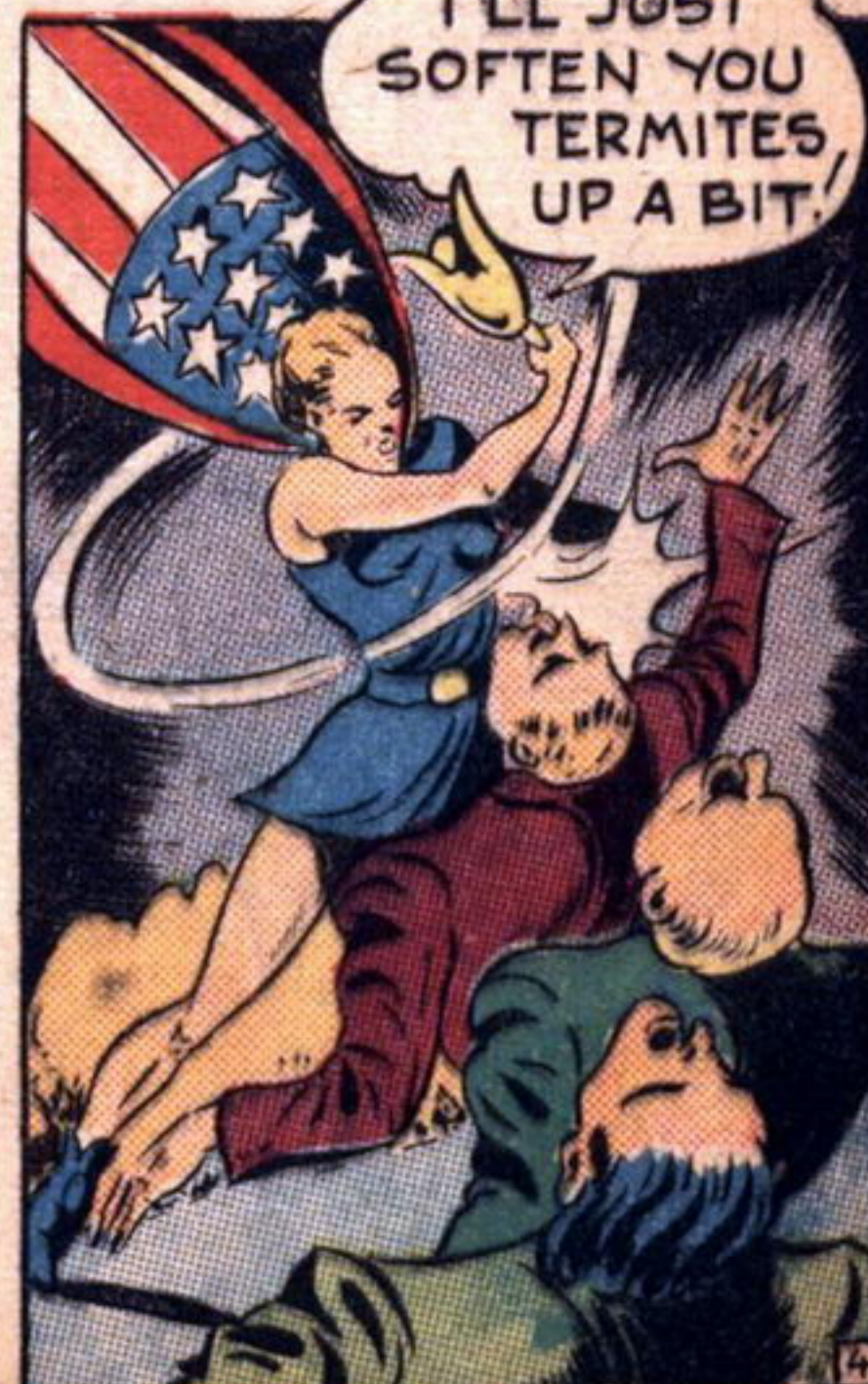
THIS IS YOUR FIRST SLIP-UP, RICHTER! I'LL TAKE THE LIST, YOU TRAITOR!

USA! SHOOT HER!

NOT SO FAST- I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET!



I'LL JUST SOFTEN YOU TERMITES UP A BIT!





IN THE TUMULT RICHTER GETS  
HOLD OF A MACHINE GUN.



YOU FOOLS - THE  
FLAG IS STRONGER  
THAN YOUR BULLETS...  
IT'S AN IDEAL!  
YOU'RE DONE,  
RICHTER!



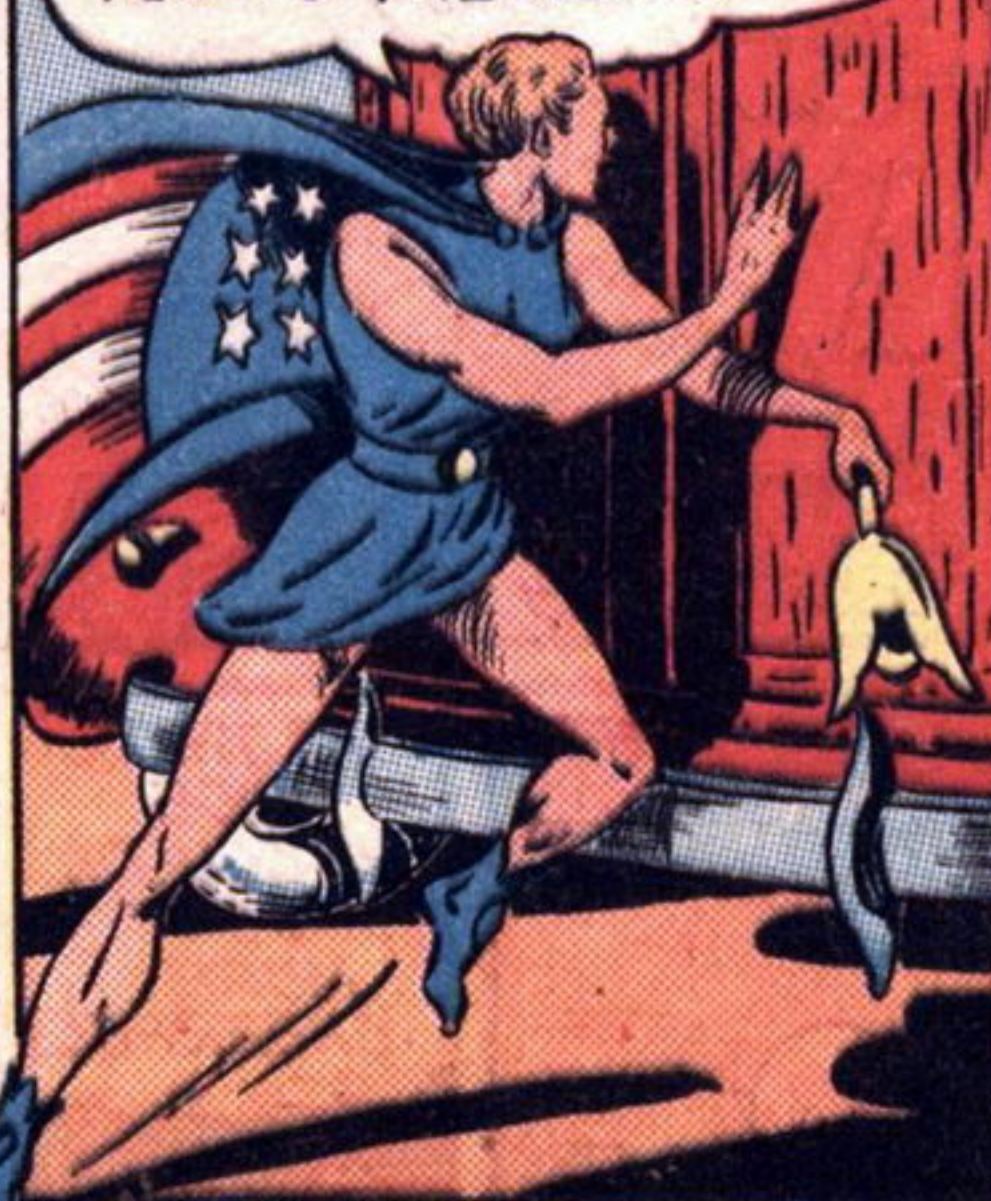
AND JUST TO  
SHOW YOU HOW  
WET YOU REALLY  
ARE...



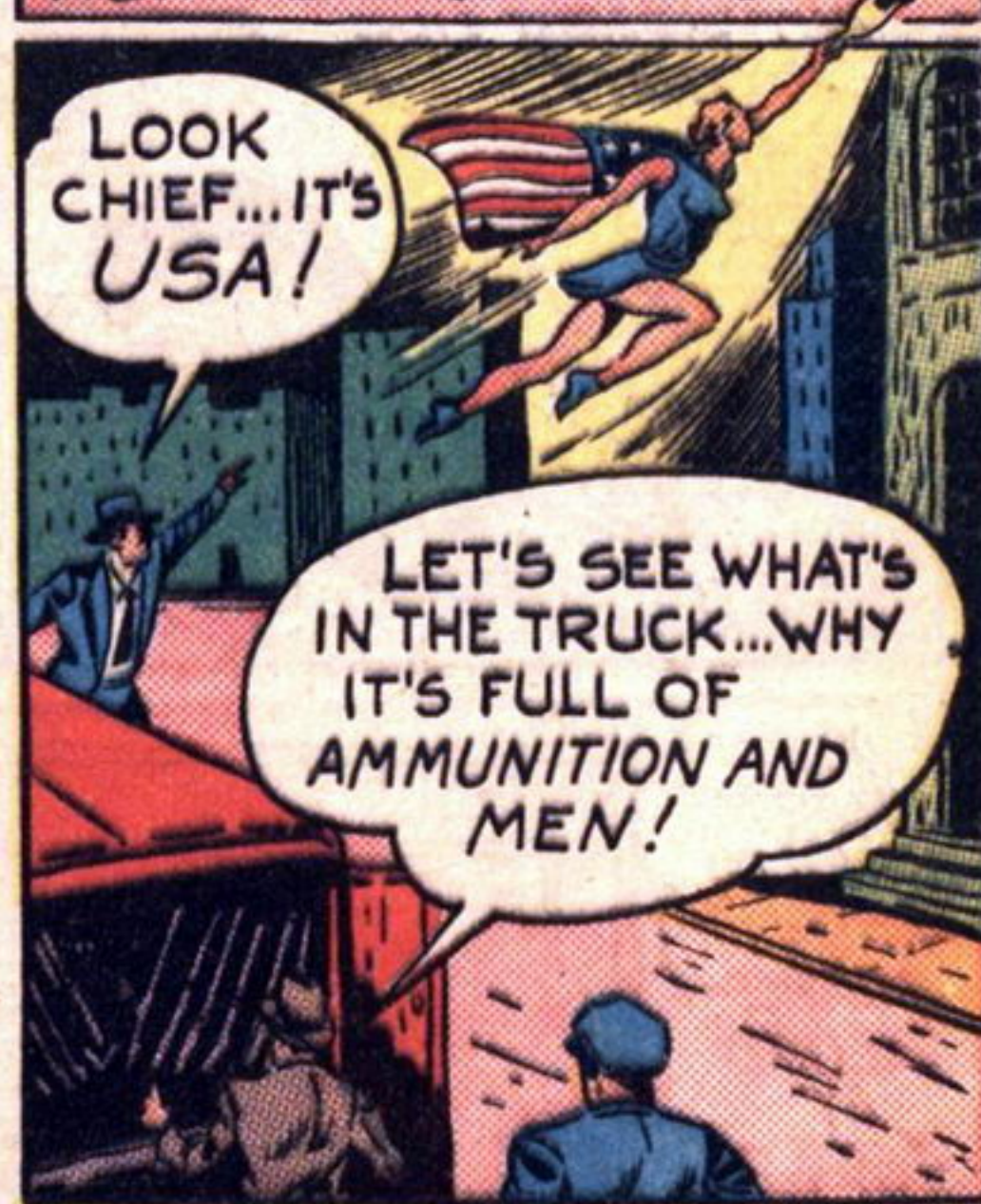
DIRECTED BY THE TORCH, THE  
WATER FORCES THE THUGS  
INTO THE TRUCK.



THIS TRUCK IS JUST  
WHAT I NEED TO DELIVER  
YOU TO THE F.B.I...



THE HUMAN CARGO STOPS AT  
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.



BACK AT  
THE FORT.



HOPE THE  
MASQUERADE  
ISN'T OVER...  
I'D REALLY  
ENJOY A  
DANCE.

COULD I HAVE  
THIS DANCE,  
USA?

CERTAINLY,  
PRIVATE  
MARSHALL.



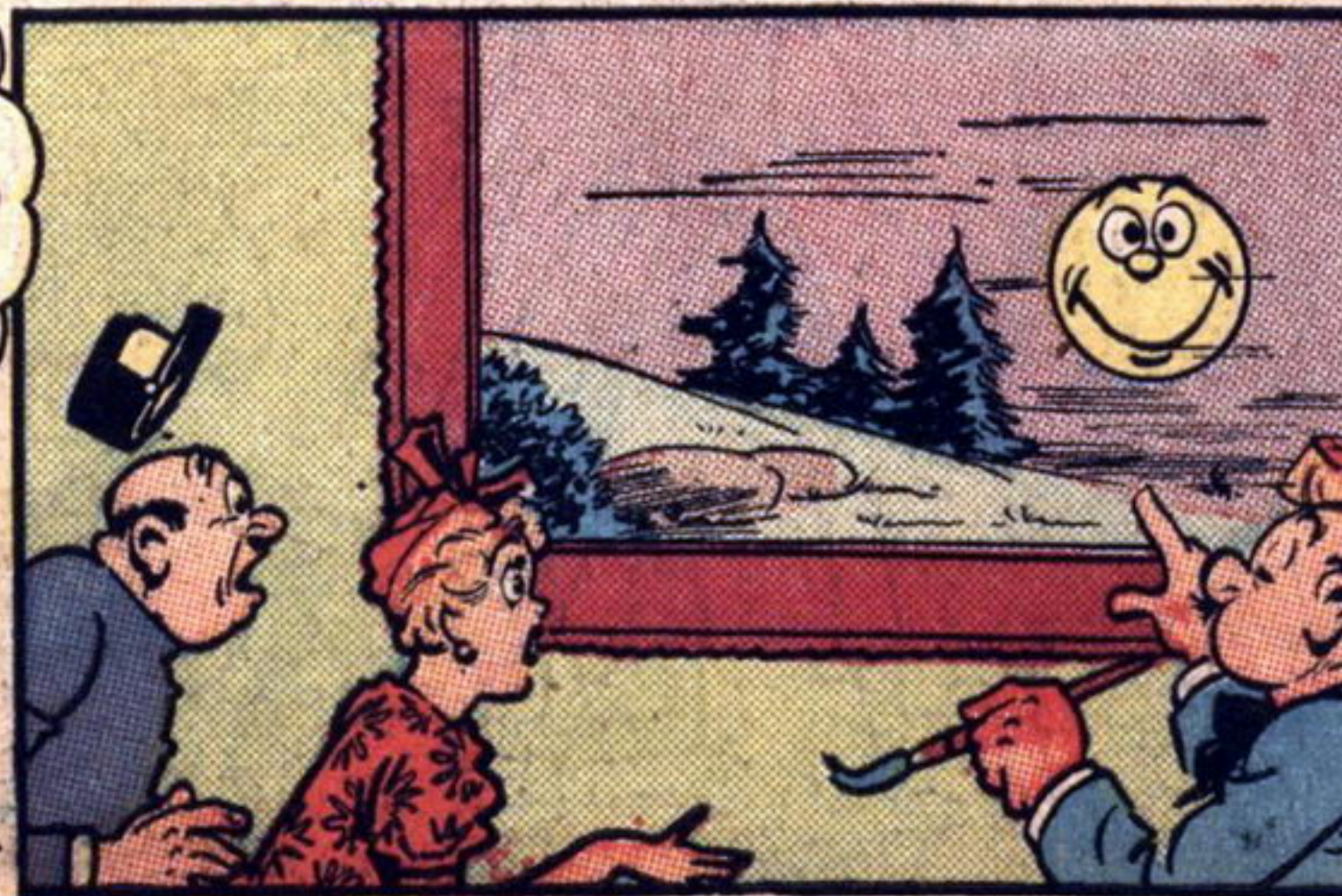
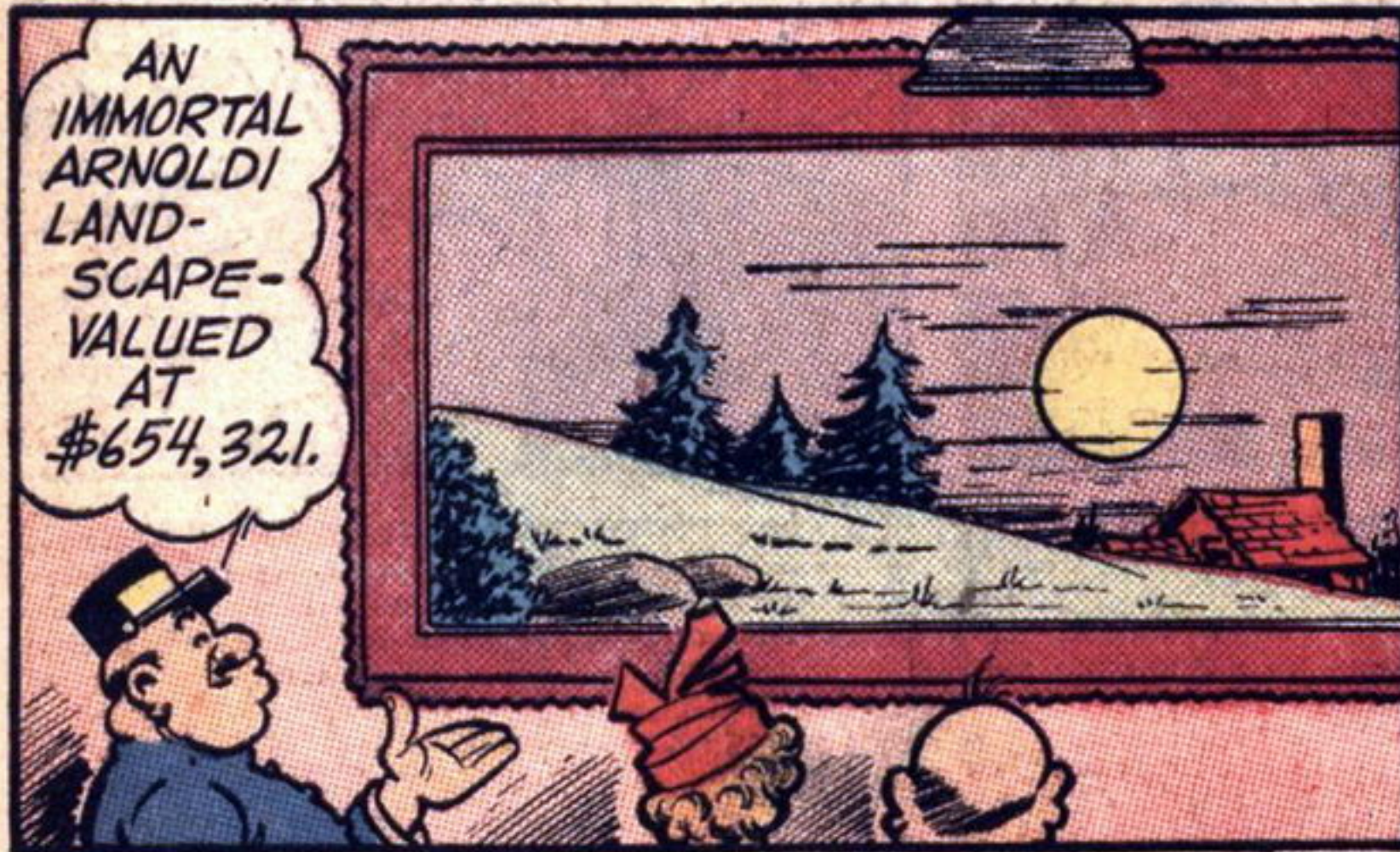
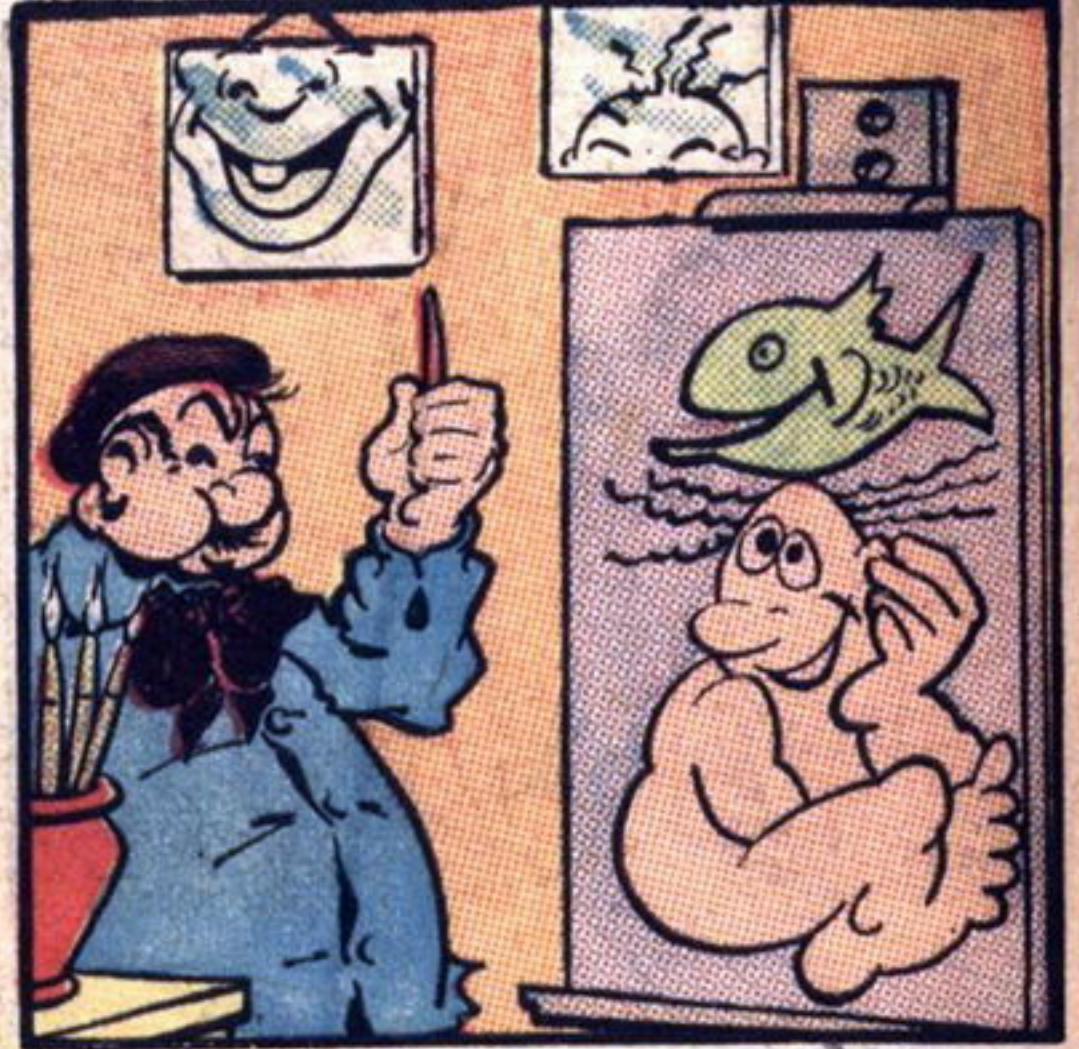
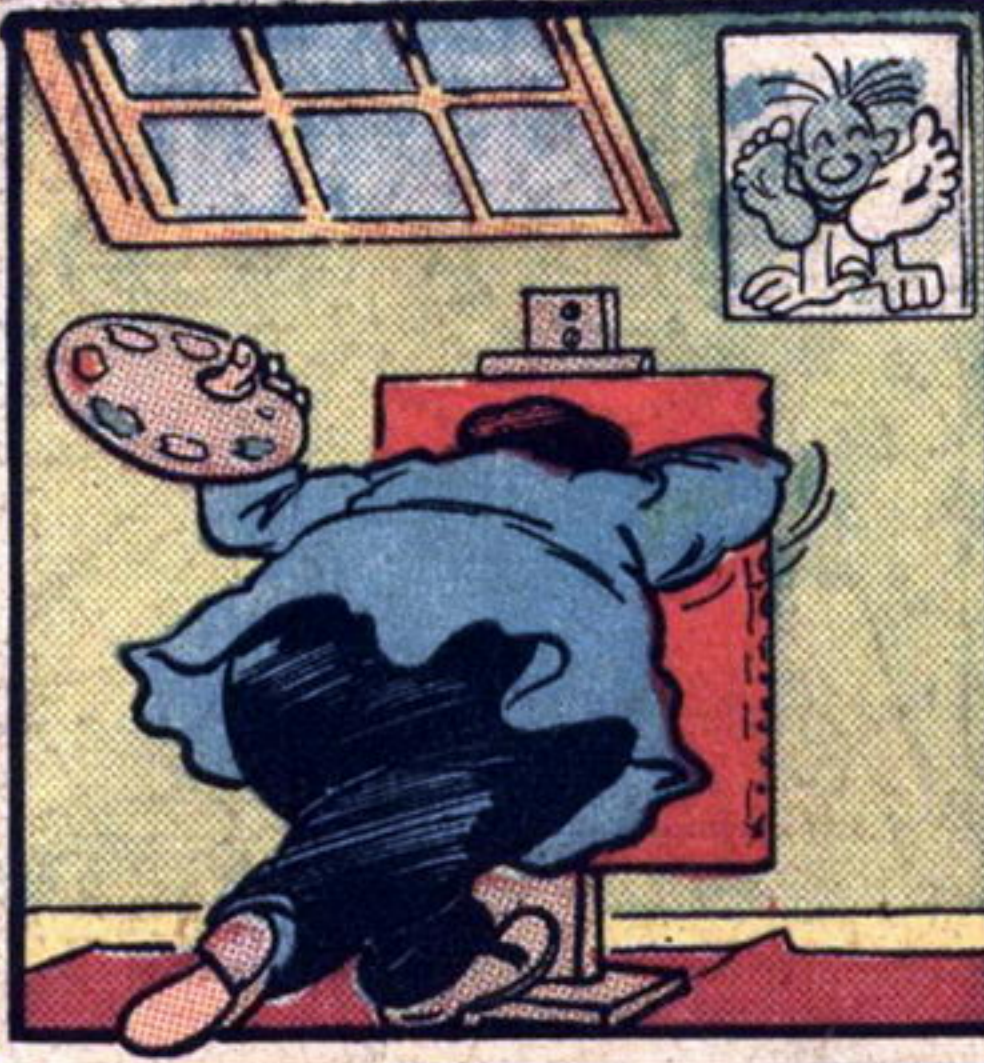
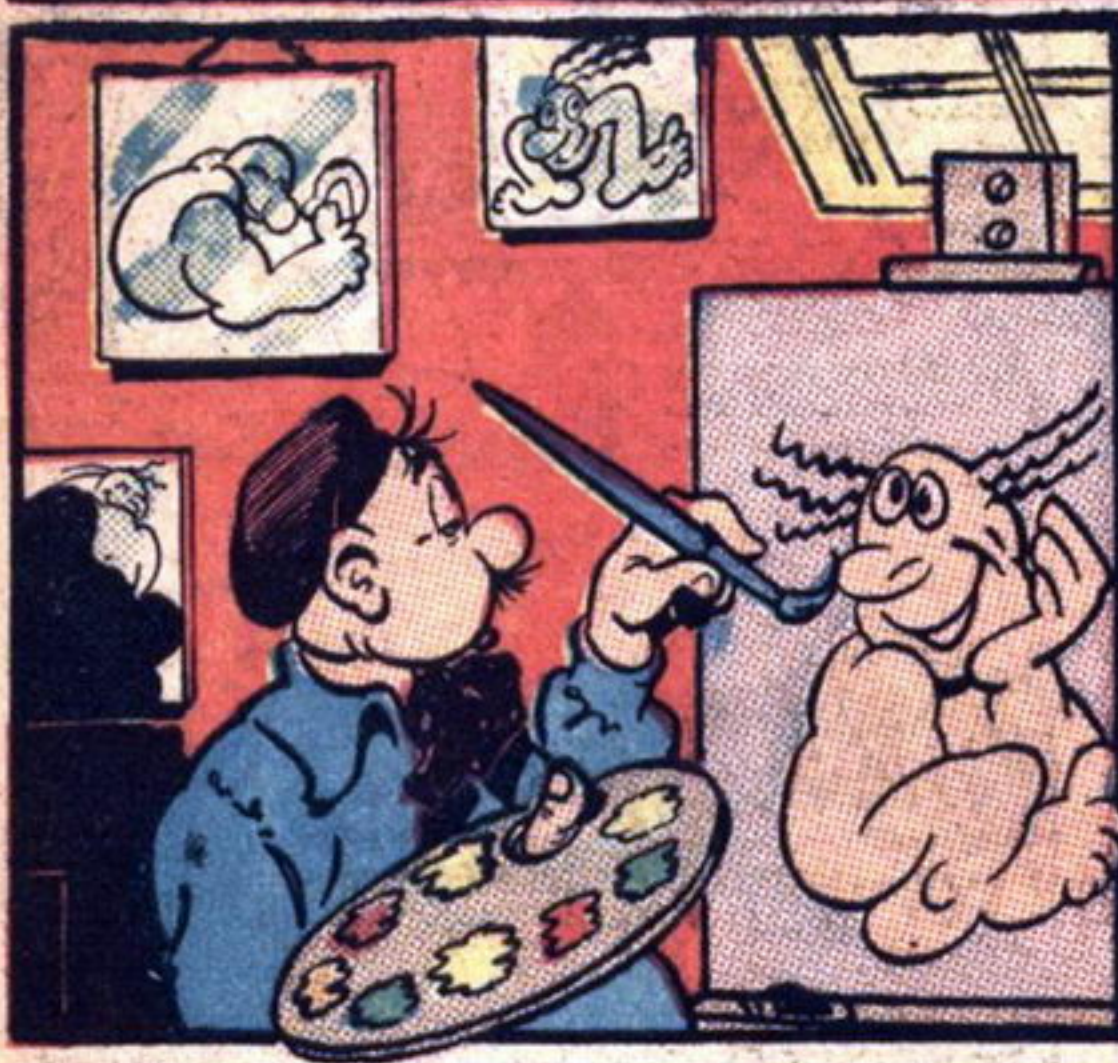
REMEMBER... I DANCE  
ONLY WITH REAL  
AMERICANS... BUT  
I THINK YOU'VE  
LEARNED A  
LESSON.

I SURE  
HAVE,  
USA.



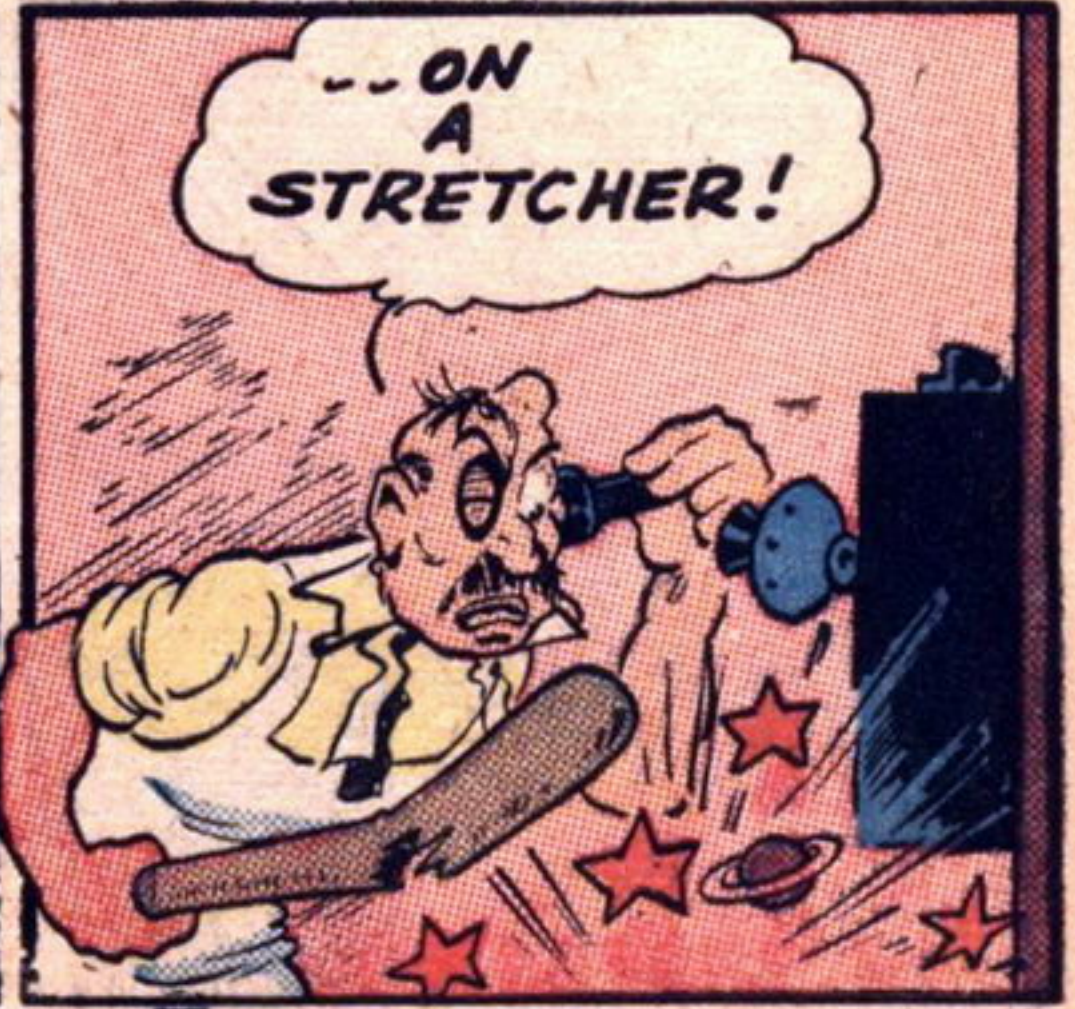
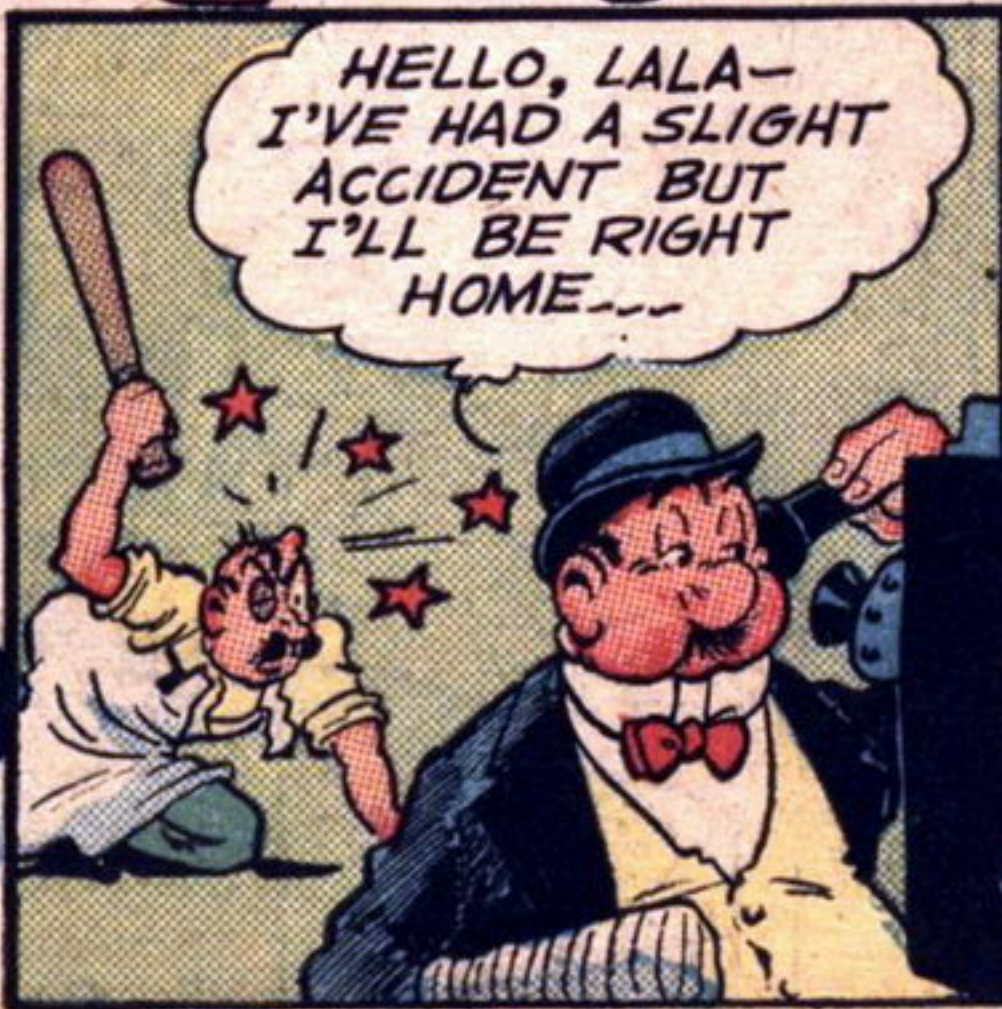
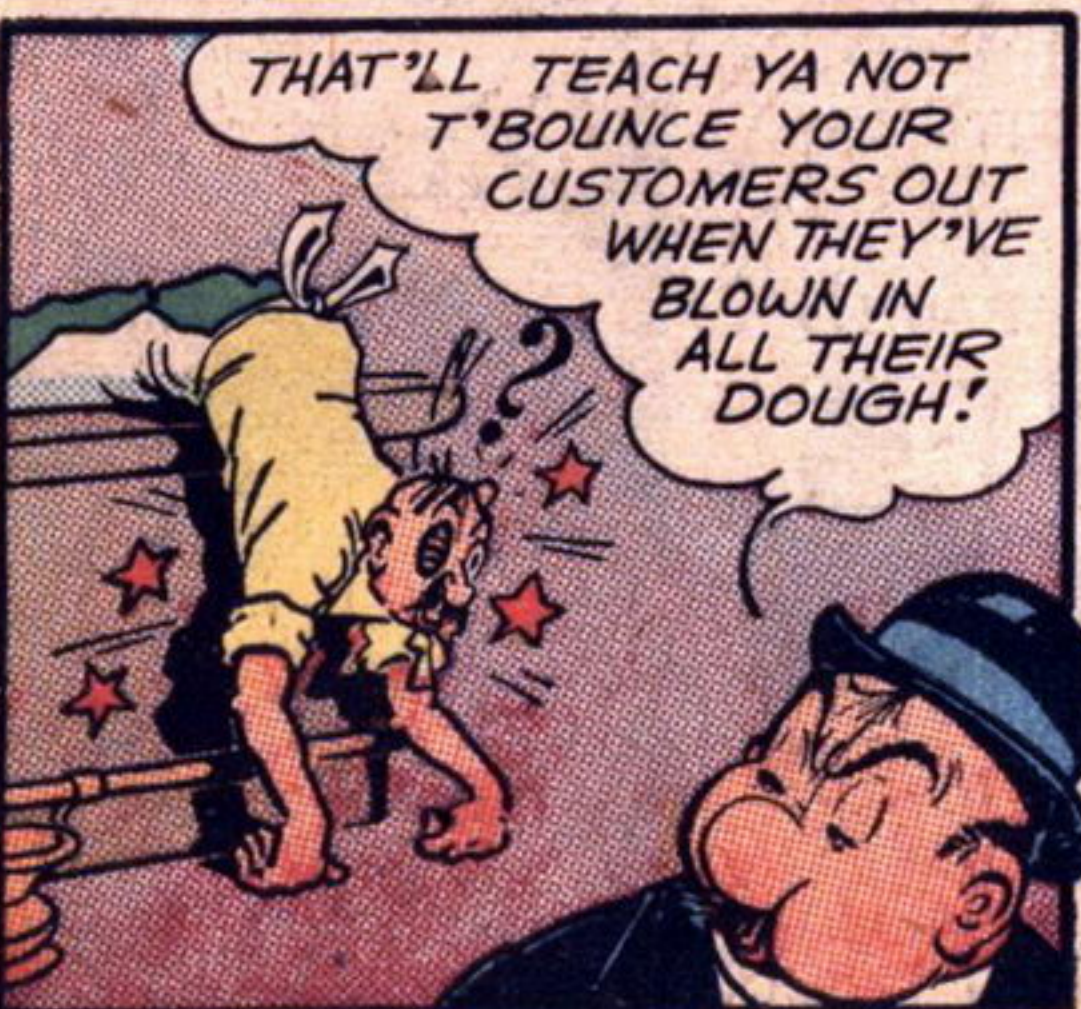
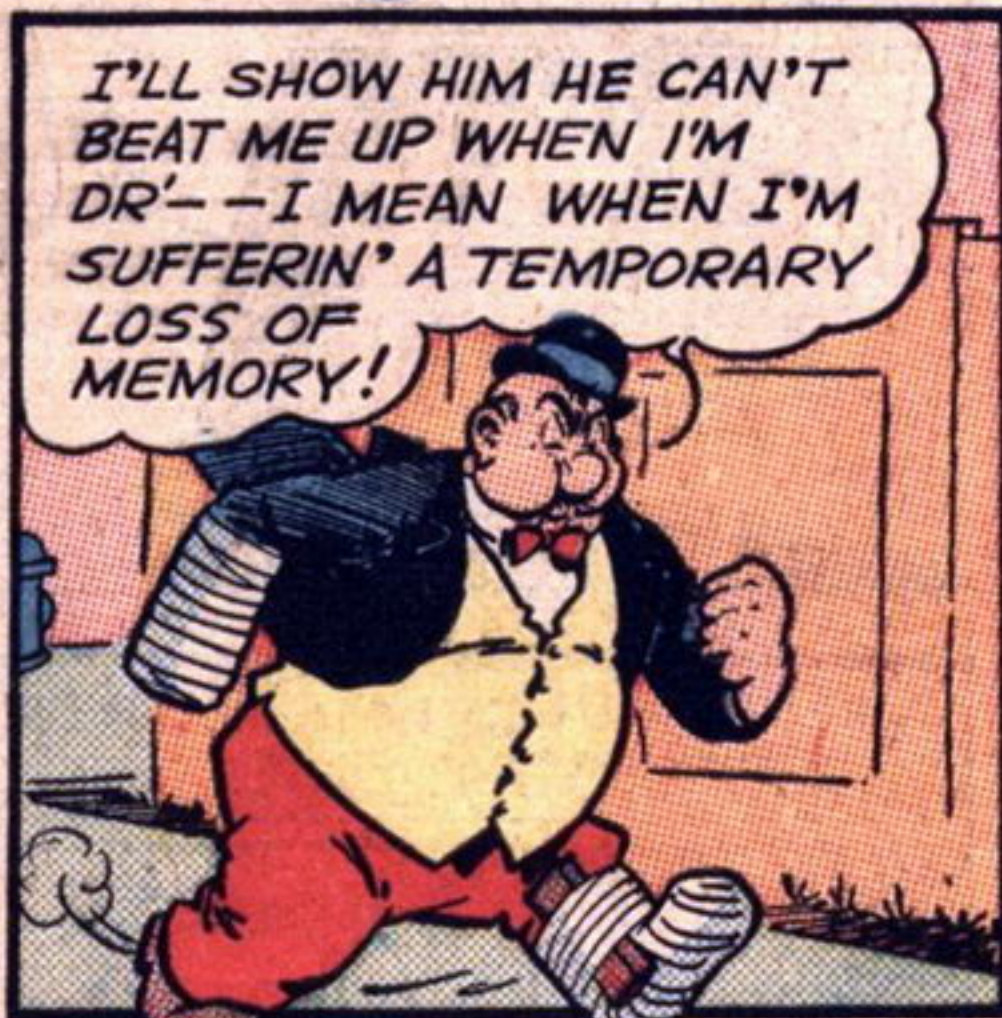
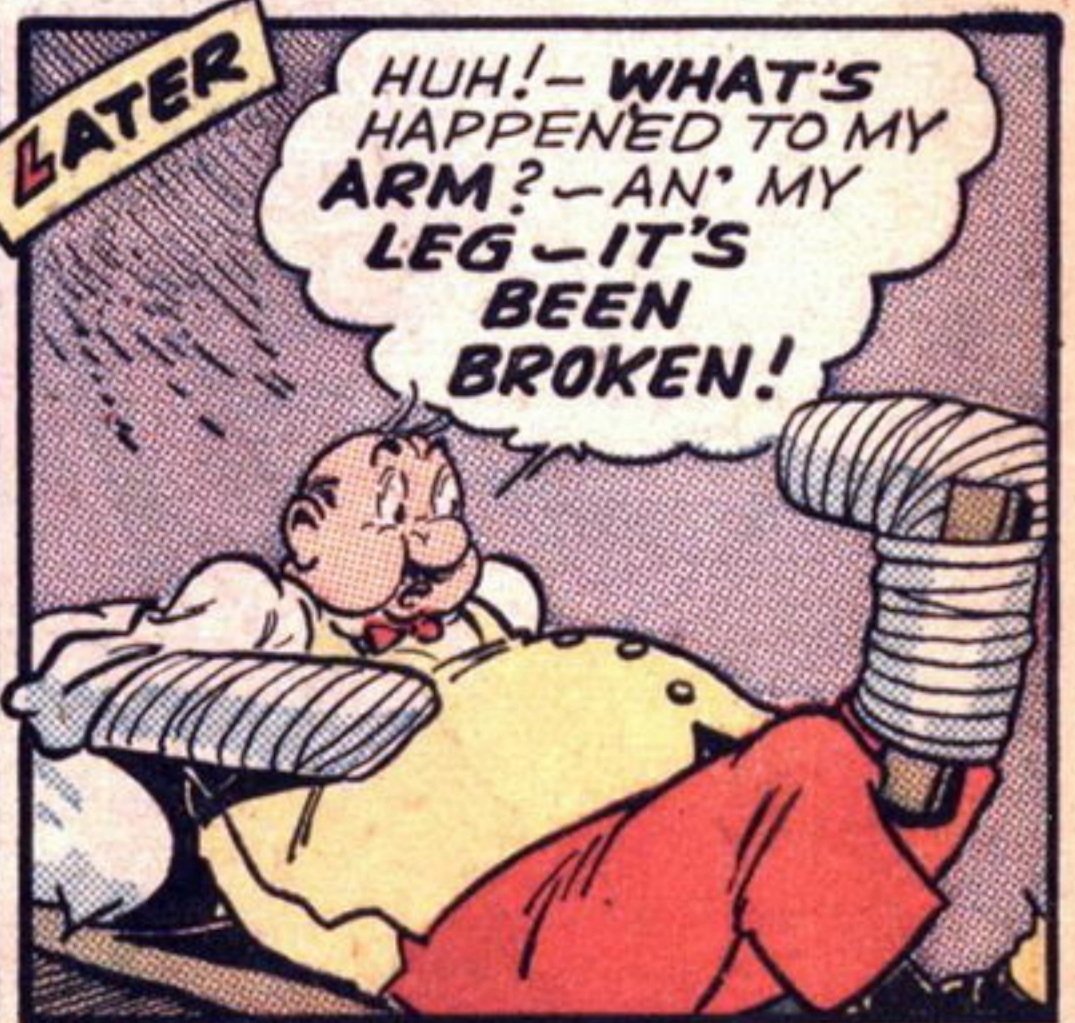
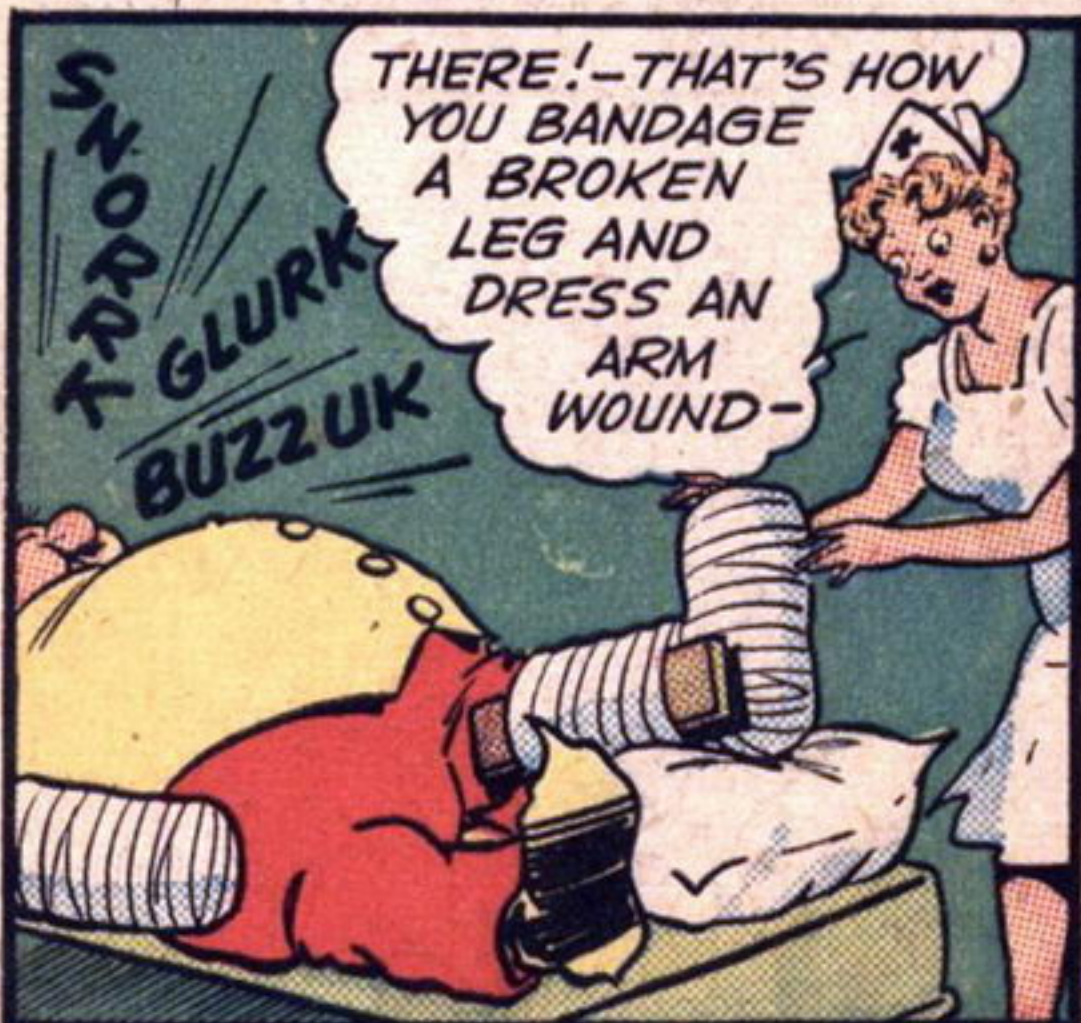


# LALA PALOOZA





# Lala Palooza





# REYNOLDS

by *ART DAWG*  
OF THE

## MOUNTED

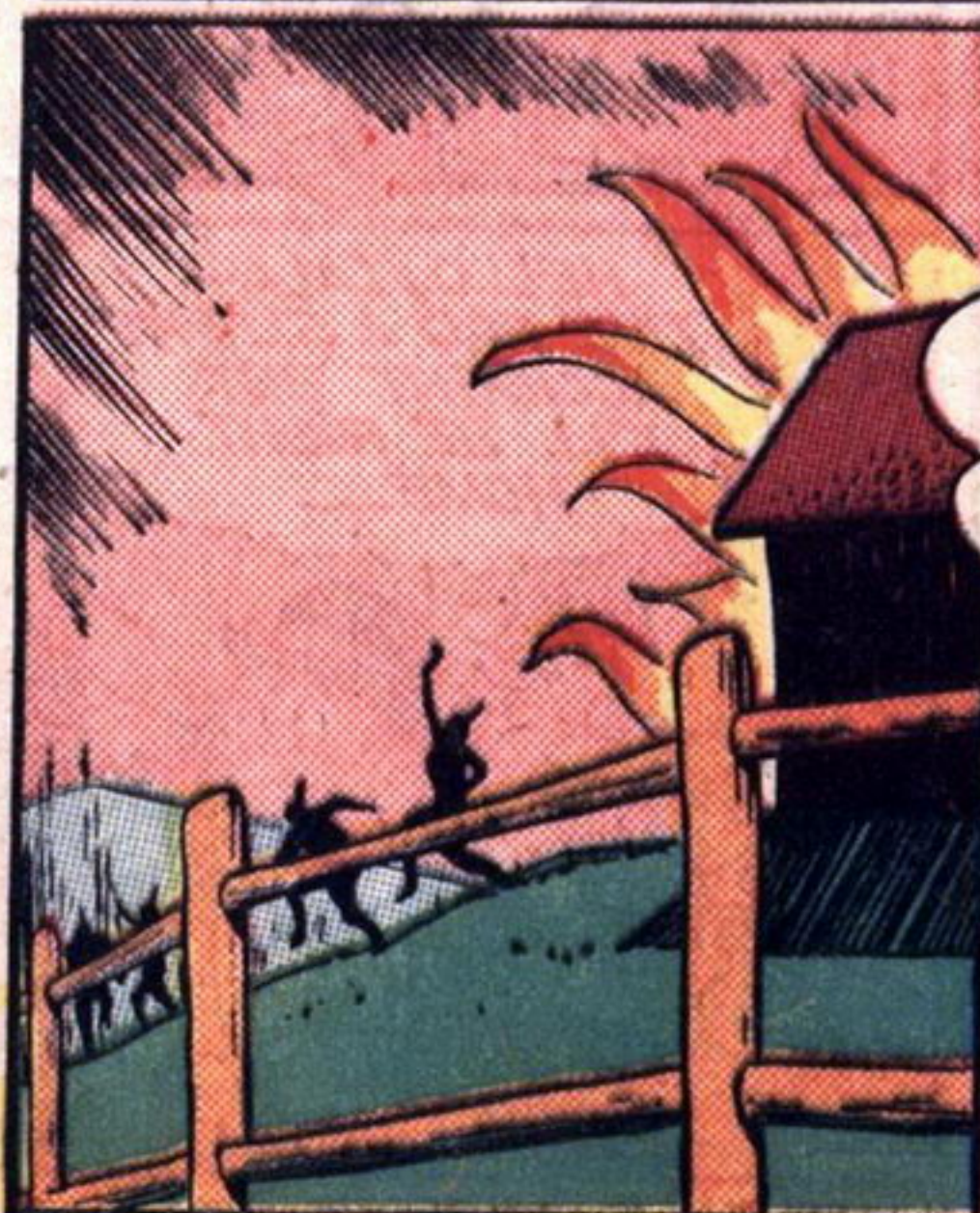


WITH HIS TRUSTED GUIDE, FLATFOOT CHARLIE, SERGEANT REYNOLDS TANGLES WITH THE BLACK CROW INDIANS TO FOIL A DARING SCHEME AND SETTLE AN OLD INJUSTICE.....

A PALE MOON SHINES DOWN ON SETTLERS VALLEY AS FIGURES APPROACH A RANCH...



A FEW MINUTES LATER A RED GLOW FILLS THE SKY.....



IT WAS OUR NEW BARN!

IT'S THEM REDSKINS, BLAST 'EM! THAT'S THE FOURTH FIRE THIS WEEK-- TRYIN' TO SCARE US SETTLERS-- I'M GOIN' TO CALL TH' POLICE!!







LOOKUM THERE, SERGEANT! BLACK CROW INDIAN VILLAGE!

OKAY, CHARLIE... LET'S GO! THIS SCARING OF RANCHERS MIGHT LEAD TO BIGGER THINGS!

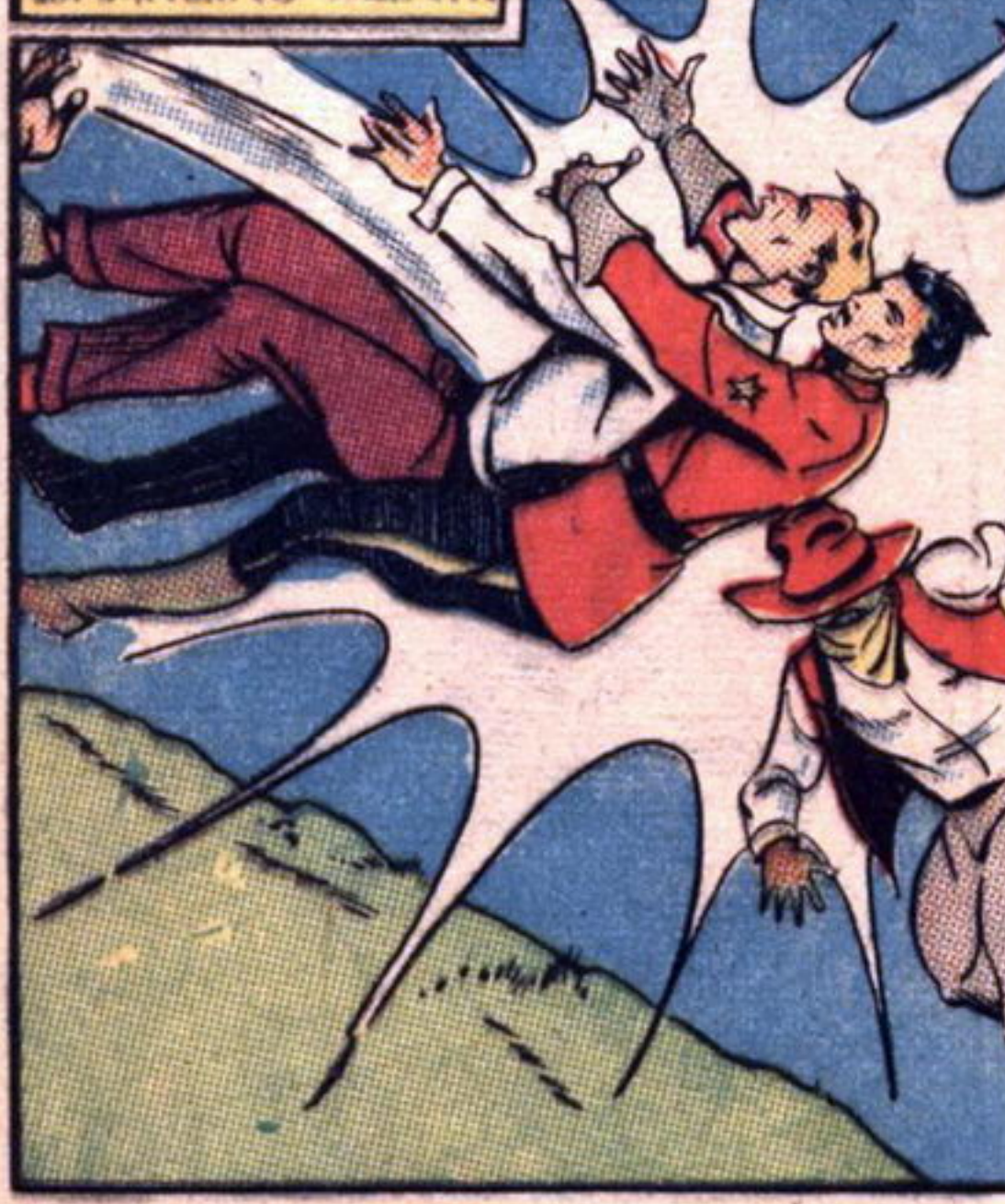
STILL CAN'T FIGGER UM OUT-BLACK CROW ALWAYS HEAD PEACEFUL TRIBE IN PAST!

WAIT-CHARLIE LOOK! A FIGHT-C'MON-



A MOUNTIE! RUN, MEN!

THEY ARE TAKEN UNAWARE BY THE BRAWLING MEN...



MEN GETTUM AWAY-HEAD FEEL LIKE MERRY-GO-ROUND! PLENTY DIZZY!!



THANKS! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME... NAME'S DAN CARTER!

I'M SERGEANT REYNOLDS-THIS IS FLATFOOT CHARLIE! BUT DON'T LET THE NAME FOOL YOU-HE'S LIGHT AS A FEATHER ON HIS FEET AND CAN TRAVEL FOR DAYS WITHOUT A LETUP!



WHAT FIGHT ABOUT, MR. CARTER?

OH NOTHING, FLATFOOT-THOSE MEN HANG AROUND THE INDIAN VILLAGE AND WE JUST GOT INTO A SILLY ARGUMENT!

HMM... CARTER'S HOLDING SOMETHING BACK!

AT CHIEF BLACK HAWK'S TENT...

CHIEF-WE MUST PUNISH YOUR BRAVES FOR SETTING FIRE TO THE RANCHES!

REDCOAT IS MISTAKEN... WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH THE WHITE MEN-MY PEOPLE WILL BE ANGERED TO HEAR THIS!



BACK AT CARTER'S TENT...

LOOK! CARD DROP FROM CARTER'S POCKET!

A PRISON CARD. SO CARTER HAS A RECORD, EH? AND YET HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING INDIAN LIFE HERE...WE MUST KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!





THAT NIGHT

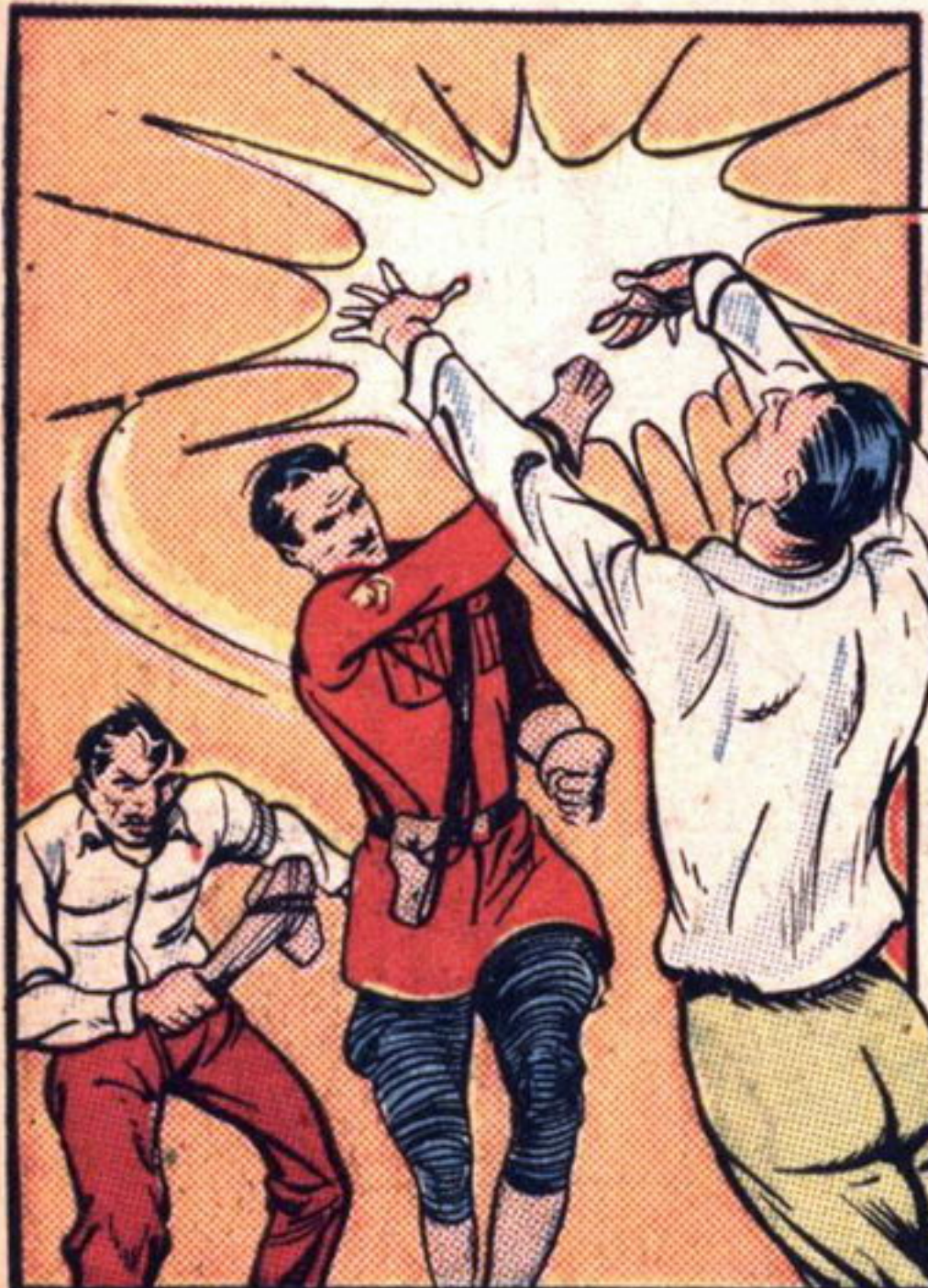
WONDER WHAT  
THOSE MEN  
HAD TO DO  
WITH CARTER-  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

A YELL FROM  
CARTER'S TENT...  
MAYBE  
NIGHTMARE!!

AND I WAS  
HAVING A  
DREAM IN  
TECHNICOLOR,  
HO-HUM!

C'MON CHARLIE-  
IT MUST BE  
THOSE MEN....

BUT SUDDENLY FROM THE DARK  
SHADOWS OF THE TENTS.....



A POWERFUL BLOW FROM BEHIND  
FELLS THE BRAVE SERGEANT...



AS FLATFOOT TRIES TO HELP....



GO BACK TO  
DREAMLAND,  
INJUN....  
HEH-HEH!

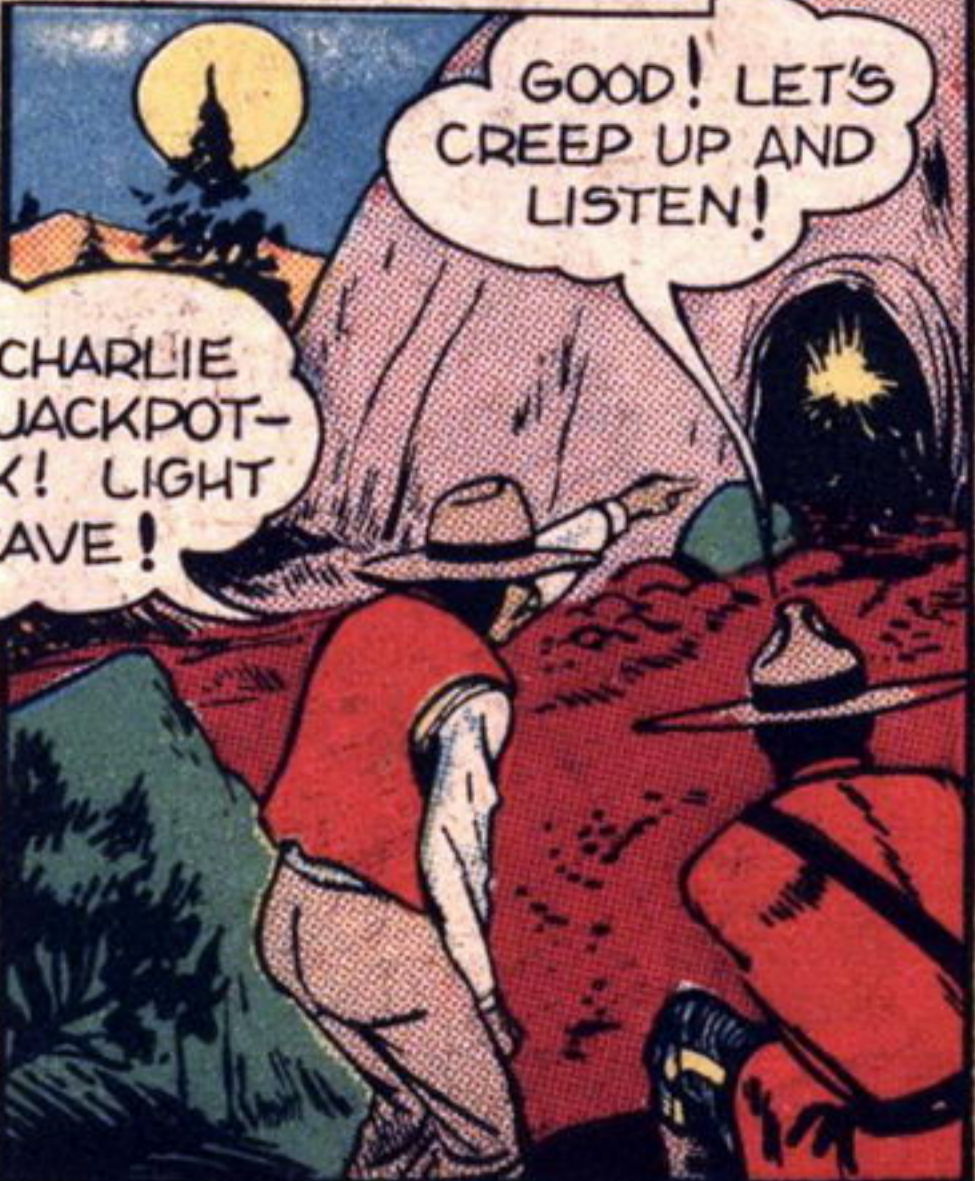
WE'VE GOT  
CARTER-  
LET'S GO!



LATER  
OW-MY  
HEAD!

MEN LEAVE  
BEHIND TRAIL  
CLEAR AS A-B-C!  
YOU FOLLOW  
FLATFOOT!

IN THE CLEAR MOONLIGHT THEY  
FOLLOW THE TRAIL INTO THE  
RUGGED MOUNTAINS...



GOOD! LET'S  
CREEP UP AND  
LISTEN!

AH! CHARLIE  
HIT JACKPOT-  
LOOK! LIGHT  
IN CAVE!

WHEN I WENT TO  
PRISON FOR THE  
CRIME YOU  
COMMITTED I  
SWORE I'D GET  
YOU IF IT TOOK  
THE REST OF MY  
LIFE, THORPE!

HA-HA! NOW  
THAT YOU'VE  
FOUND ME IT'LL  
MEAN YOUR  
END, CARTER!

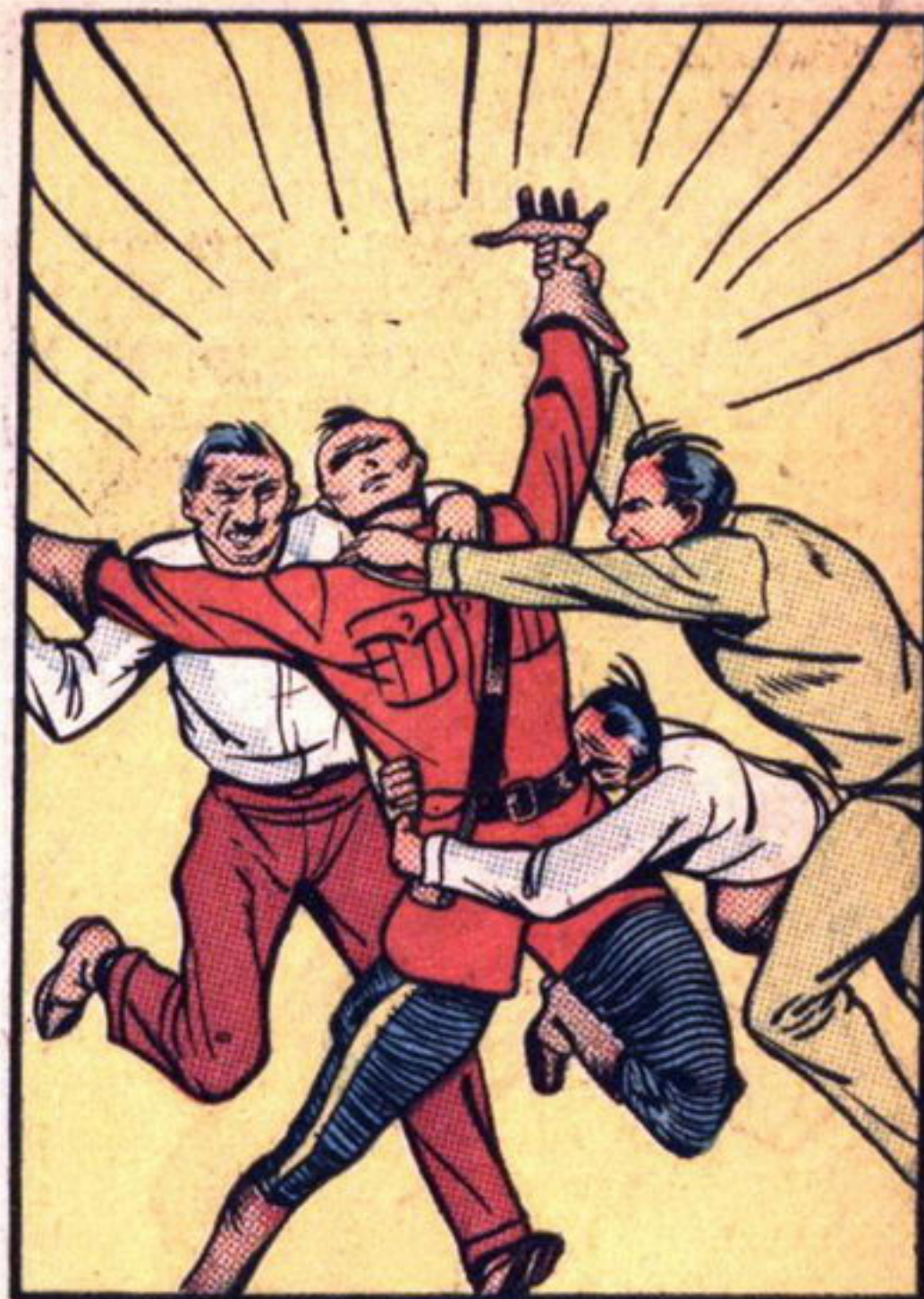
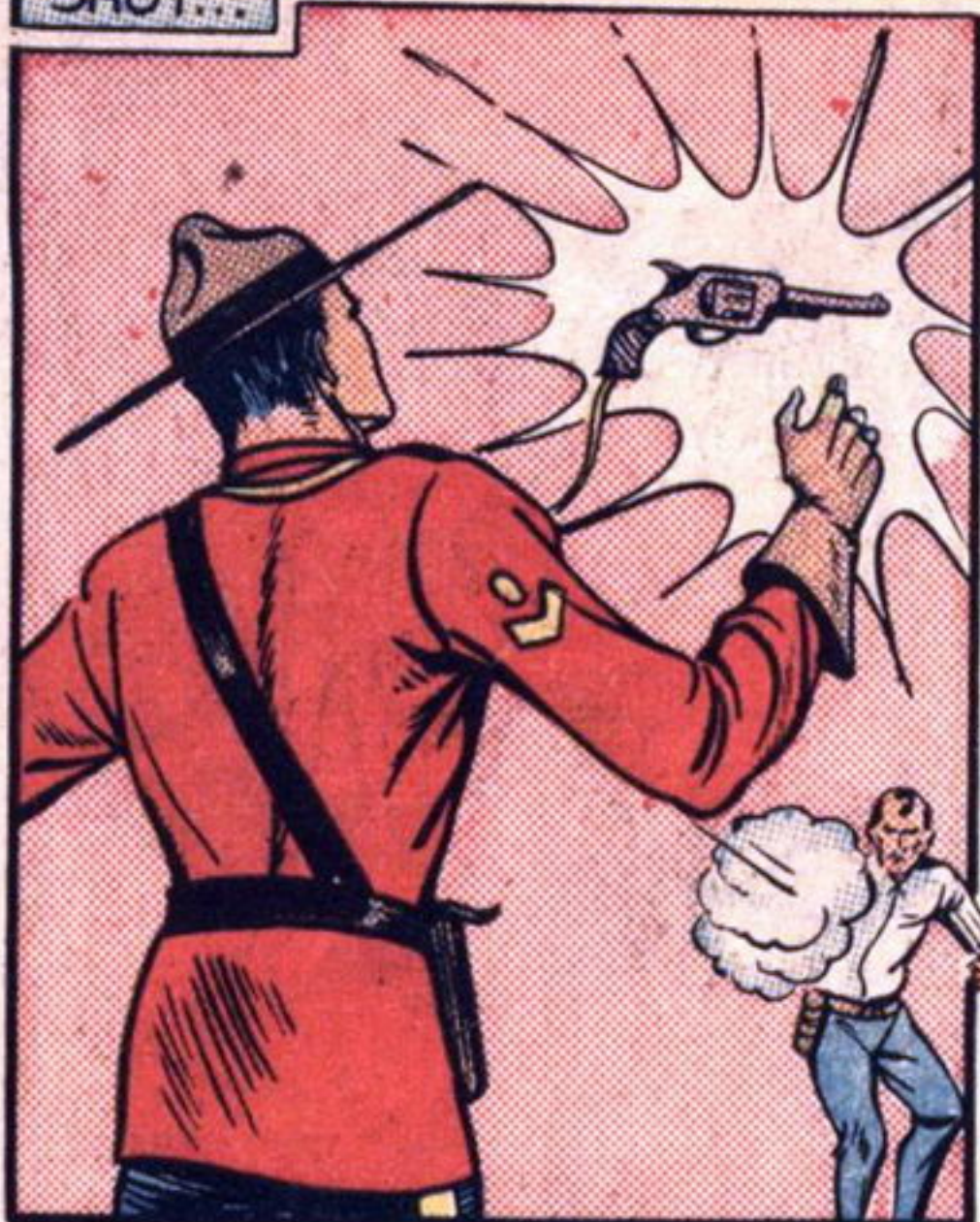




SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL FROM ONE OF THE MEN.....



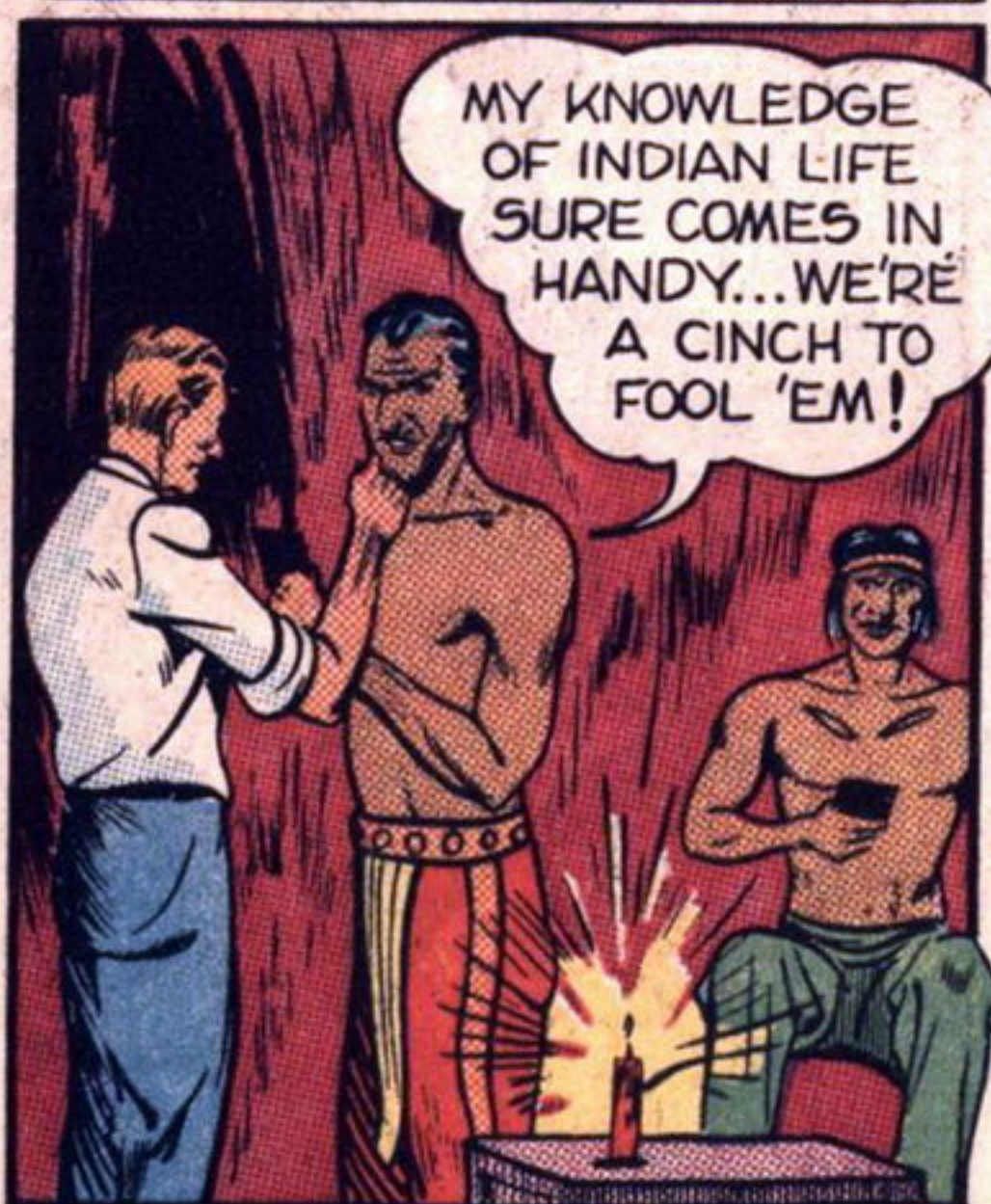
BEFORE REYNOLDS CAN FIRE THORPE MAKES A WELL AIMED SHOT...



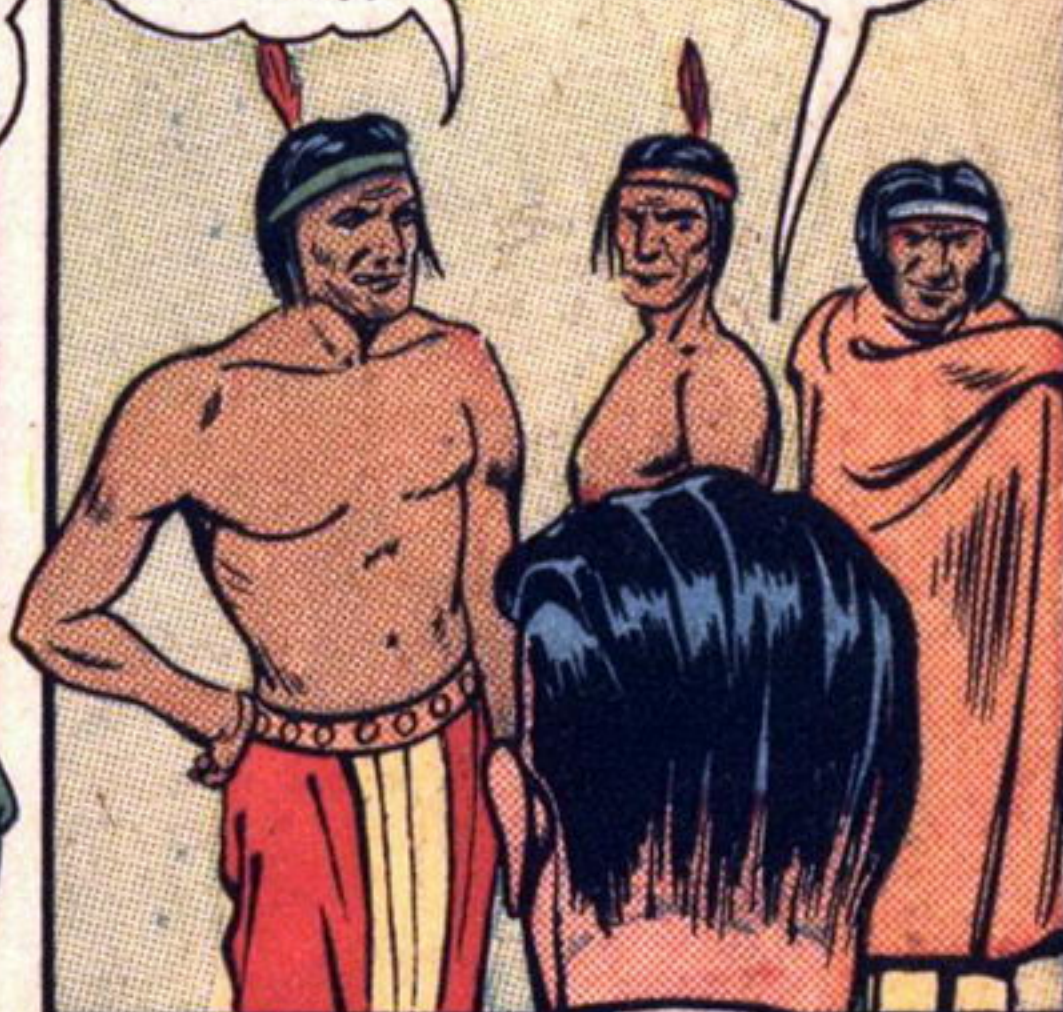
THE INDIANS ARE HOLDING A SECRET MEETING TONIGHT-WE'RE GOING TO INCITE THEM AGAINST THE RANCHERS-WITH THE MOUNTIE OUT OF THE WAY THEY'LL LISTEN TO US....



WITH BROWN PAINT THORPE AND HIS MEN MAKE UP THEIR BODIES.



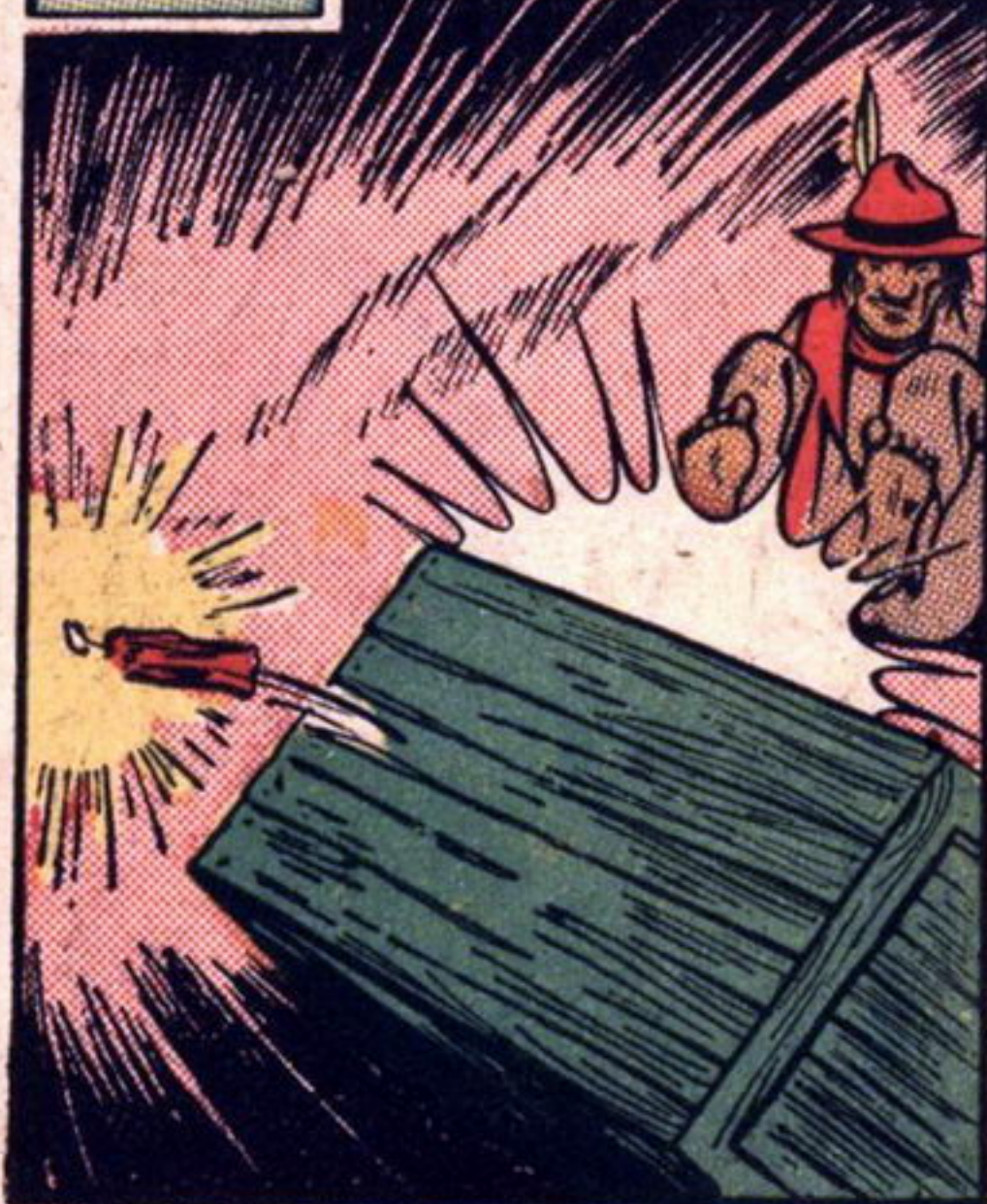
LET'S GO, MEN-KEEP A CLOSE WATCH OVER THEM, FRANK! WHEN WE GET BACK WE'LL GET RID OF 'EM!!



IN THE DIM LIGHT THE THREE CAPTIVES SILENTLY ACCEPT THEIR FATE...



SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING FLATFOOT CHARLIE GOES INTO ACTION...



AS THE CROOK HASTILY RELIGHTS THE CANDLE.....







YOU SAP! WHILE YOU WERE RELIGHTING THAT CANDLE CHARLIE LOOSEMED MY BONDS WITH HIS TEETH!



TAKE CARE OF THIS BIRD, CARTER! CHARLIE AND I HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!



MEANWHILE AT THE SECRET MEETING OF THE BLACK CROW INDIANS...

THE RANCHERS ACCUSE US UNJUSTLY OF DAMAGE TO THEIR PROPERTY... WE WILL NOT STAND FOR THIS!

AS THE DISGUISED THORPE INCITES THE RED MEN TWO FIGURES ENTER.



WE MUST MAKE WAR ON THE RANCHERS...



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THORPE - YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THE OTHER TWO!

CHARLIE GOOD AND MAD... GOTTUM SPECIAL TRICK UP SLEEVE...

SUDDENLY THERE IS A WAR WHOOP FROM THE INDIAN GUIDE AS HE LASHES OUT AT THE TWO "WHITE" INDIANS...



THEN REYNOLDS GOES INTO ACTION.



HE'S NOT ONE OF YOUR BROTHERS, CHIEF - LOOK!

WHAT TH-!!



I'LL CONFESS, MOUNTIE! YES-IT WAS THE FOUR OF US WHO SET FIRE TO THE RANCHES... WE WERE DISGUISED AS BLACK CROW INDIANS SO THEY'D SUSPECT THE TRIBE!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, RED-COAT!



WELL CHARLIE - THAT CLEANS UP THORPE AND HIS FAKE INDIANS - WHAT NOW?

CHARLIE WANTUM TO PUT TEETH IN SOMETHING ELSE BESIDE ROPE - LET'S GO!



# CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

IN  
TELLTALE  
TUNNEL

BY  
HARRY  
THOMAS  
CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND JACKSON, HIS DOUBLE, ARE NOW PITTED AGAINST THEIR MOST FORMIDABLE FOE, THE BEAUTIFUL SPY SONYA.

OFFICE OF COLONEL JORDAN,  
CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE—

BRUCE, THE AXIS POWERS ARE PRINTING, IN DETAIL, ABOUT THE **SECRET SESSIONS** OF OUR **MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE**.

WELL, I'LL BE—

IT'S UP TO YOU TO **PLUG THIS LEAK!**

ANY **CLUES**, COLONEL?

NO, EXCEPT **SPEED** OF PUBLICATION SHOWS THE INFORMATION MUST BE SENT BY **RADIO!**

I GET IT, SAY, COLONEL—GET ME THE RECORD OF THAT **FREAK RADIO SIGNAL**.

BRUCE PLAYS THE RECORD OF A HIGH-PITCHED, SHRIEKING RADIO SIGNAL, SENT BY A MYSTERY RADIO STATION.

NOTHING TO THAT—SAY, THE PHONOGRAPH'S **RUNNING DOWN!**

EEEE—IS TRUE—

—AND MR. CHAIRMAN, THIS NEW 57-B FORMULA WILL **WELL, I'LL BE!** R-R-R-R

COLONEL, THE GERMANS USED **THIS** TRICK DURING THE **LAST** WAR. THEY SPEEDED UP **CODE** UNTIL IT WAS **UNRECOGNIZABLE, RECORDED** IT, AND PLAYED IT BACK **SLOWLY ENOUGH** TO BE **UNDERSTOOD!**

THAT NIGHT, IN A RADIO CAR

**THERE'S** THAT MYSTERY STATION! GET ITS **DIRECTION!**

**GOT IT!** 52 DEGREES AND...

LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF WASHINGTON.

YOUR SECOND BEARING WAS 41 EAST! NOW, PLOT THEM ON A MAP!

GREAT GUNS—

THEY INTERSECT AT THE **CAPITOL BUILDING! LOOK, CAPTAIN!**

BY GOSH, THEY DO! I'LL LOOK FOR A "MIKE" IN THE **COMMITTEE ROOM**.

OF COURSE **YOU** CAN SEARCH, CAPTAIN! I'LL LET YOU INTO THE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE'S ROOM.

THANKS!



AFTER AN HOURS' SEARCH.

I **KNOW** THERE'S NO "MIKE" **INSIDE** THIS ROOM! I'LL GET OUT BEFORE THE COMMITTEE COME BACK FOR THE NIGHT SESSION!

THAT GIRL, SHE LOOKS LIKE THAT **SPY SONYA**! I'LL FOLLOW, AND FIND OUT.

OUTSIDE, IN THE CORRIDOR.

**BLACKBURN**, HE'S **FOLLOWING** ME!

I'LL CATCH UP TO HER IN THAT CORRIDOR! IT HAS NO DOORS OFF IT!

WELL, TIE **THAT**! SHE **CAN'T** BE GONE, BUT SHE **IS**! NOW **WHERE** DID SHE GO?

COLONEL, I JUST FOUND SONYA, AND LOST HER! HAVE HER LOCATED - YOU **DID?** AT 400 NEW JERSEY AVE; THAT'S NEAR HERE!

BRUCE APPROACHES THE HOUSE...

THERE'S THE HOUSE - THAT CAR'S TRAVELLING - **FAST!**

-AND MEANS NO **GOOD**-

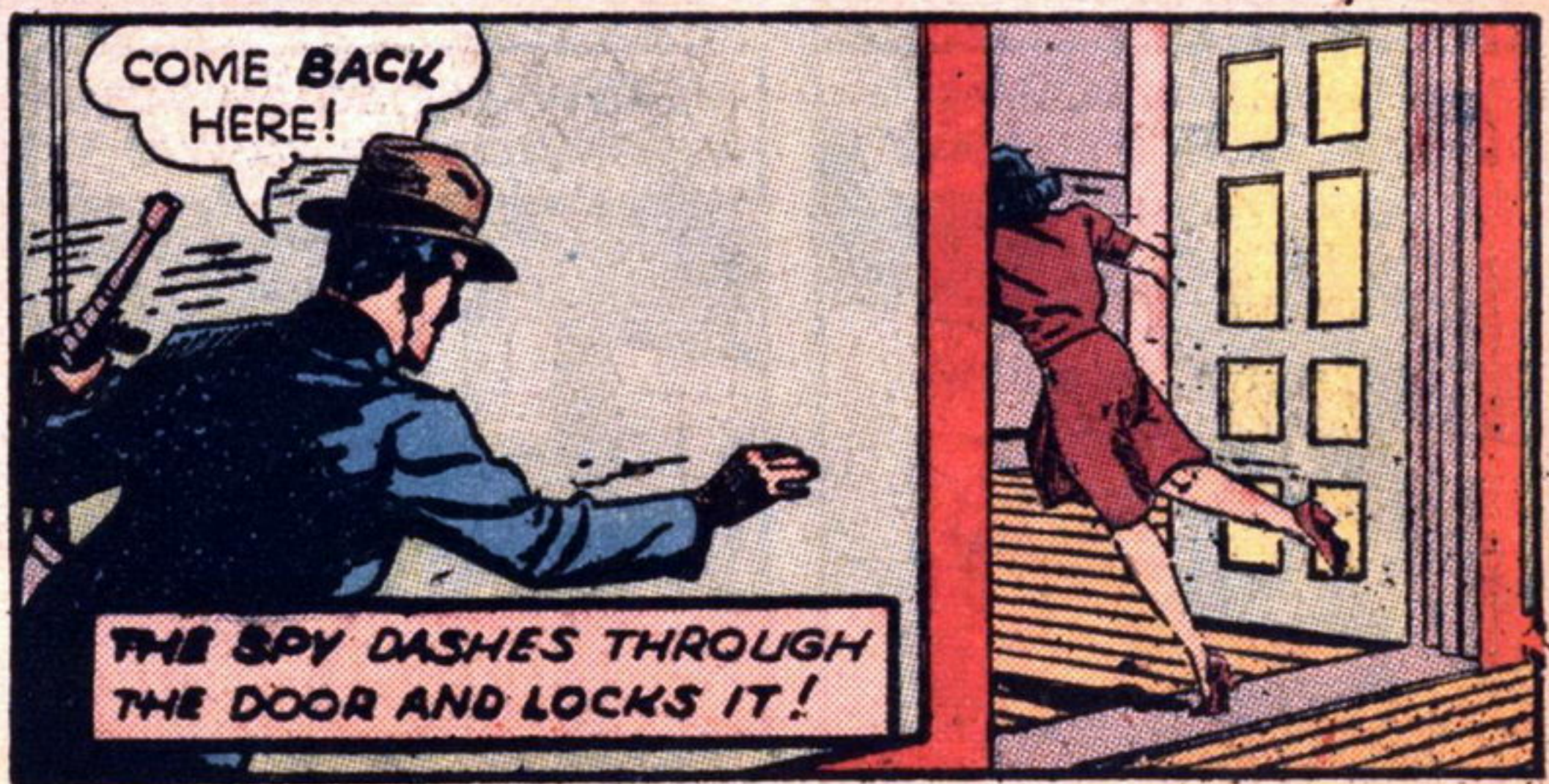
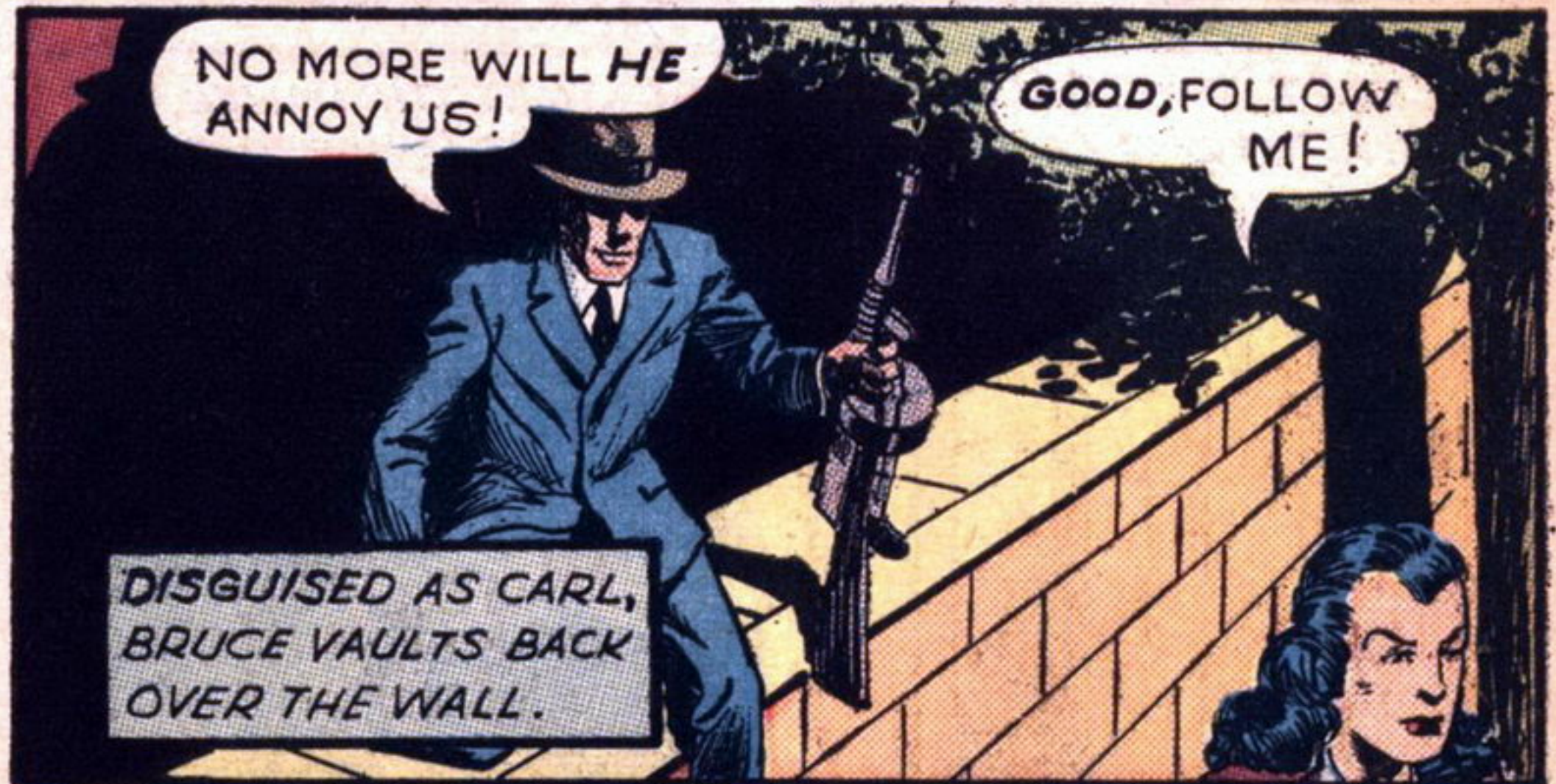
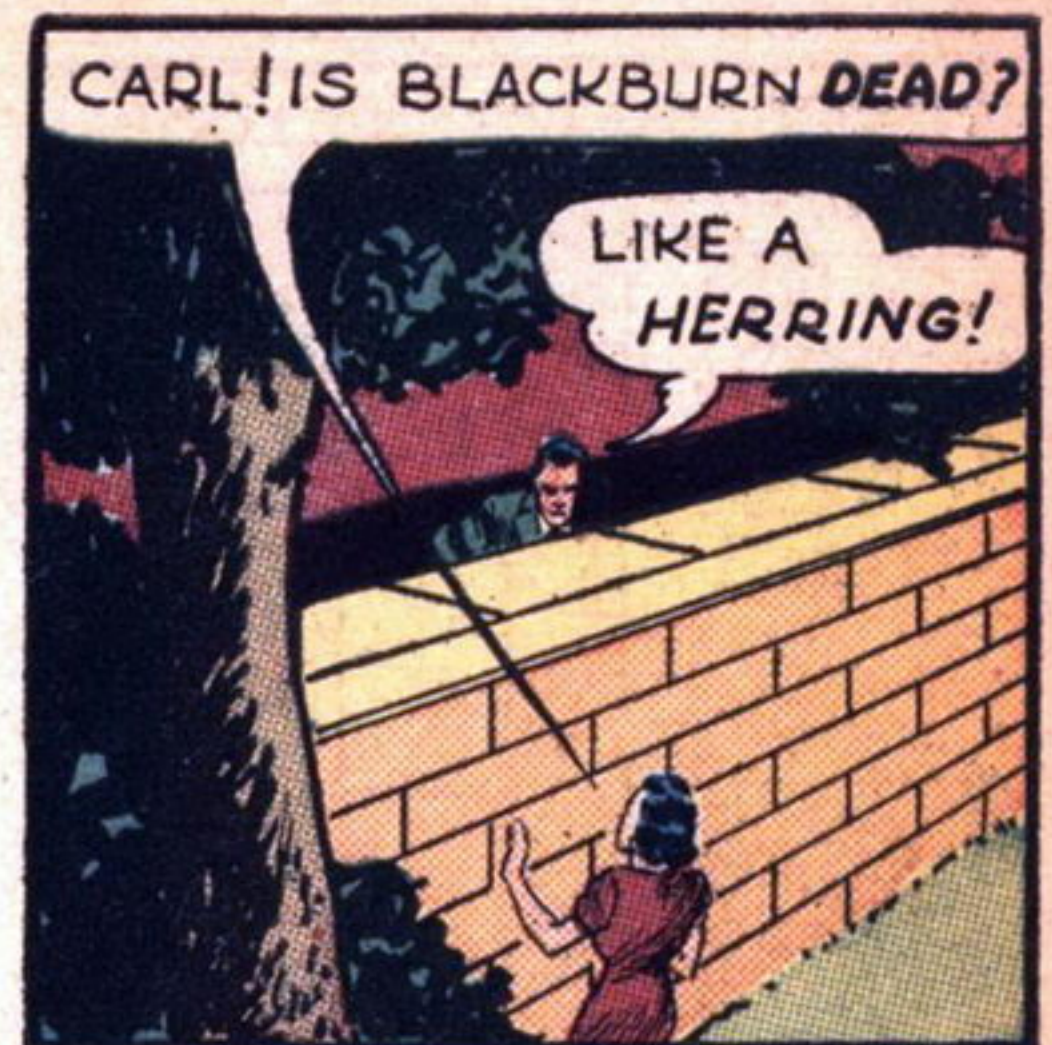
-BY ME!

A **TOMMY GUN** CHATTERS.

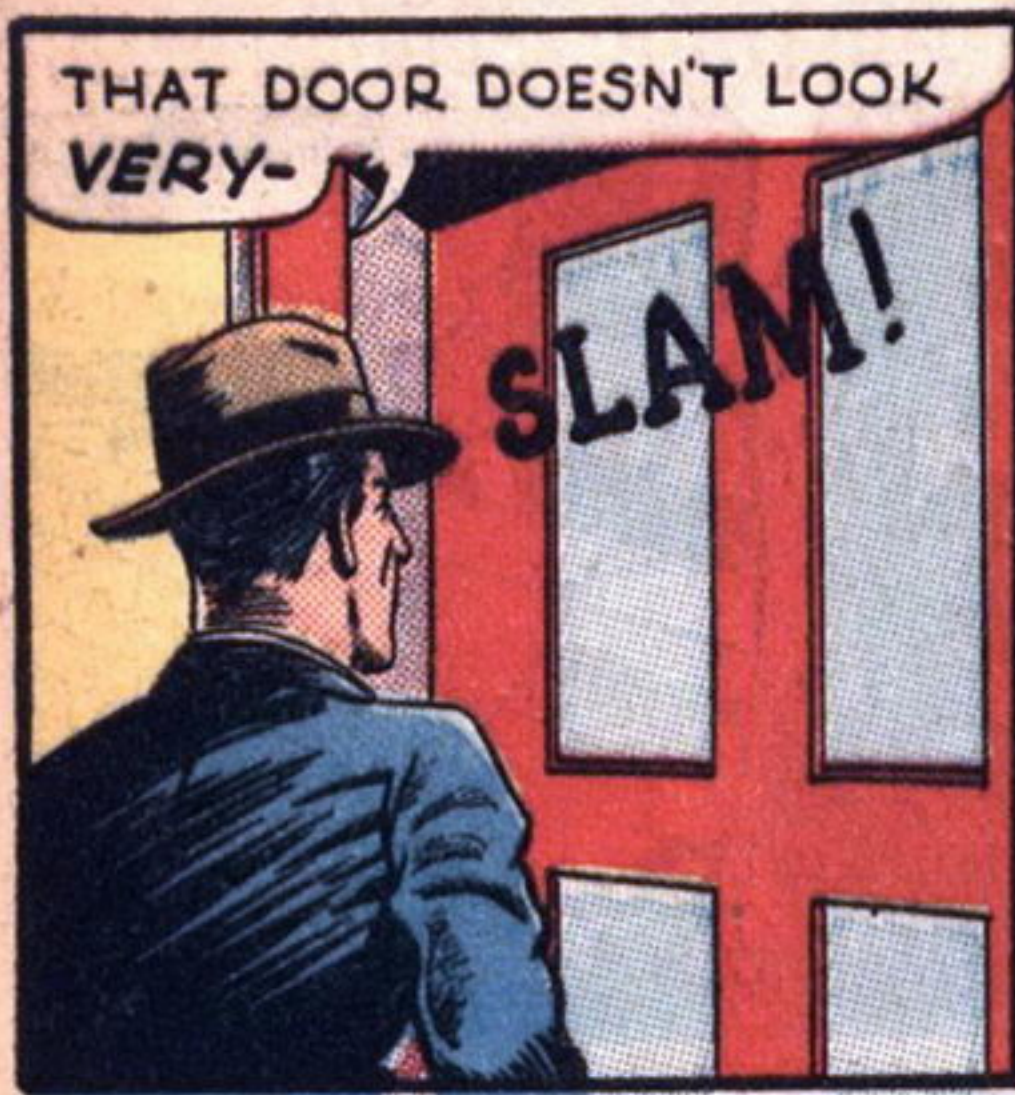
LOOK ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF THE WALL, AND SEE IF HE IS **DEAD!**

OF COURSE, FRAULEIN!

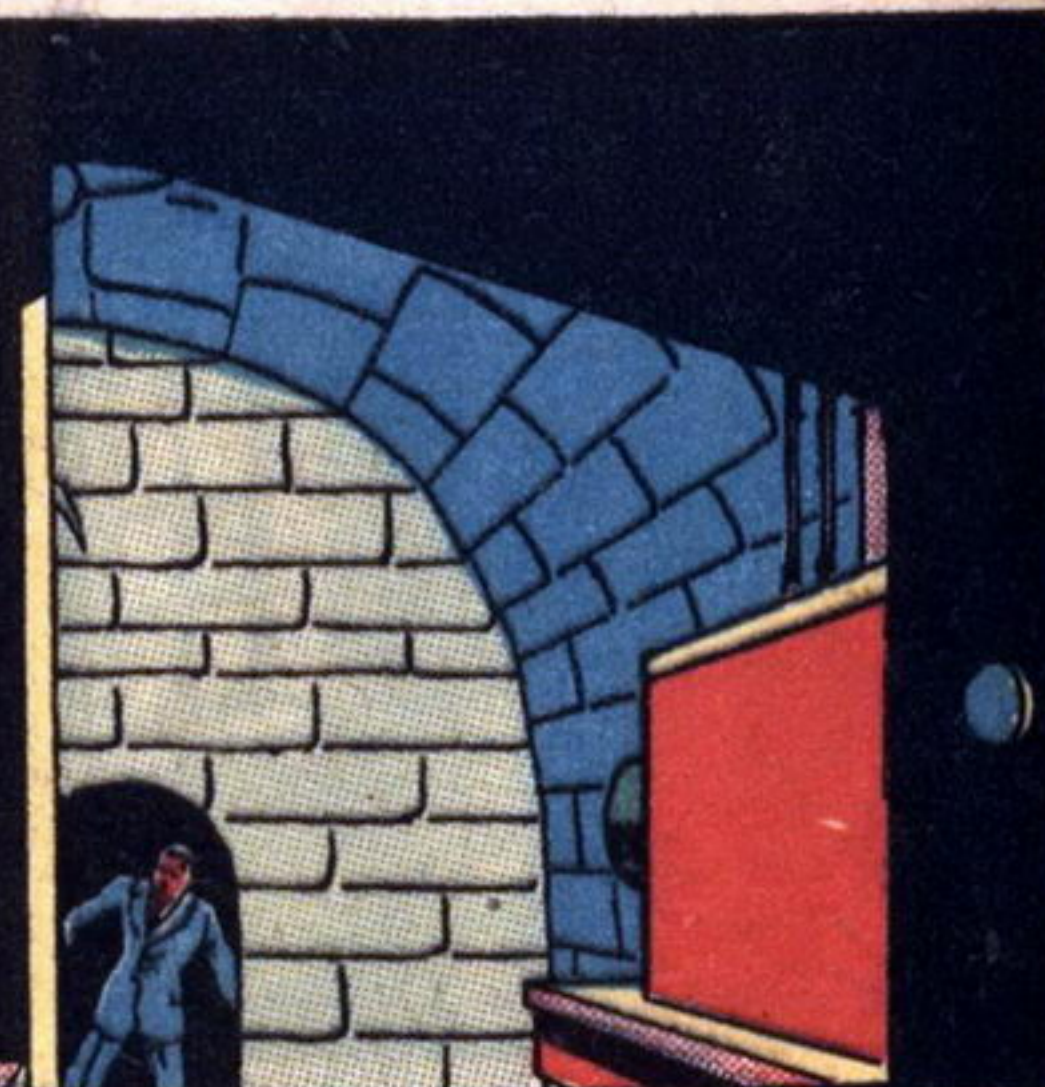
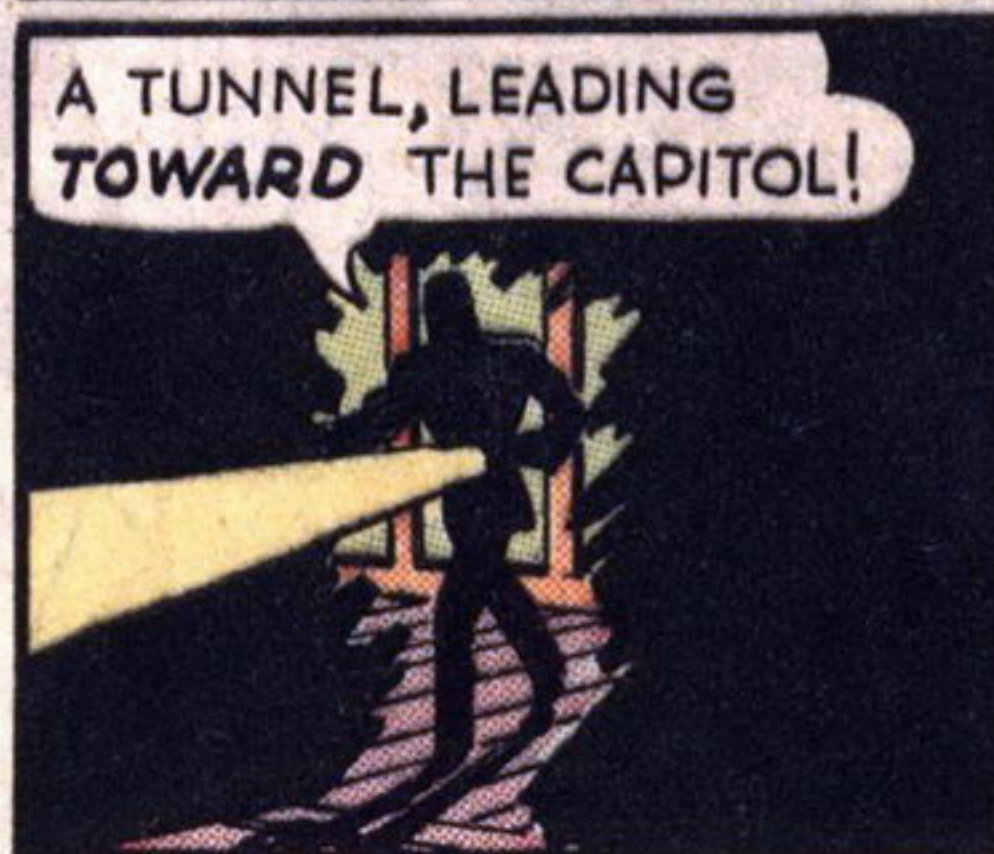








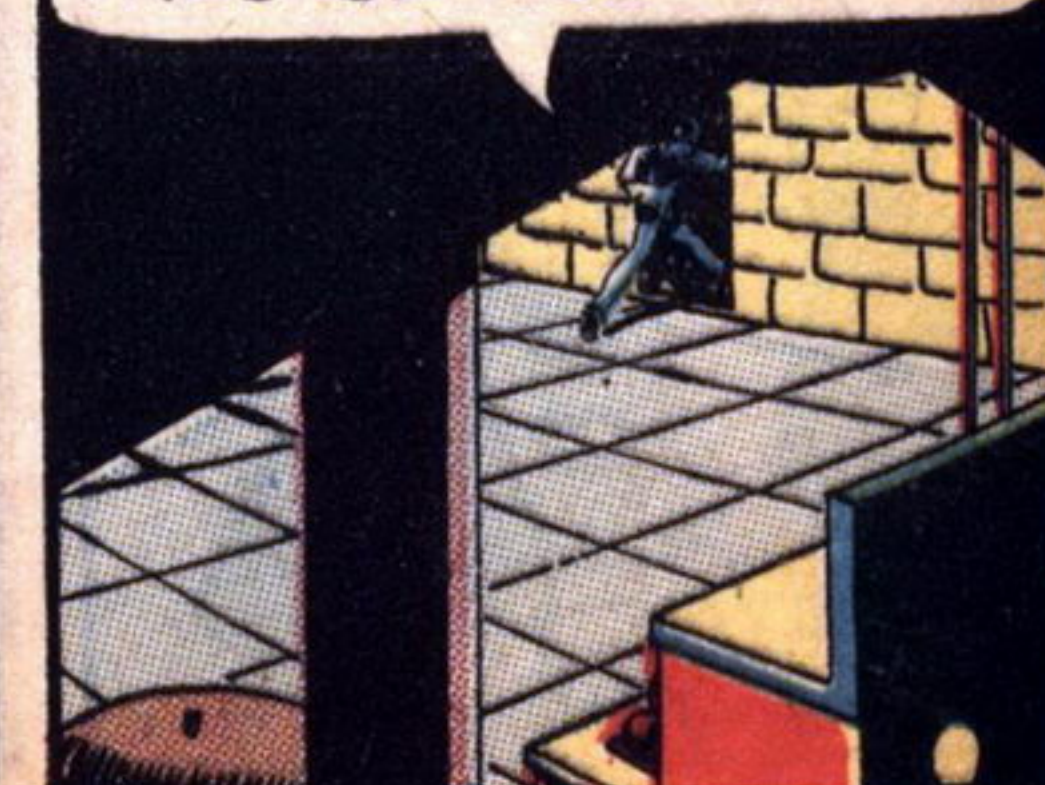
LOCATING THE PANEL,  
BRUCE CRASHES THROUGH.



MEANWHILE, **SONYA DASHES**  
INTO ANOTHER TUNNEL -



TOOK LONGER THAN I'D  
FIGURED TO PUT IT OUT!  
PROBABLY **LOST SONYA!**





AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL, ANOTHER PANEL.

THIS BUTTON MAY WORK IT! IT DOES!

SHE'S GONE!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE!

THAT MAN HAS BOTH LUCK AND NINE LIVES!

THE COMMITTEE ROOM...

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE.

HOLD IT, SENATOR, COME OUTSIDE!

THERE'S A MIKE *INSIDE* THE WALLS OF THAT ROOM, *RADIOING EVERY WORD SAID* DIRECT TO *EUROPE*. I'LL SHOW YOU!

AMAZING!

SECRET TUNNELS UNDER THE CAPITOL? A JOB FOR THE *DIES COMMITTEE*!

YOU SEE, THIS RECORDING TAPE, CARRYING YOUR VOICES, IS RUN THROUGH THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO AT SIX TIMES NORMAL SPEED! IT SOUNDS LIKE A SQUEAL, UNTIL THEY RECORD IT, AND SLOW IT DOWN AT THE OTHER END!

ASTONISHING, CAPTAIN!

I HAVE *ONE* MORE THING TO DO! I'LL JUST HOOK UP THIS "MIKE" BEFORE I SMASH THIS OUTFIT.

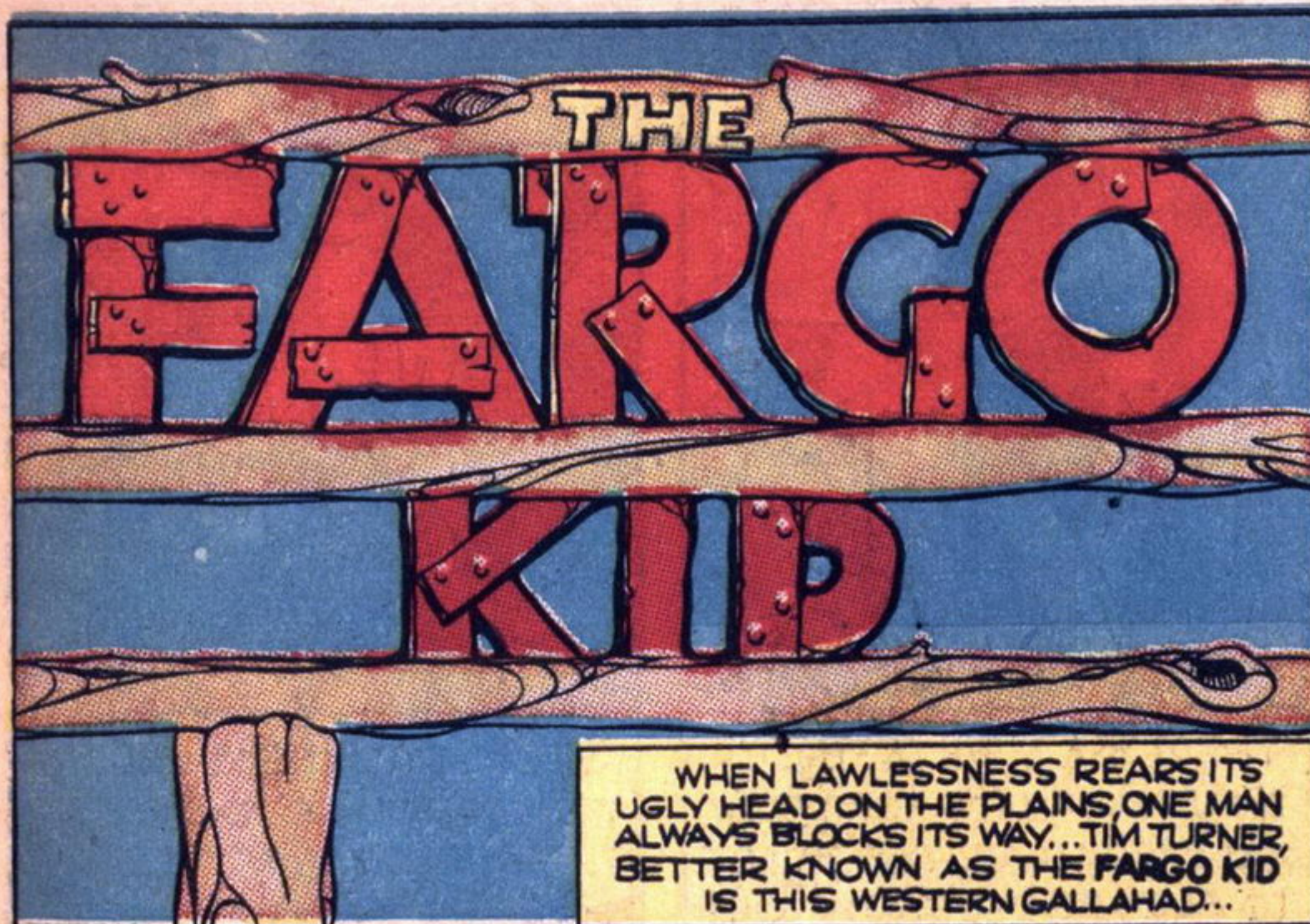
A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A EUROPEAN CAPITAL.

ANOTHER MESSAGE, EMIL! A CLEVER TRICK OF SONYA'S!

HURRY! PLAY IT BACK ON THE *SLOW PHONOGRAPH*, I'LL TAKE IT DOWN!

AND NOW, MY GOOSE-STEPPING FRIENDS, TELL YOUR LEADER THAT THIS IS ALL! YOUR AUTOMATIC SPY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED. AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SIGNING OFF--- PERMANENTLY!





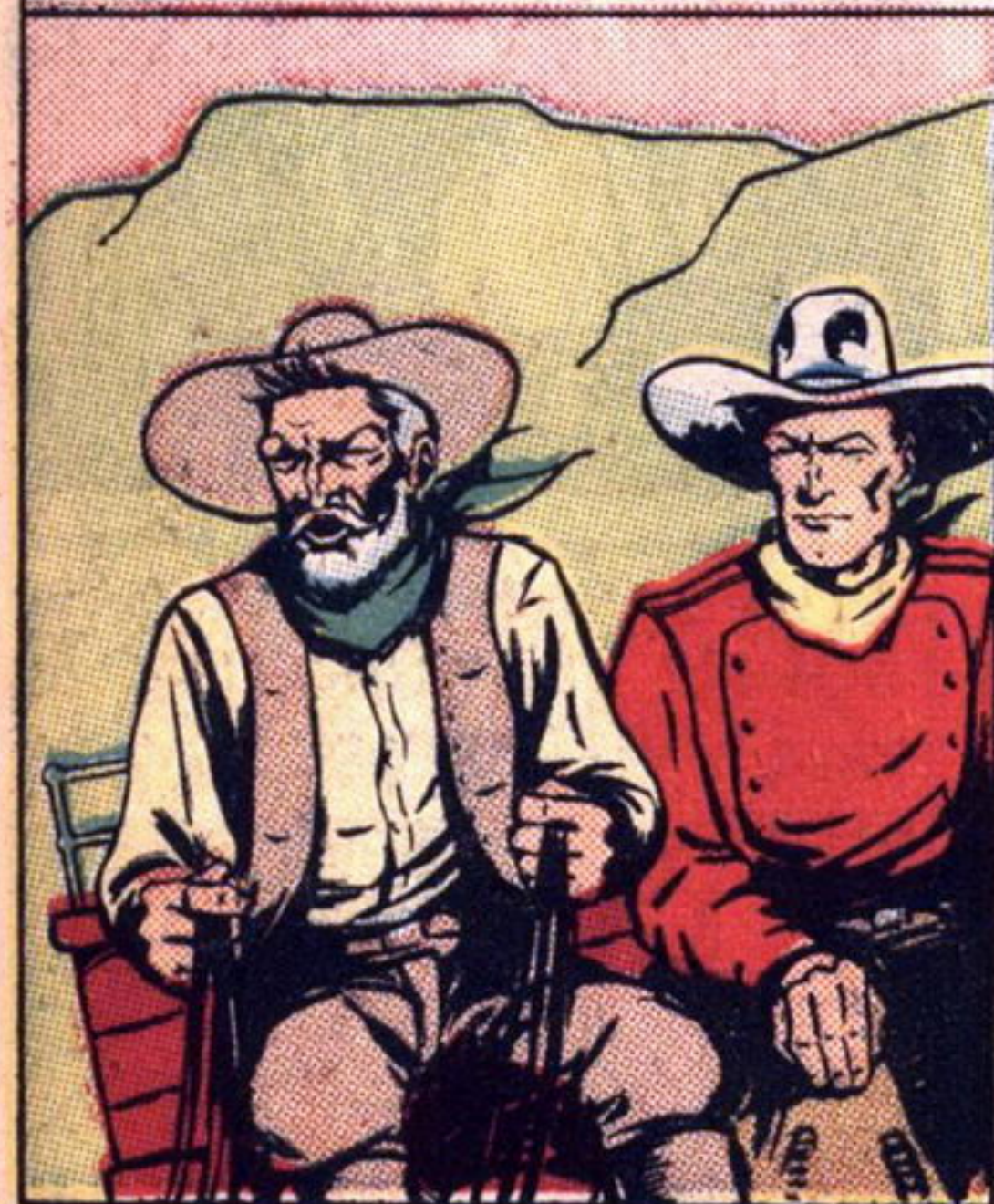
WHEN LAWLESSNESS REARS ITS UGLY HEAD ON THE PLAINS, ONE MAN ALWAYS BLOCKS ITS WAY...TIM TURNER, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID IS THIS WESTERN GALLAHAD...

THE FARGO KID READS A REWARD POSTER....

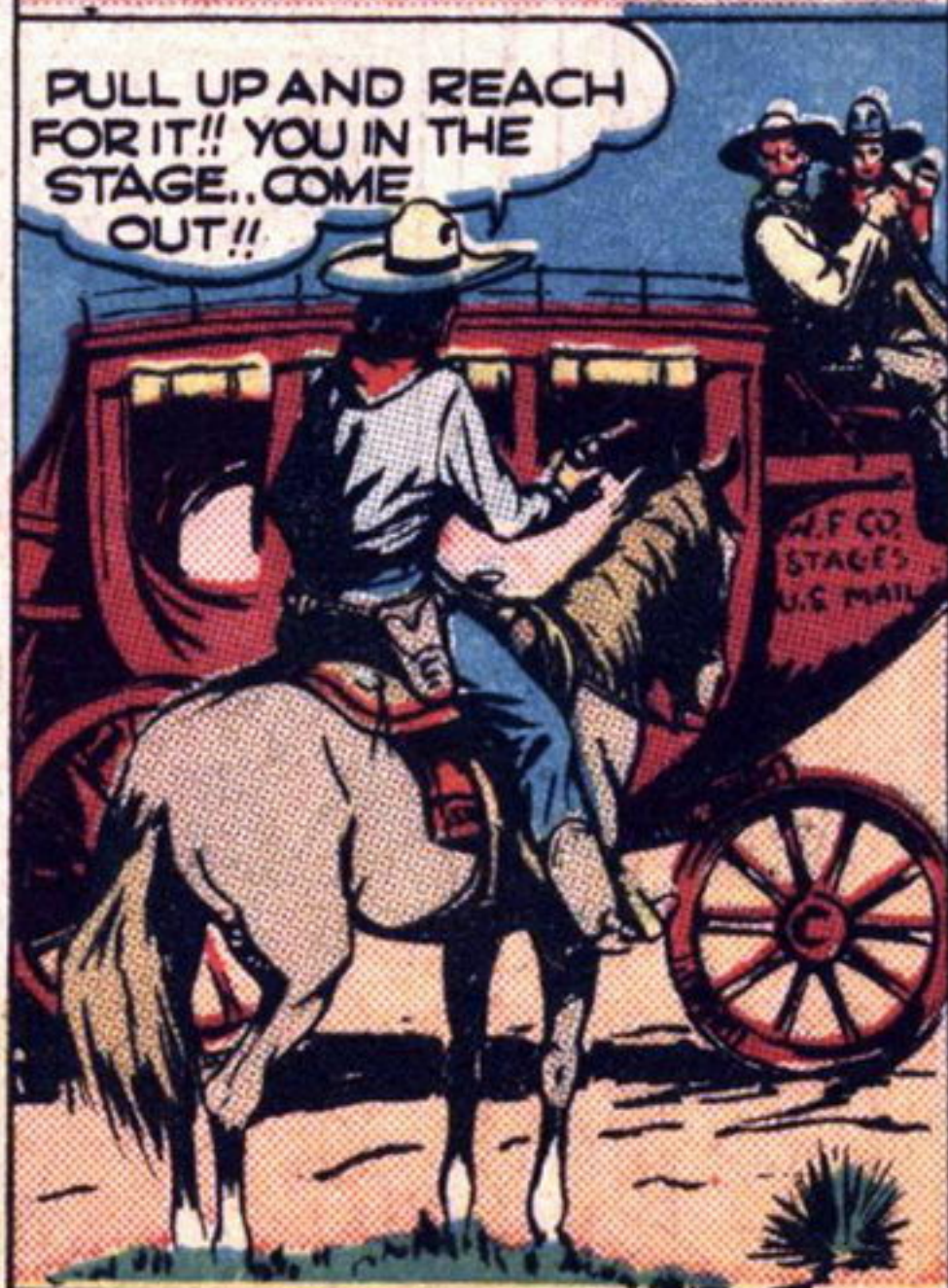


I'LL HAF TA LOOK INTO THIS...

AND A FEW HOURS LATER, THE KID IS RIDING THE STAGE TO TWIN FORKS



SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT.. AND A HIGHWAYMAN HALTS THE STAGE



PULL UP AND REACH FOR IT!! YOU IN THE STAGE..COME OUT!!



WHY! IT'S A G-GIRL!!

OHH!!

WELL?! WHO'D YA THINK IT WAS, THE BIG BAD WOLF!

A PASSENGER PROTESTS...



I'LL NOT STAND FOR THIS OUTRAGE... I'LL...

WITH A DARTING MOVE, THE GIRL BRINGS THE BARREL OF HER GUN ACROSS HIS FACE

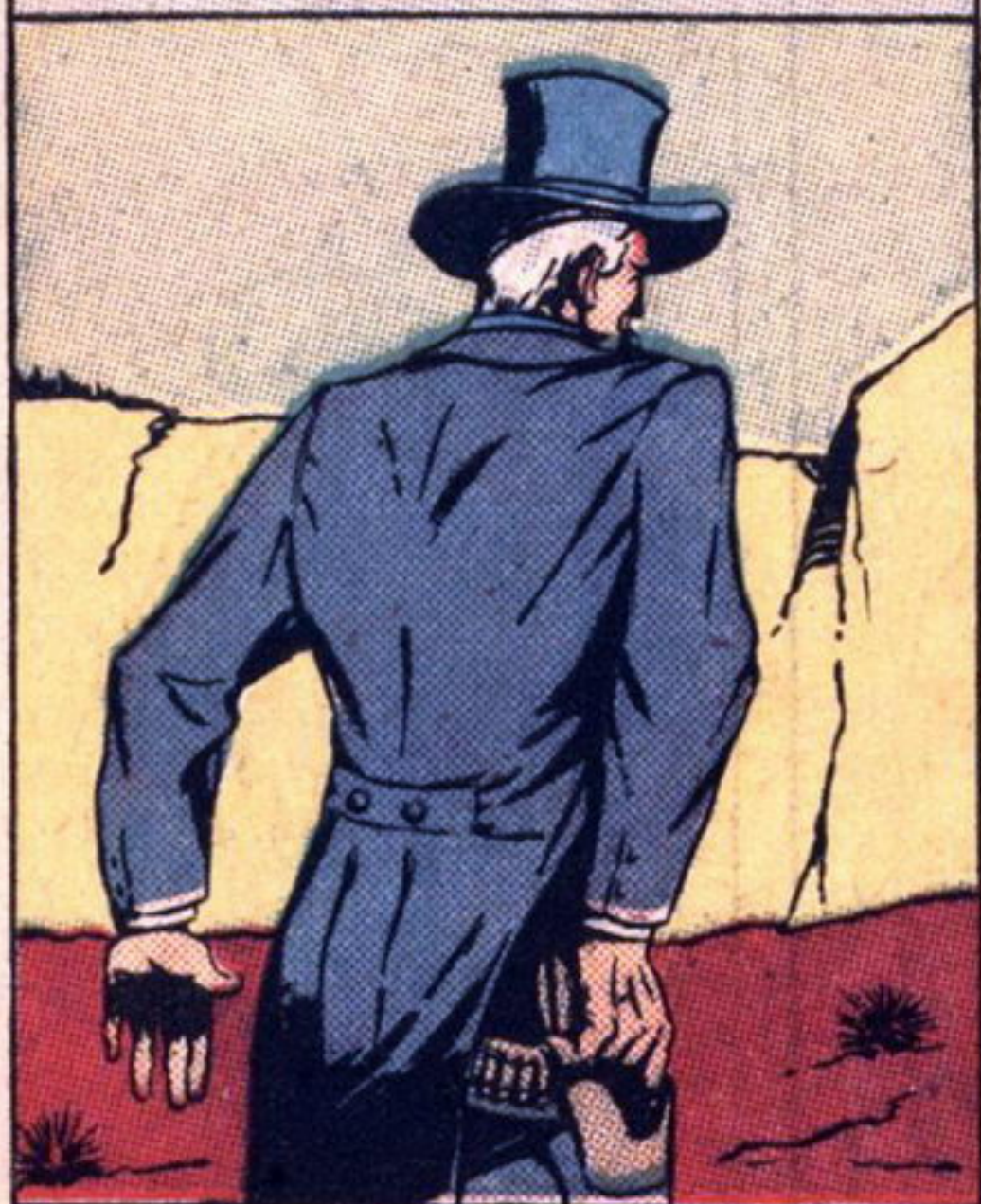


NOW... I'LL TAKE YOUR VALUABLES, FOOLS!

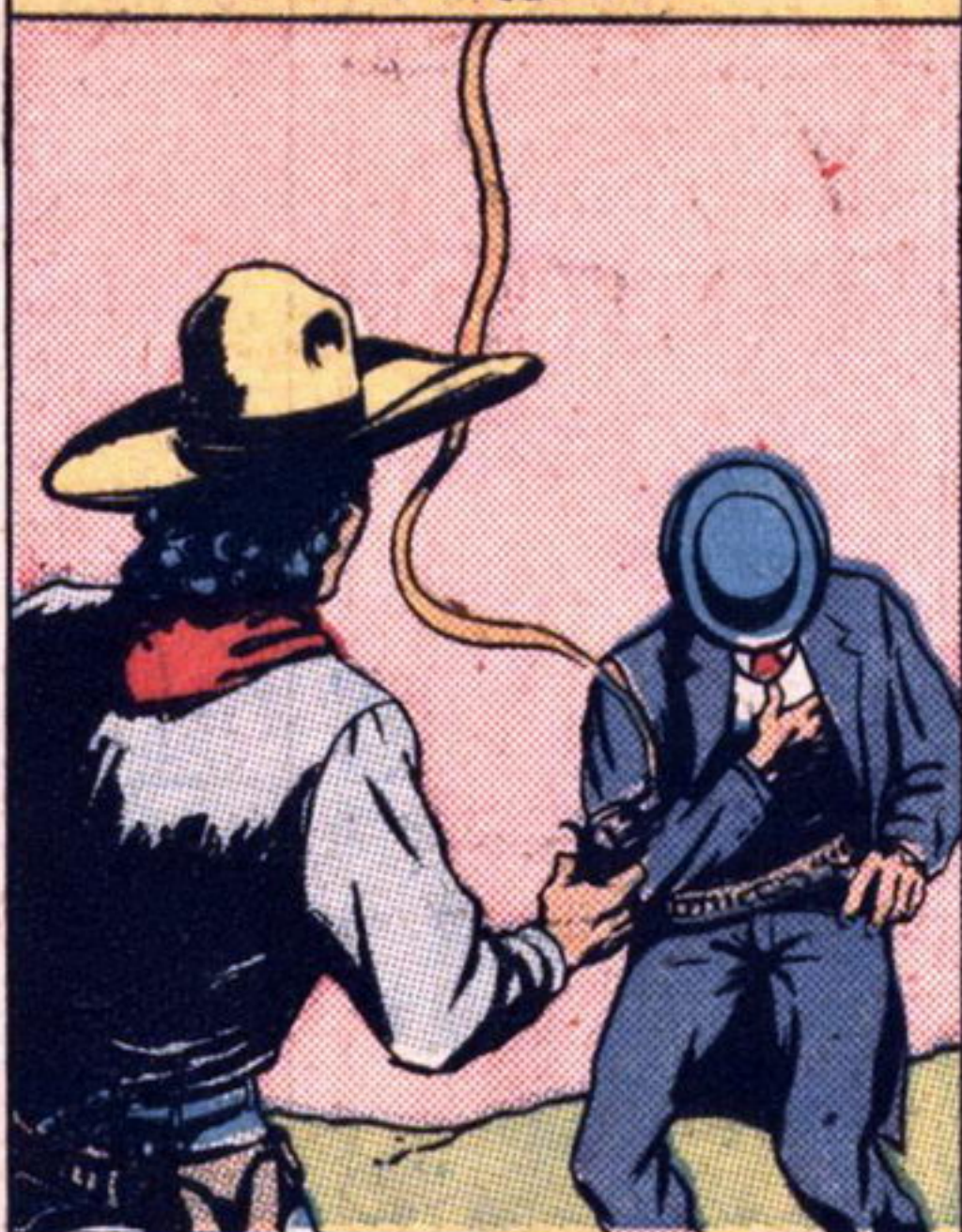




SEEING THE GIRL OFF GUARD,  
ANOTHER PASSENGER GOES FOR  
HIS .45....



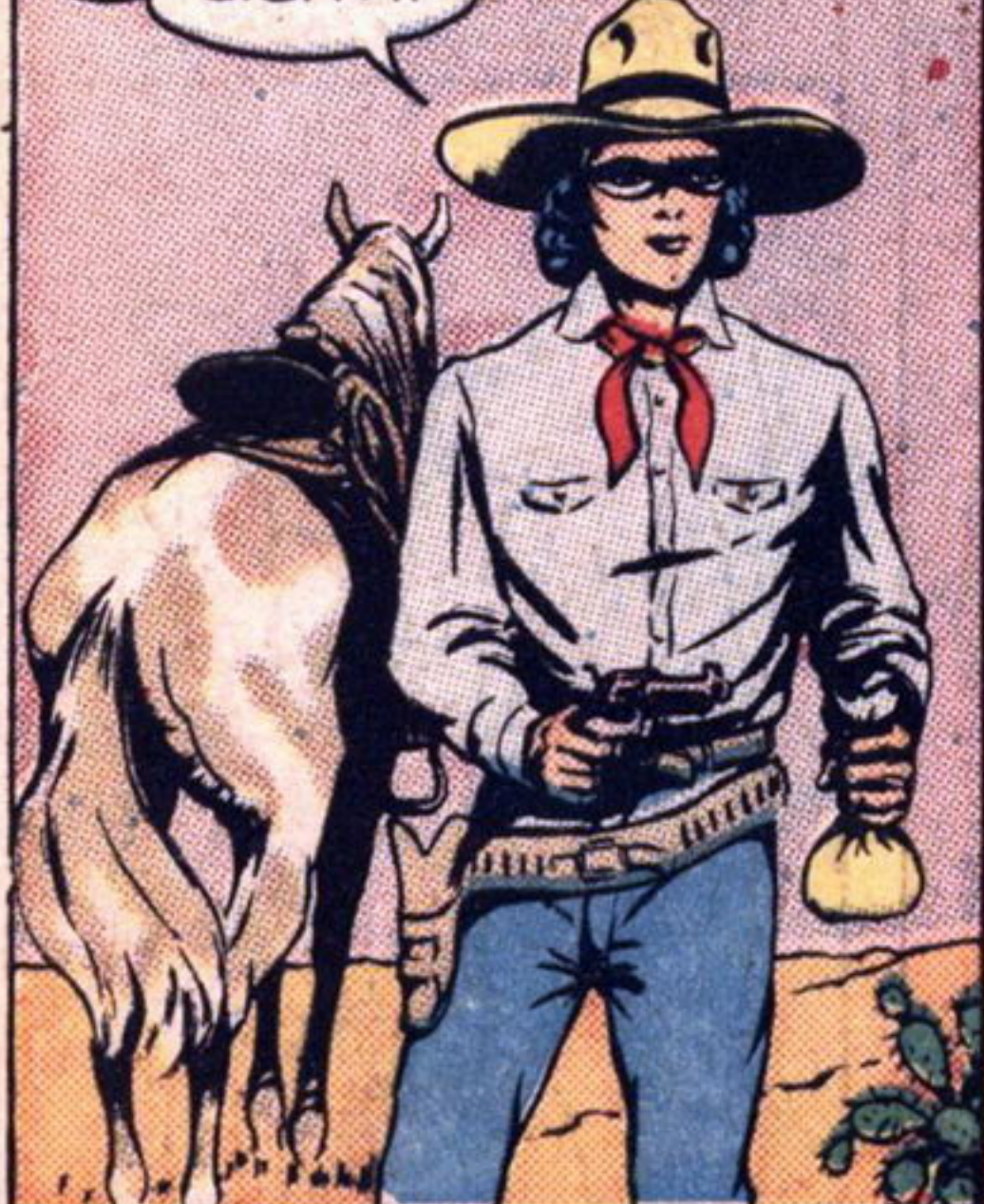
SHE SPOTS THE MOVE...FIRES..  
THE MAN DROPS....



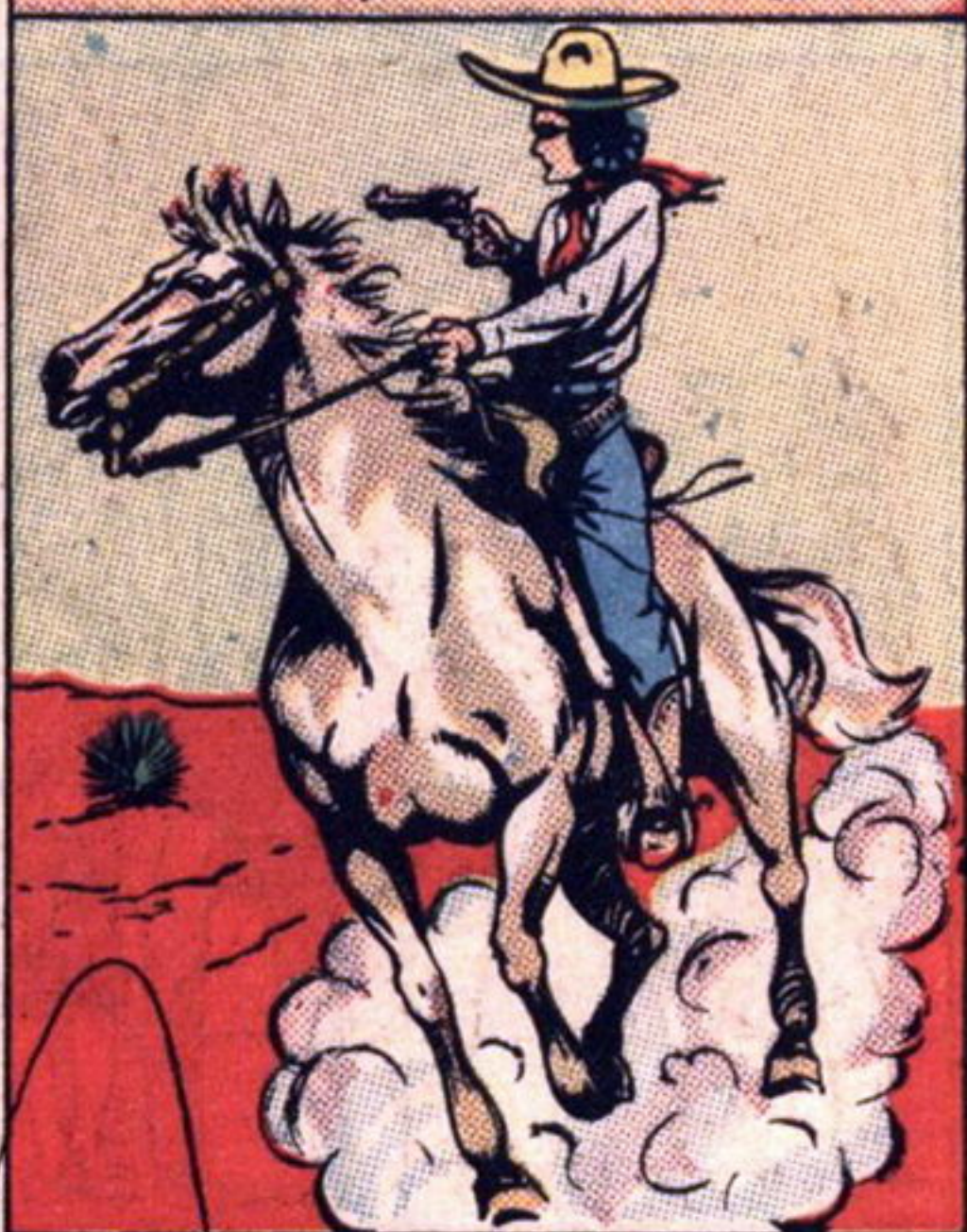
THE FARGO KID STUDIES HER  
THOUGHTFULLY..



DON'T LOWER YOUR HANDS  
UNTIL I'M OUT OF  
SIGHT!!



WITH THE VICTIMS STARING  
HELPLESSLY, SHE THUNDERS OFF.



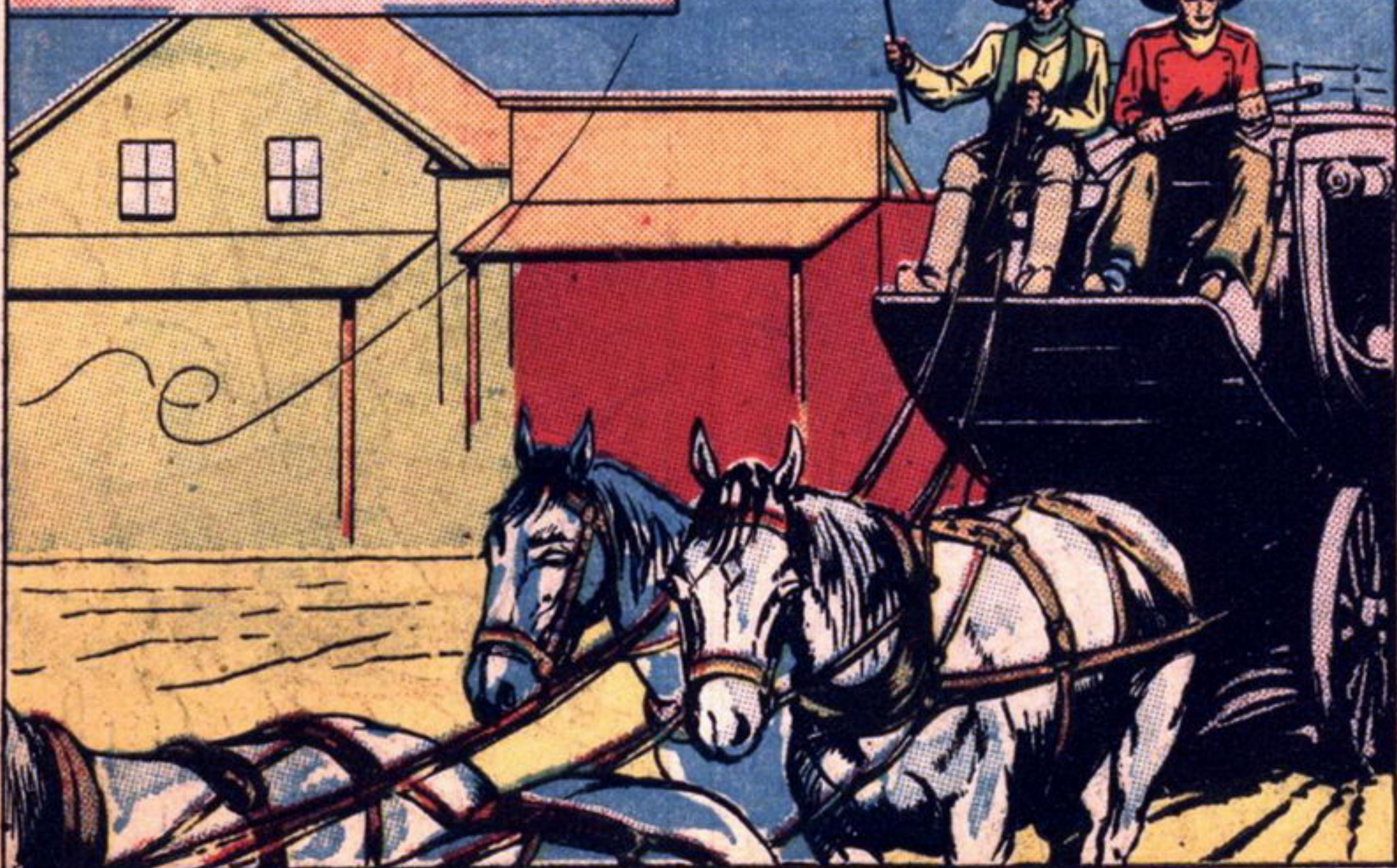
NEXT DAY FARGO  
KID HAS A PLAN..  
HE GOES TO THE  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

HOW ABOUT THE NEW  
GUARD JOB ON  
THE STAGES?

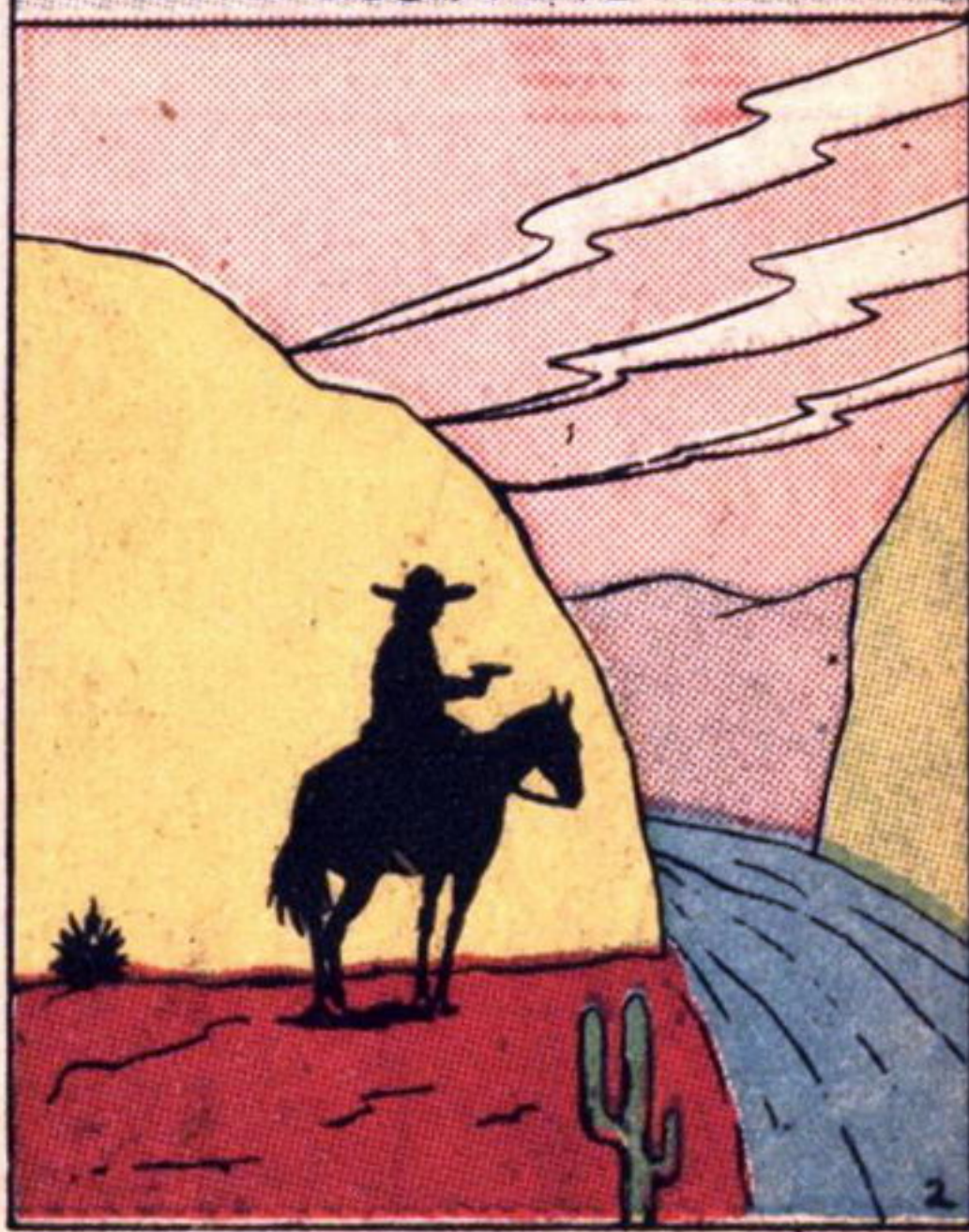
WELL..Y'MIGHT  
DO...



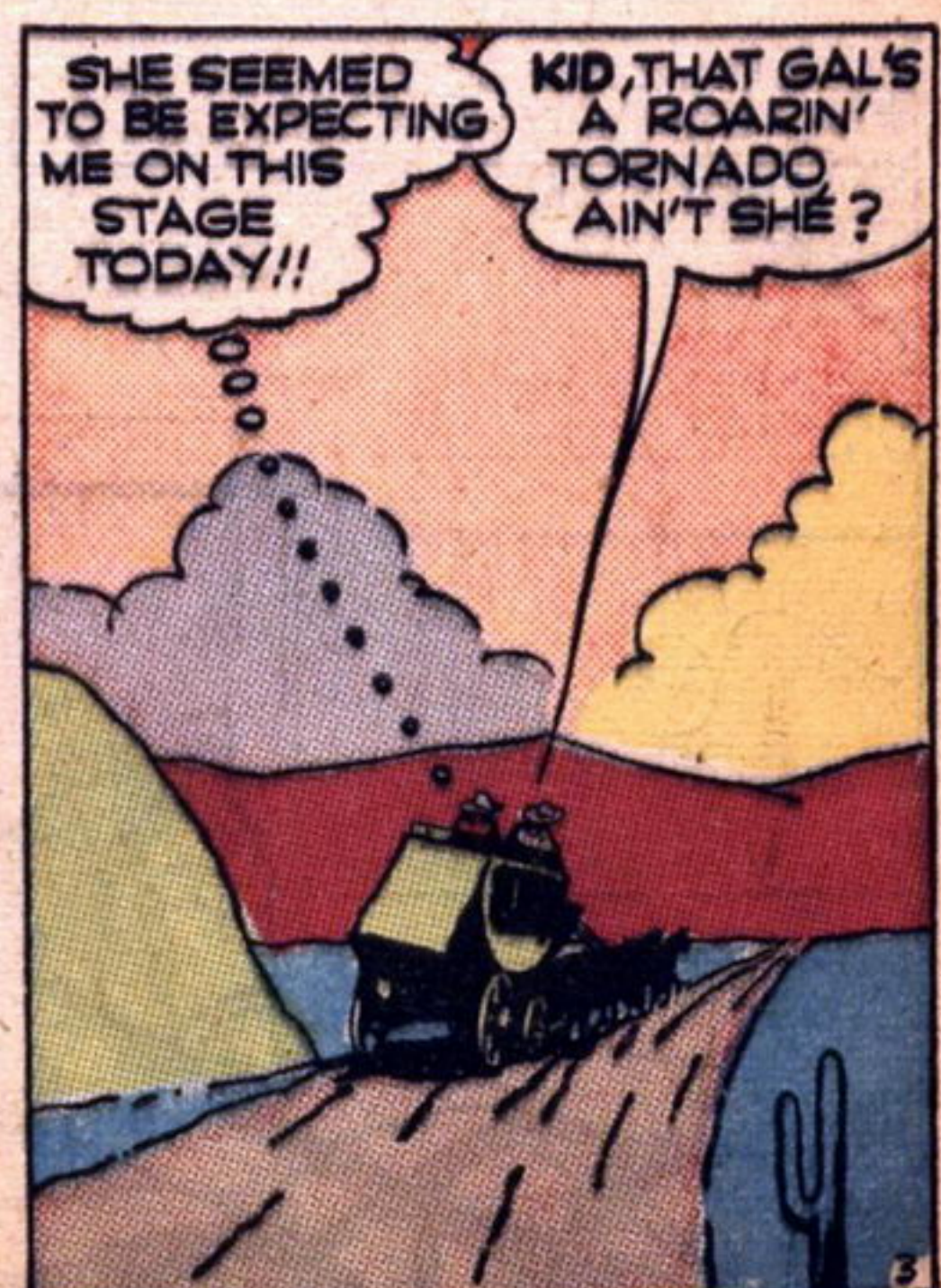
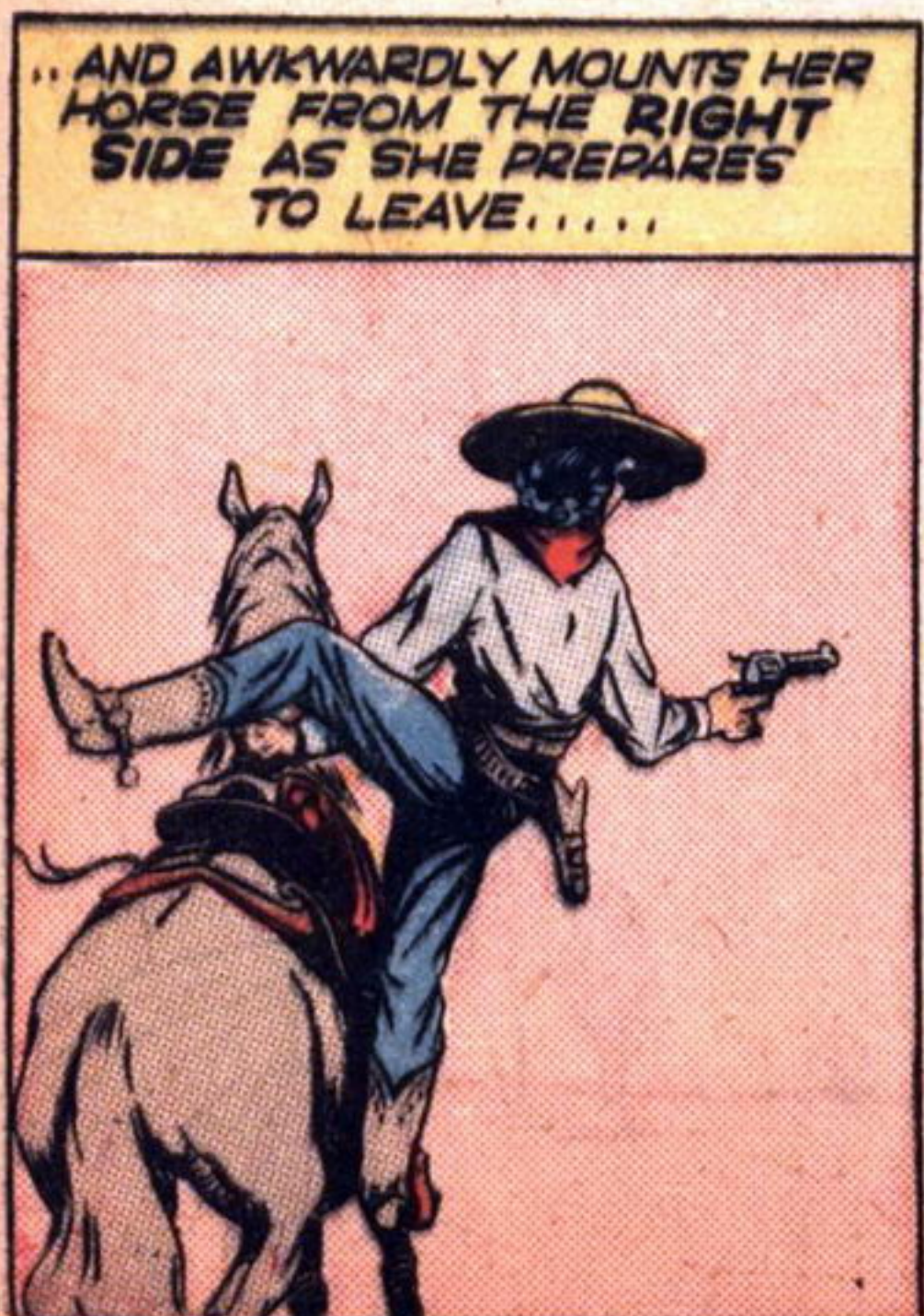
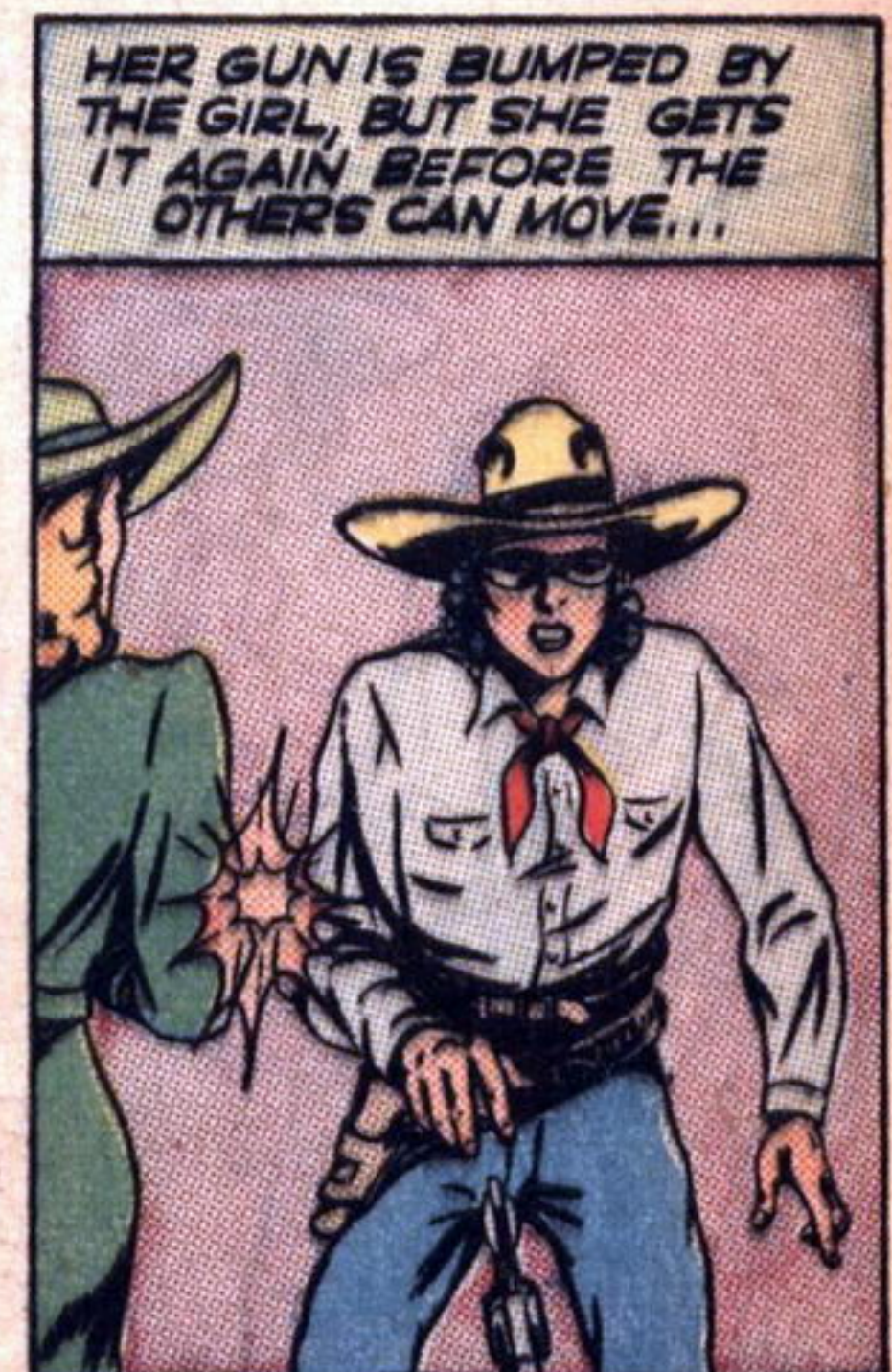
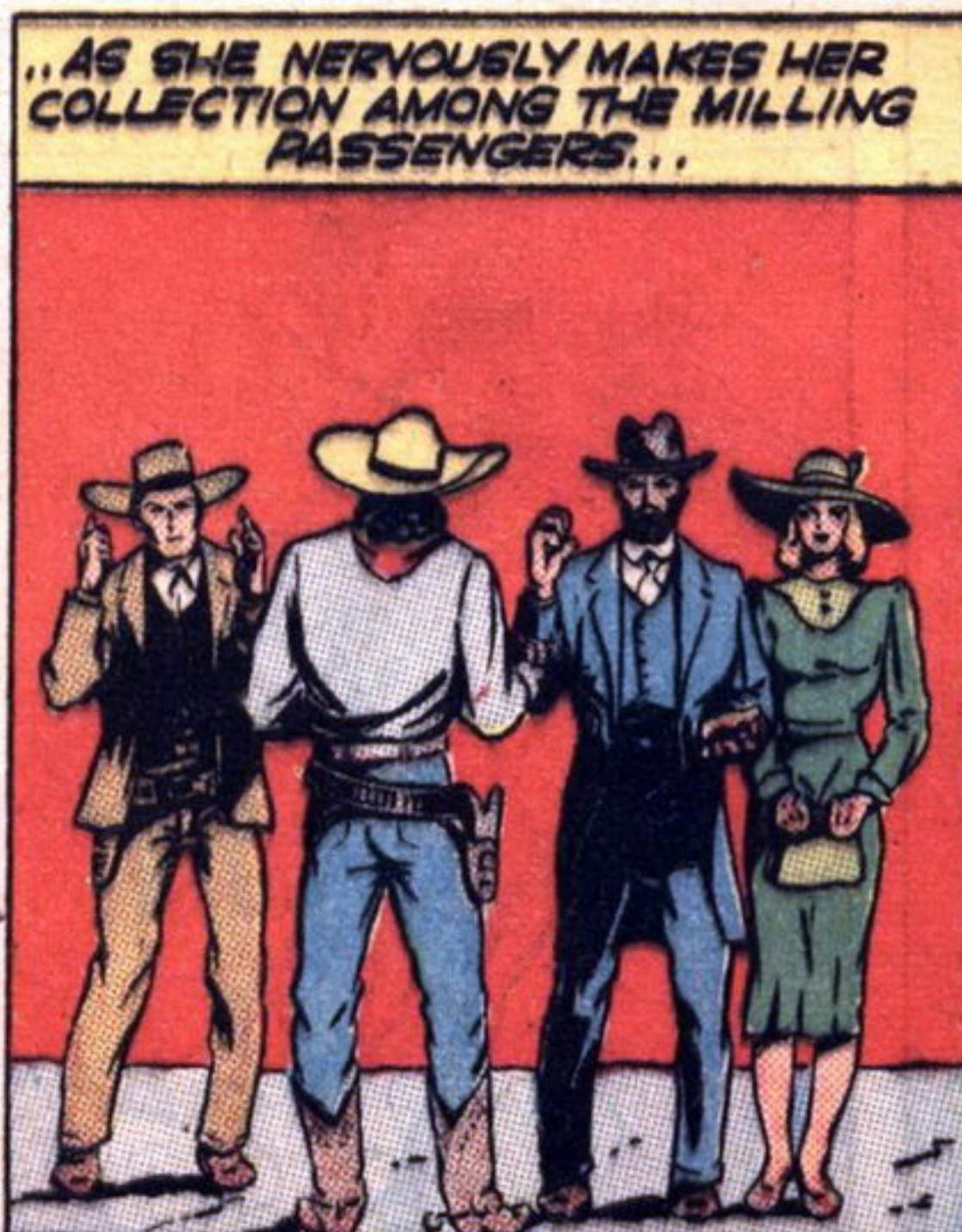
A WEEK LATER.. THE FARGO  
KID NOW RIDES AS A NEW GUARD.



AT A LONELY SPOT IN THE HILLS A  
FIGURE SOON WAITS GRIMLY..









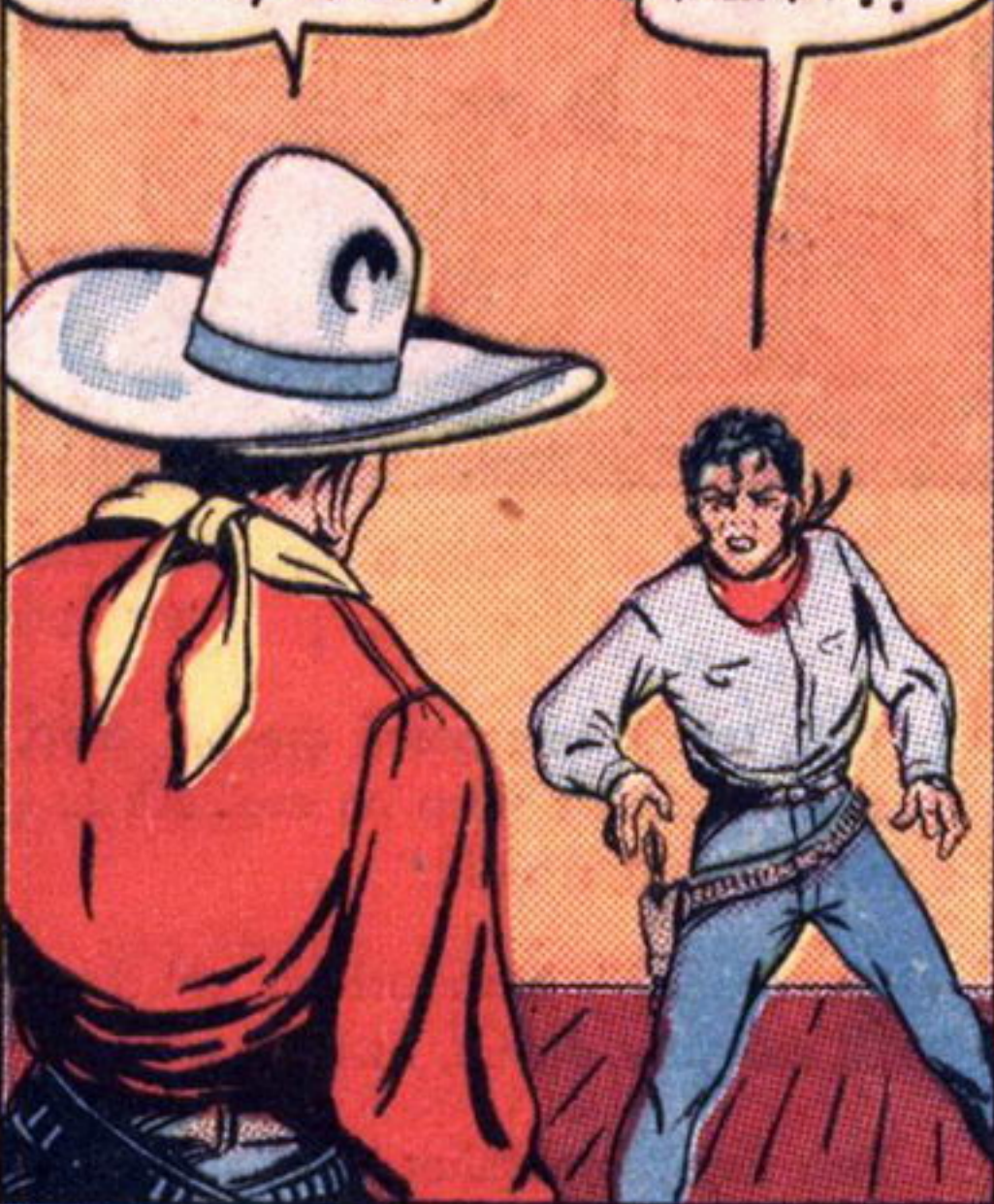
NEXT DAY...THE FARGO KID ENTERS THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...A DEPUTY SPEAKS

HAW!...HERE'S OUR BIG STAGE PROTECTOR NOW!

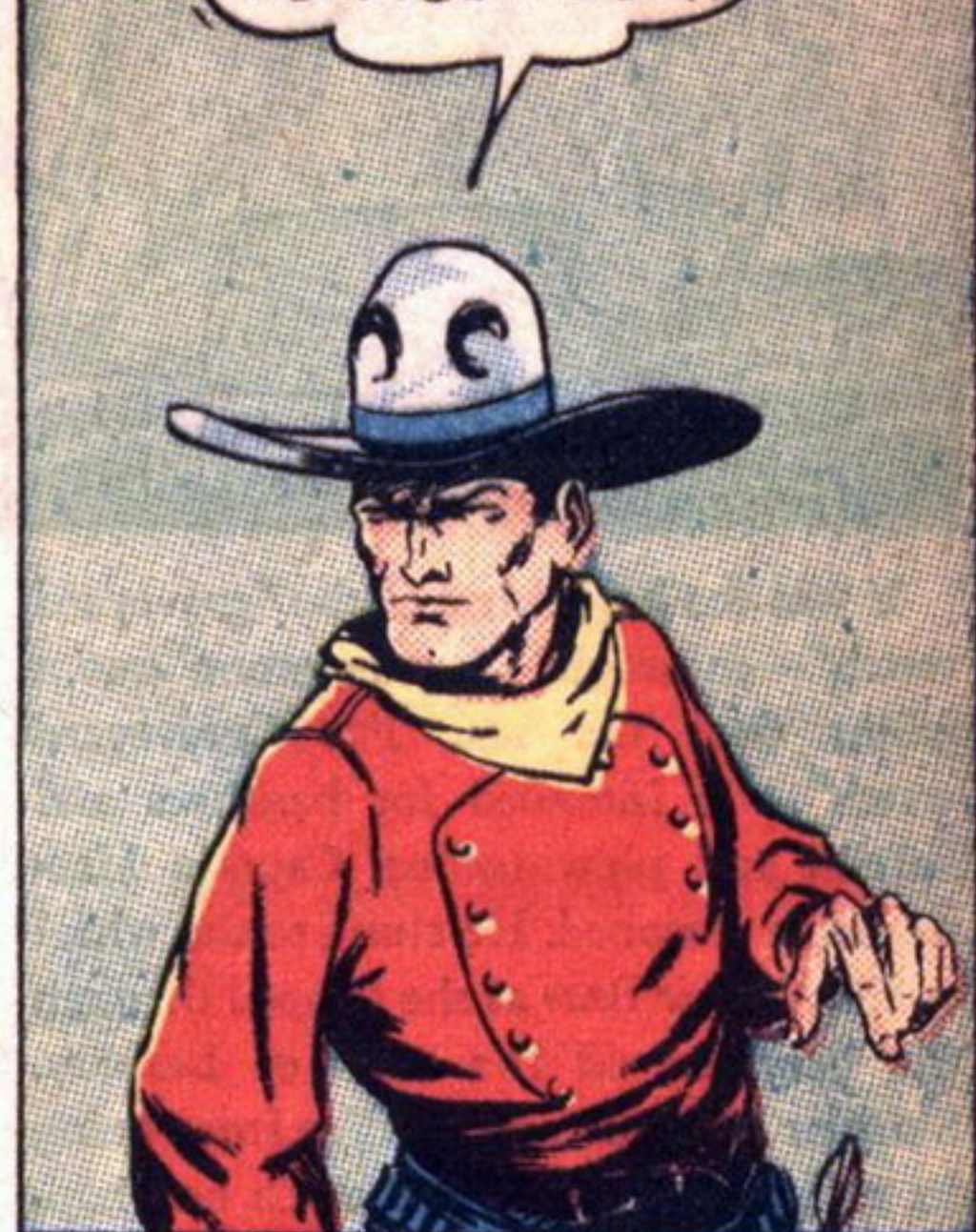


YOU SEEM HAPPY ABOUT SOMETHING TODAY, CAL!

W...WHY... WHAT D'YA MEAN??

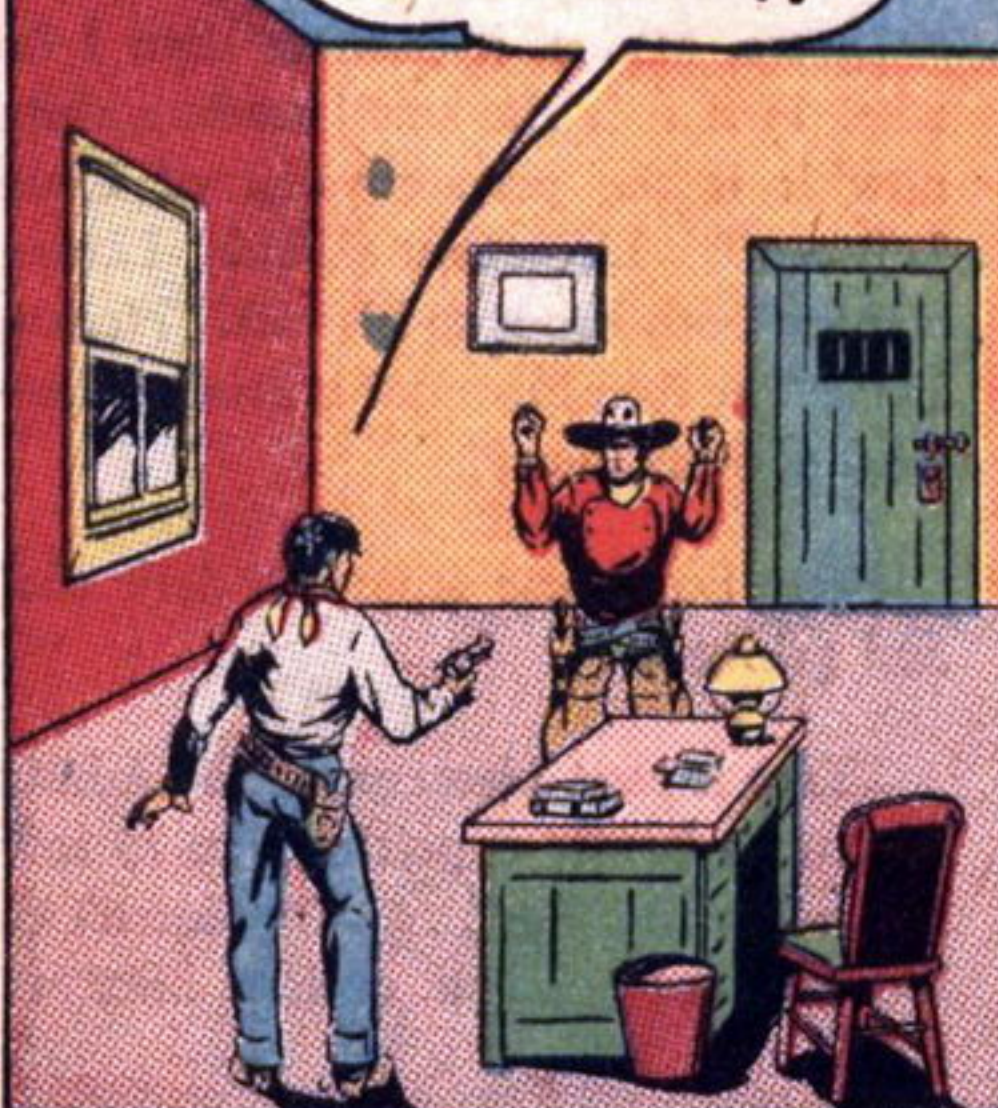


DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUN!!

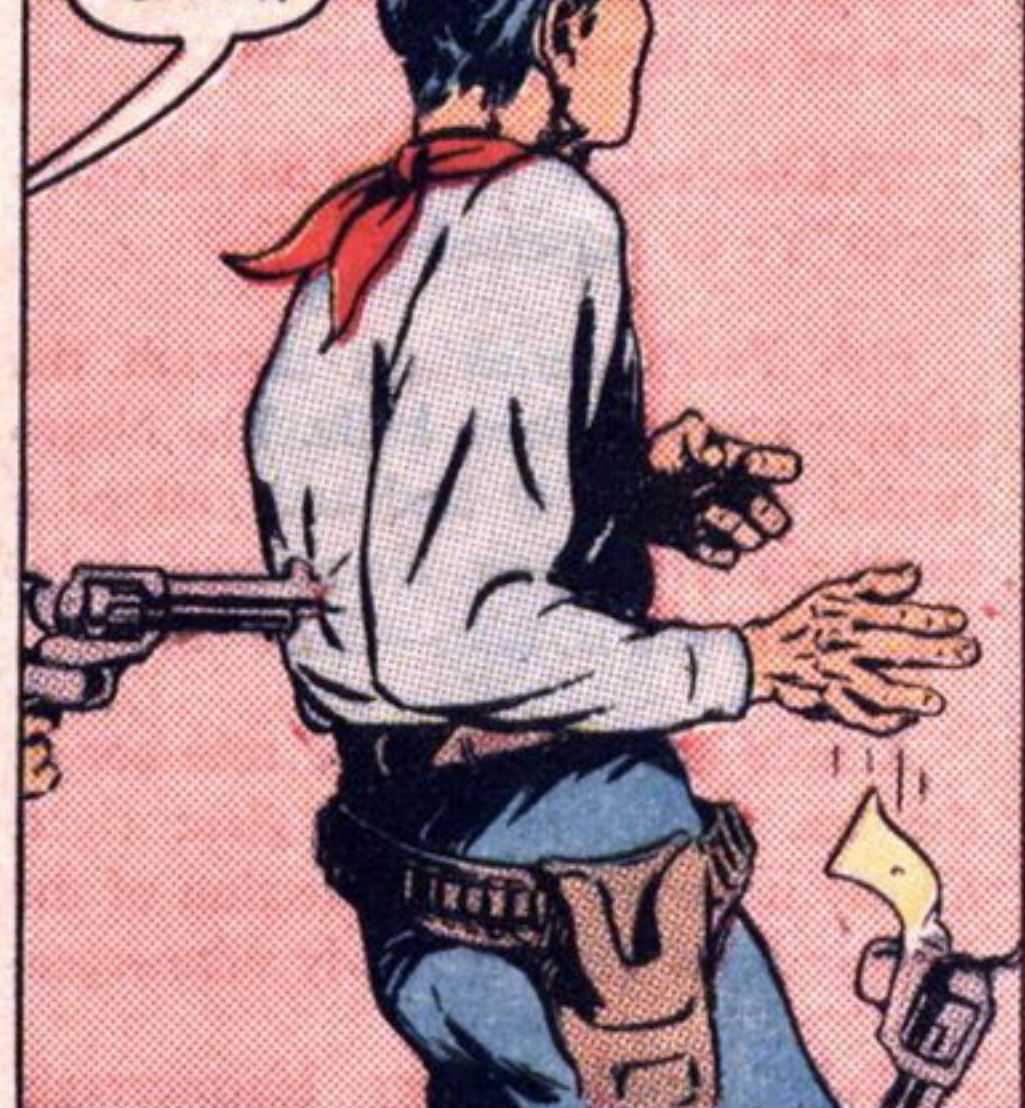


BUT THE DEPUTY PULLS HIS .45

WHAT D'YA WANT. WHY DID YA COME HERE??



DROP IT, CAL!!



THE DEPUTY CRINGES IN FEAR...

SO! YA EVEN GOT A PAL WITH YA TOO, EH??



NO! I'M NOT EXACTLY HIS PAL! AN' IF YOU AIN'T GUILTY OF SOMETHING WHY D'YA AIM THAT GUN?



SHERIFF BAXTER!



I SEE IT ALL NOW SHERIFF... CAL HERE WAS THE BANDIT... HE KNEW THE STAGE SHIPMENTS, AND BEING IN YOUR OFFICE KNEW I WAS RIDING AS GUARD-



- AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN WHO GOT A HORSE YOU CAN MOUNT ON THE RIGHT... HE SHOULDN'T OF USED HIM IN HOLD-UPS!



Fargo Kid will thrill you in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.





It was the beginning of the "graveyard watch"—midnight. A pale moon cast a pallor over the sea. The "graveyard watch" was intended for banshees and kelpies and pigwidgeons, Captain Macmurragh reasoned. He clung to the wheel of the *Bonnie Brae* as she slipped through the darkness off the coast of Barbary. Skipper Macmurragh was far from being in a "bonnie" mood; too much had happened along this treacherous coast during the last few weeks.

"Yit I dinna ken why subs should be preyin' on honest traders an' luggers," he observed to the off-shore wind.

But the fact remained that in the past five weeks, a half dozen trading ships had rammed *something* while plying the Atlantic along the west coast of Africa. They had not been torpedoed, which put a mysterious angle on the business. *Something* had simply risen from the sea beneath them, then sank again, leaving a gaping hole in those planking hulls.

The wrecks had all occurred in the vicinity of Verde, in the region of Senegal.

"What else could it be but a sub?" argued shipping authorities. But military authorities argued differently. A sub was built to withstand tremendous external pressures over a great area; a heavy blow in a small section would crush the plates. Again, none of the ships were actually rammed; they were crushed from beneath.

It had come on to blow, and Captain Macmurragh clung to the wheel, while the little trader lifted and lurched in the growing swells. By two in the morning a half gale was blowing.

Dawn broke murky. The wind had fallen, but the long swells lost none of their menace. Fish Face, the Senegalese first mate, who had a fractured leg, hobbled on deck about seven o'clock. Captain Macmurragh knew that the pain in the giant Negro's leg must be intense.

"No need of ye comin' up, Fish Face. I—"

"Oh, tuan," interposed the big chap, "Ah jes' couldn't sleep no mo'. Ah had a awful dream, Ah did."

"A dream?" Macmurragh chuckled. "Tell me your dream, Fish Face."

Fish Face's bloodshot eyes rolled until the whites resembled two china saucers on a table of black linen.

"Ah don' like to tell it, tuan. Ah's feered it mout happen! Ah dreamed one of dem subbalines come up out dere an' we's jes' go down to de bottom!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" chortled old Macmurragh. "Ye be possessed—"

Fish Face's shriek cut through the skipper's words like a knife. The Negro turned the color of lead and grasped a stanchion for support. He pointed, gulping. "Dere she is, tuan—Oooo-oo!"

A mile off, a dark *shape* rose out of the sea. It looked like a giant cigar. Slowly it turned in the direction of the *Bonnie Brae*. Then it slowly submerged.

"Sub!" cried skipper Macmurragh. Numb terror overspread his face. "Quick, Fish Face, break out the life rings! You, Sam," he said to the young Arab deck hand, "see to the boat!"

The old Scot was all action now. If they were to be attacked—and there was no doubt in Macmurragh's mind that they were—they might as well be prepared for it.

They didn't have to wait long. Ten minutes after the terrifying submarine had been sighted, there came a rending, crunching jar from below decks. The schooner reared out of the water three feet then settled back with a mighty splash.

All hands—there were seven in the crew—went about the business of seeing that life rings and the single boat were in readiness for a quick leave-taking.

The schooner began to heel over. They could hear the gurgling rumble of water pouring into the holds.

"Must have a hole in her big enough to drive a team of oxen through," grumbled Macmurragh. "Th' bloody divils!" He shook his fist at the water, under which the sub had come and gone.

They got the small boat launched, and the eight men climbed aboard. They were none too soon; the *Bonnie Brae* sank stern first. With a weary sigh, she slipped to her last resting place. Captain Macmurragh swiped a tear from his grizzled cheek; it rends a skipper's heart to see his command go down, although it's the smallest ship afloat.

The neatly uniformed little French lieutenant strode across the deck of the *Rita* in typically French agitation. He made a grandiose gesture with his hands, and his tiny mustache bristled.

"Sacre, M'sieu, it is more than I can take! First it is the small trading ships; now it is the private yacht of Count LeBreau!" Lieutenant Paul Laverne clapped both hands to his ears. "Nom de Dieu! The Administrator is driving me—what you say, nuts!"

Perry Scott rose from his deck chair and grinned.

"Take it easy, Lieutenant. The Administrator is hardly expecting you to solve the riddle in a day . . . Why doesn't the Government send a cruiser after the sub?"

"Monsieur Scott! The French government, she is, alas! Not what she used to be, non! We have ask for a gunboat. But no. There is a war in Europe, you know."

"Well, Lieutenant," said Perry dryly. "As I have told you, I don't believe this sub story—not in all its details. And if you'll give me leave, I'll cruise around a bit and see what I can see."

The French official smiled blandly. "Wiz the pleasure, M'sieu. The ocean she is yours! And I wish you the luck!" Lieutenant Laverne shook hands with Perry and a moment later the tender carried him back to the Verde wharf.

That afternoon Perry took the *Rita* out to sea. He had no definite plan. He had an idea, a rather fantastic one, and



he meant to run the thing down. No undersea craft he had ever seen was capable of doing the things this mysterious sub was doing. Of course, there was much development going on in craft of all kinds, due to the war. Some crackpot maybe had invented such an indestructible monster as rumor described. He doubted it.

"So what's the angle?" asked Ron Cabot, one of Scott's several assistants as they slipped into the open sea. "Ever stop to think that we might be the next victim of the sub?"

"We'll have to change it, Ron. One thing sure, we have a far better chance of outrunning this mystery sub than anything it has sent to the bottom."

They didn't sight anything that looked like a submarine all that day. Heading for the harbor at Verde just at dusk, Sparks picked up an urgent SOS from a ship about ten miles to the south. He hurried with it to Perry.

"They're in a bad way, Perry. Been rammed by that sub and going down fast. One boat, and a crew of twenty-eight—"

"Okay, Sparky." Perry slammed down hard on the full-speed lever and the *Rita* leaped ahead. They'd do the ten miles in less than an hour. Perry hoped the boat would hold all of them.

It was an old oil tanker, and she was still afloat when they hove in sight. Her bow was under a third of her length. All the crew was aboard the life boat and they were rowing like mad toward the *Rita*.

The captain scrambled up the monkey ladder first.

"Van Devers, master of the *Sirius*," he stated as he shook hands with Perry. "You came along just in time, sir."

"What rammed you?" Perry asked him.

"A sub. We sighted her a mile off, then she submerged. It wasn't ten minutes later that she stove a hole in our hull."

As they were talking, one of the Dutch crew on deck shouted, "Sub! Off the port bow!"

"Stand by the gun, men!" Perry ordered two of his men. "Fire when you have her in your sights!"

The Dutch captain held up his hands in horror. "You mean—you're going to fire on her, sir! They'll sink us—"

The four-inch gun bellowed. "Hit!" cried the gunner. "There she goes!"

The sub went down with a great "Whoo-oosh!" Five minutes later the *Rita* was cruising the spot where the sub had disappeared. The water was a bright red.

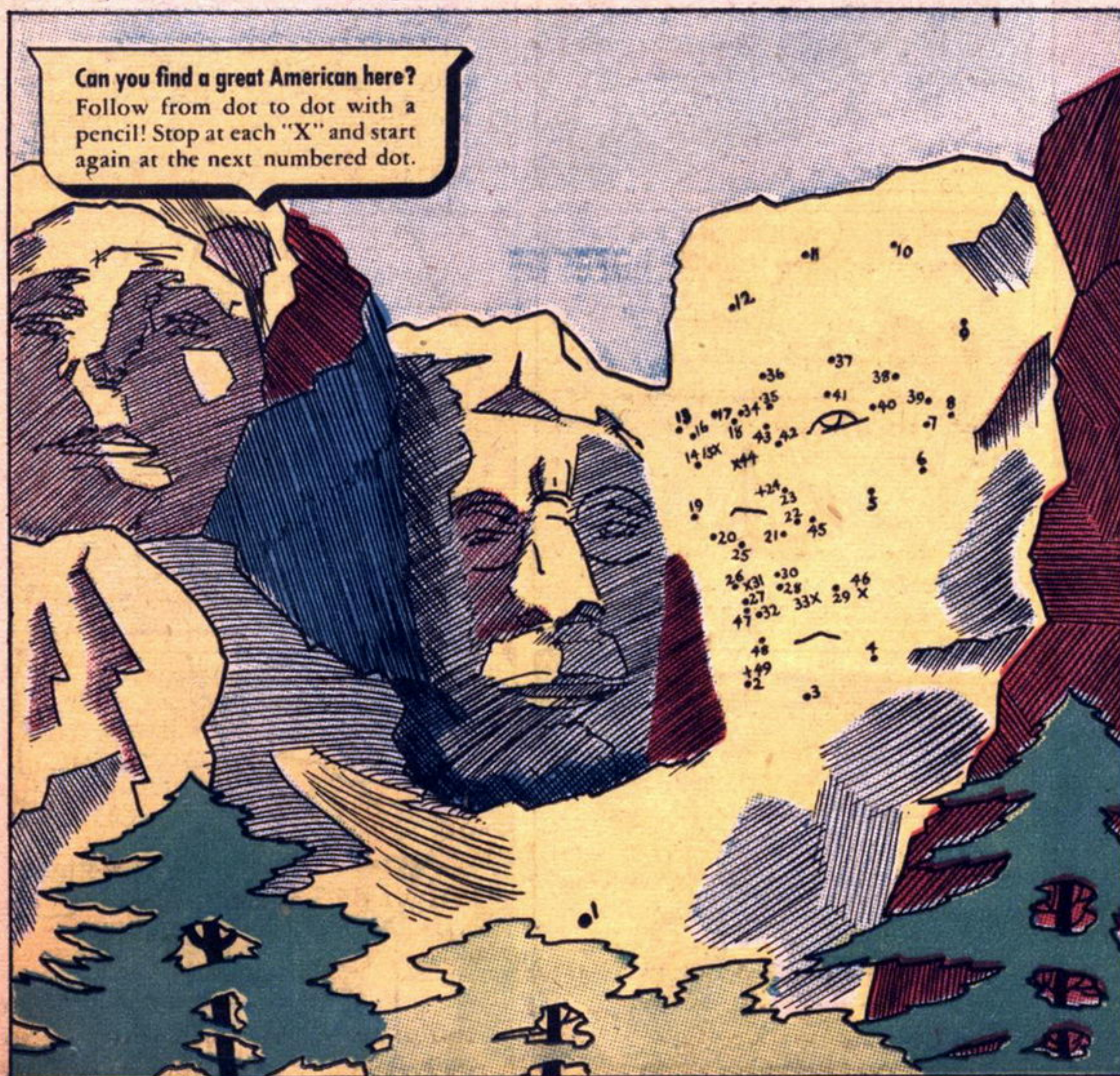
"Heavens above—blood!" gasped Van Devers.

"Yes," Perry said. "Your sub was just what I had surmised."

Van Devers looked at him. "You mean—"

"A whale—a common, old playful whale!"

**READ THE MASTER'S METEOR  
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER  
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF  
FEATURE COMICS  
ON SALE AUGUST 22<sup>ND</sup>**



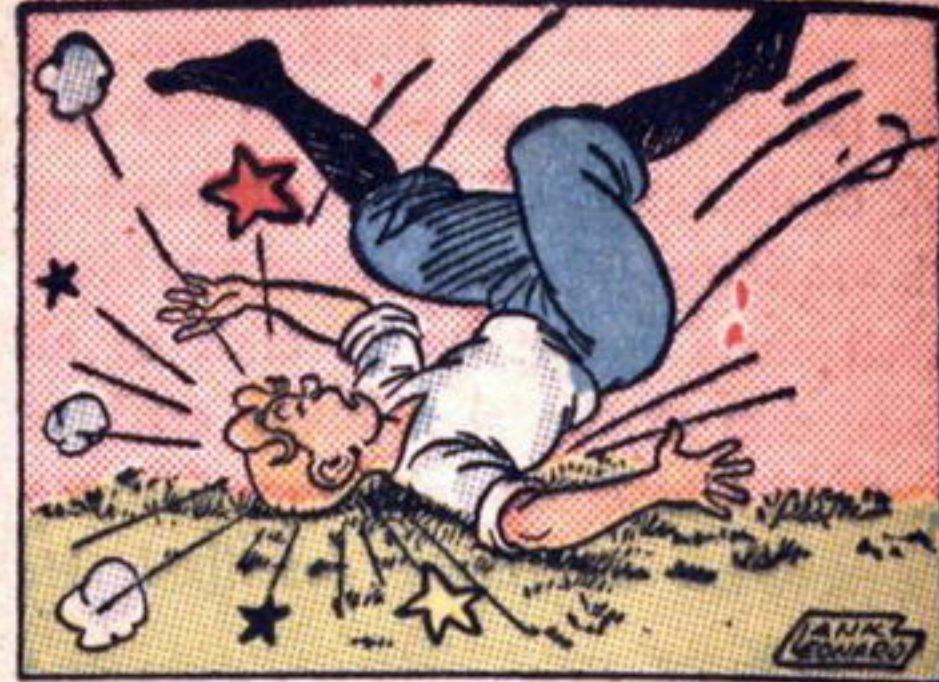
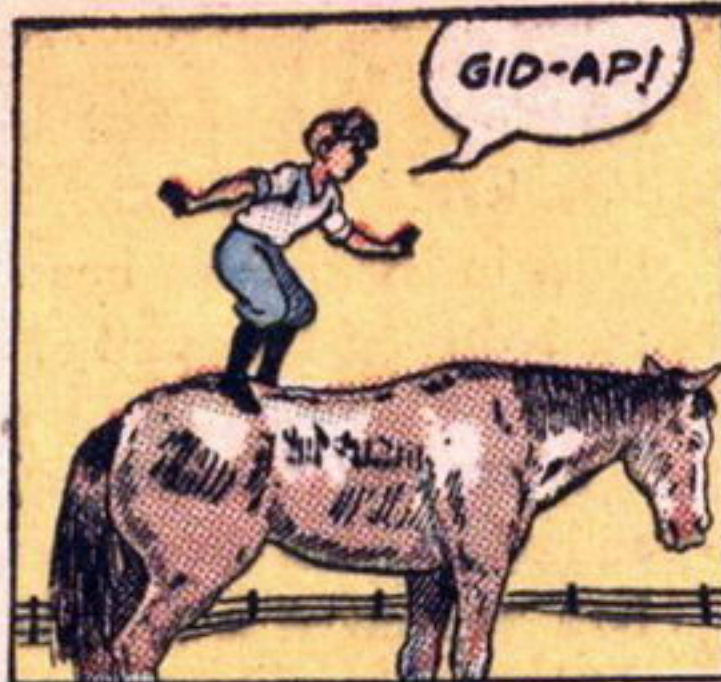
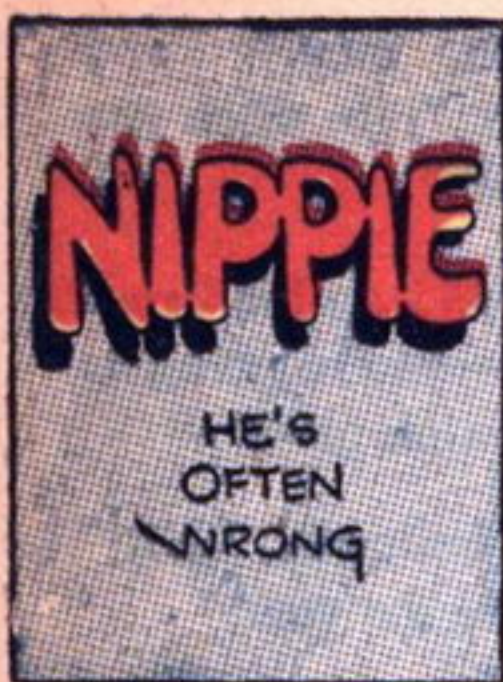
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BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

**MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

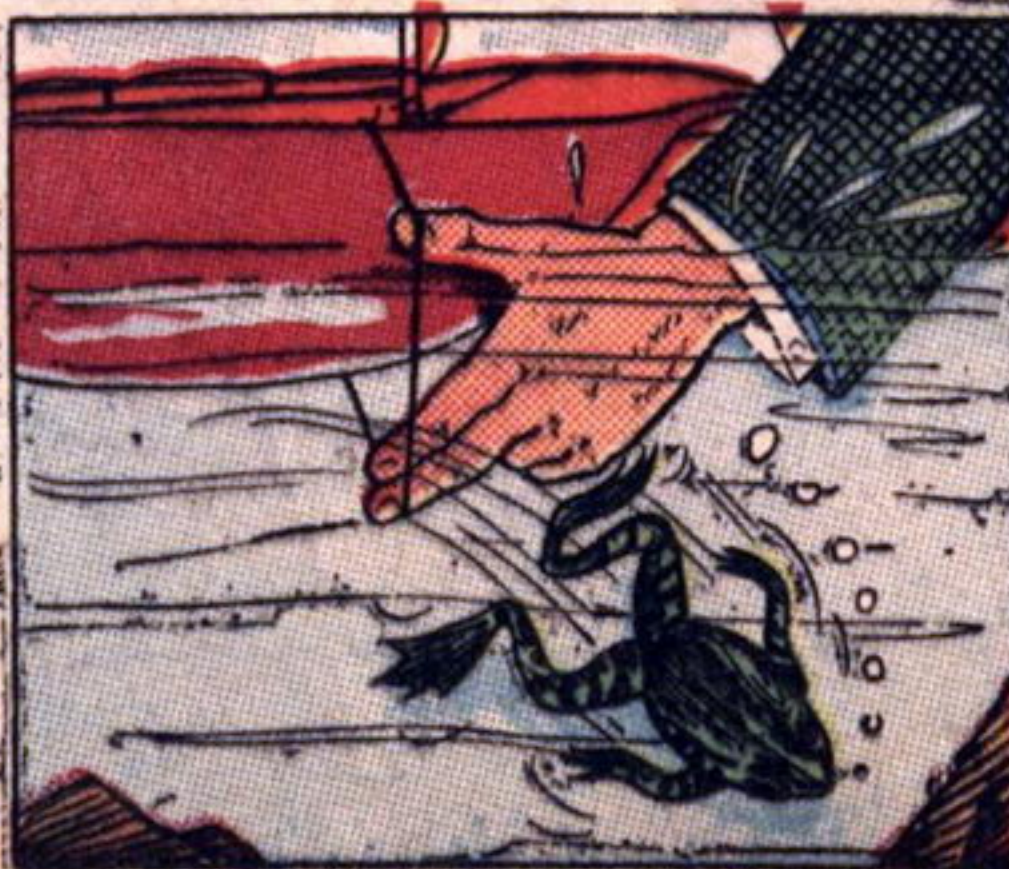
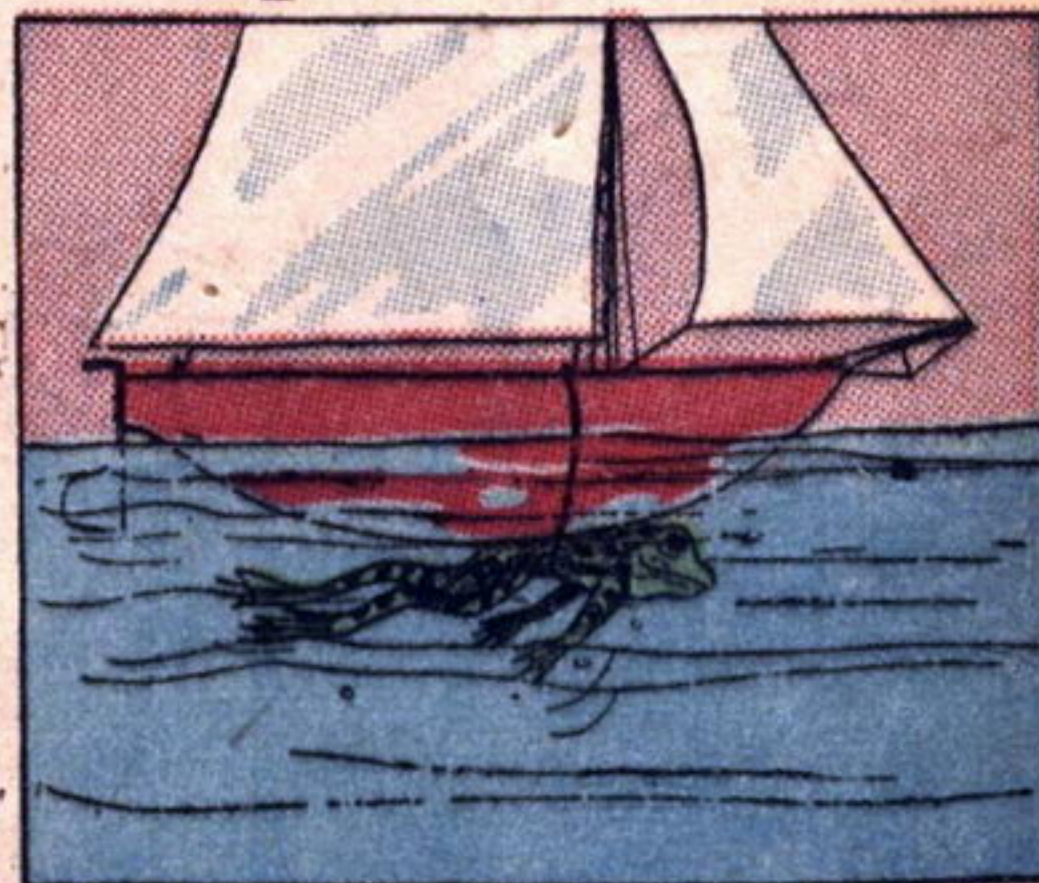
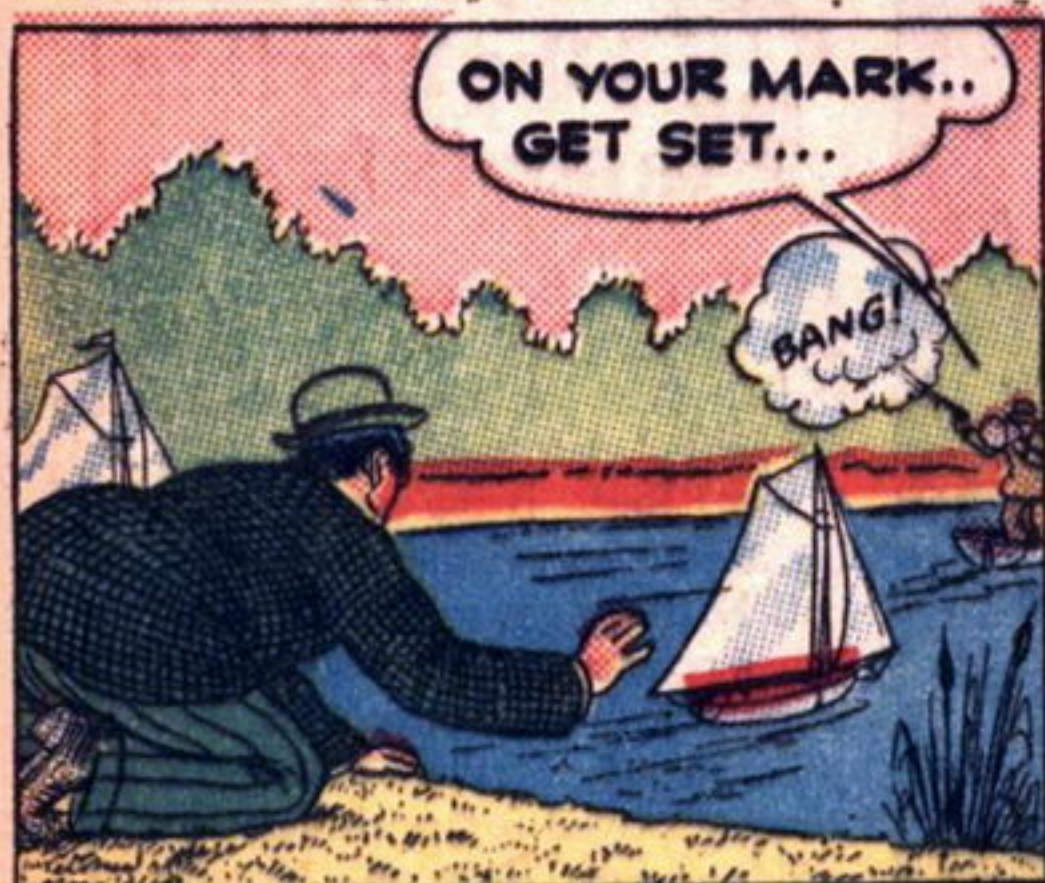
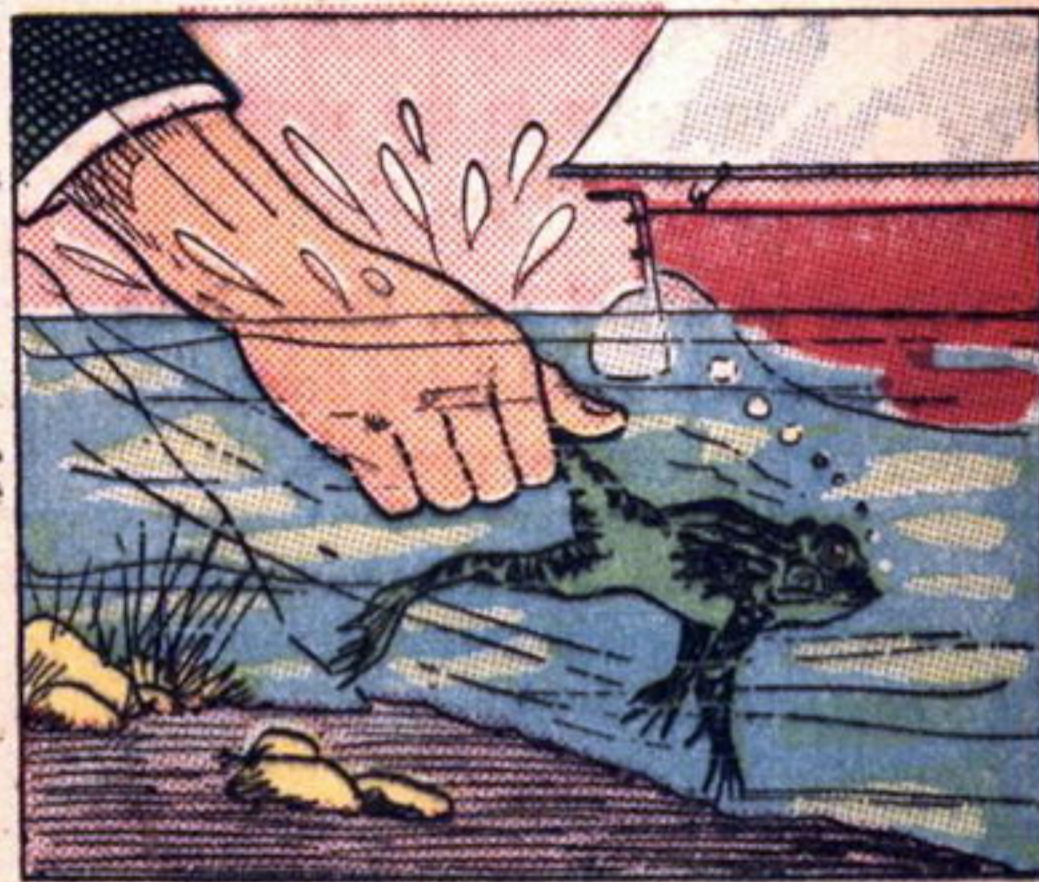
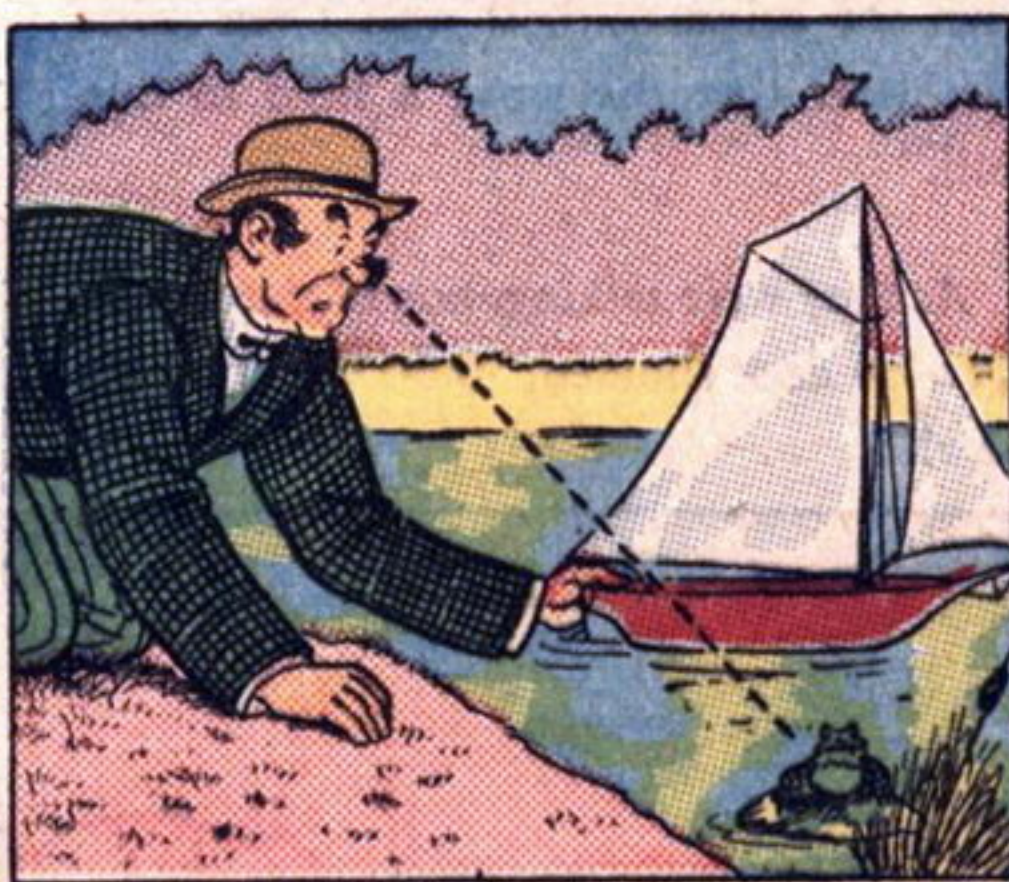
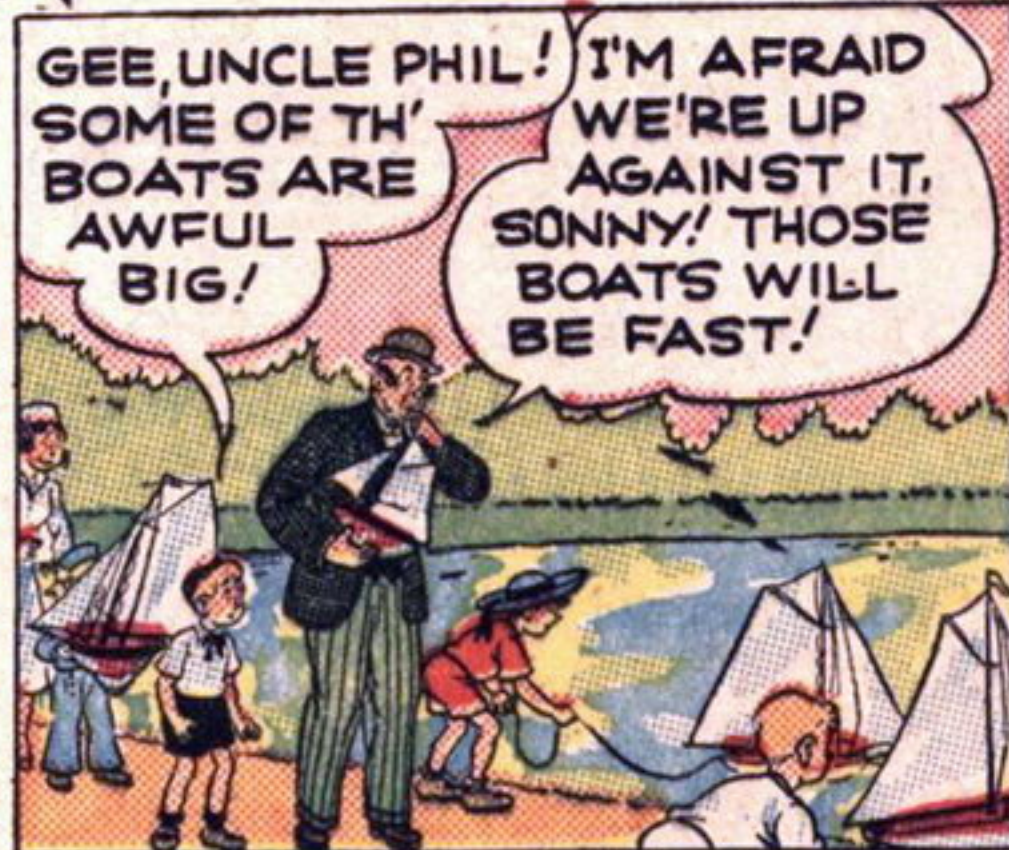
**ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION**  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Elmira, N. Y.





# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

THERE'S THAT  
KID YOU'RE  
ALWAYS  
TRYIN' TO  
CATCH, NIPPIE!

YEAH, BUT  
THIS TIME  
I'LL CATCH  
HIM!

CHEESE IT,  
JOHNNY..HERE  
COMES NIPPIE!

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

WHY DOES  
UNCLE PHIL  
ALWAYS GET  
SO GROUCHY  
ON TH' FOURTH  
OF JULY, MA?

WELL IT WAS  
ON THAT DAY  
THAT HE LOST  
THE ONLY GIRL  
HE REALLY  
LOVED..ROSIE  
PLOTZMEYER!

IT WAS BACK IN 1906.. PHILIP  
HAD TAKEN ROSIE TO A  
PICNIC THAT HIS LODGE WAS  
HAVING AT LAKE PAKASNACK

ROSIE AND THE GIRLS WERE  
GETTING THE FOOD READY  
WHILE PHILIP AND THE OTHER  
YOUNG MEN ARRANGED THE  
FIREWORKS THEY PLANNED TO  
SET OFF..

PHILIP OF COURSE INSISTED  
THAT HE KNEW ALL THERE WAS  
TO KNOW ABOUT FIREWORKS  
AND ELECTED HIMSELF TO  
SET THEM OFF!

BUT AS YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE  
THE VERY FIRST SKYROCKET  
HE SET OFF WENT SHOOTING  
ALONG THE GROUND INSTEAD  
OF UP IN THE AIR AND HEAD-  
ED STRAIGHT FOR...

..ROSIE! THE POOR GIRL WAS  
THROWN FORWARD ON HER  
FACE, RIGHT INTO A LEMON  
CUSTARD PIE.. AND TO MAKE  
MATTERS WORSE...

..THE FLIMSY WAIST CORSET  
SHE WAS WEARING  
CAUGHT FIRE..SHE DASHED  
MADLY DOWN TO THE LAKE..

..FORGETTING THAT SHE  
DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM  
SHE JUMPED IN AND PROB-  
ABLY WOULD HAVE DROWNED  
IF...

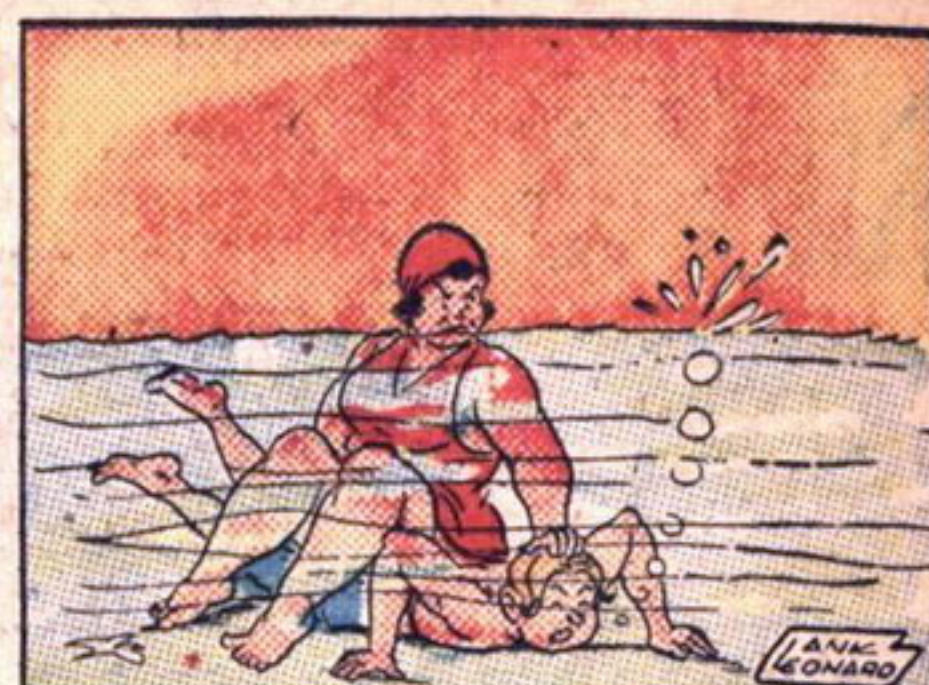
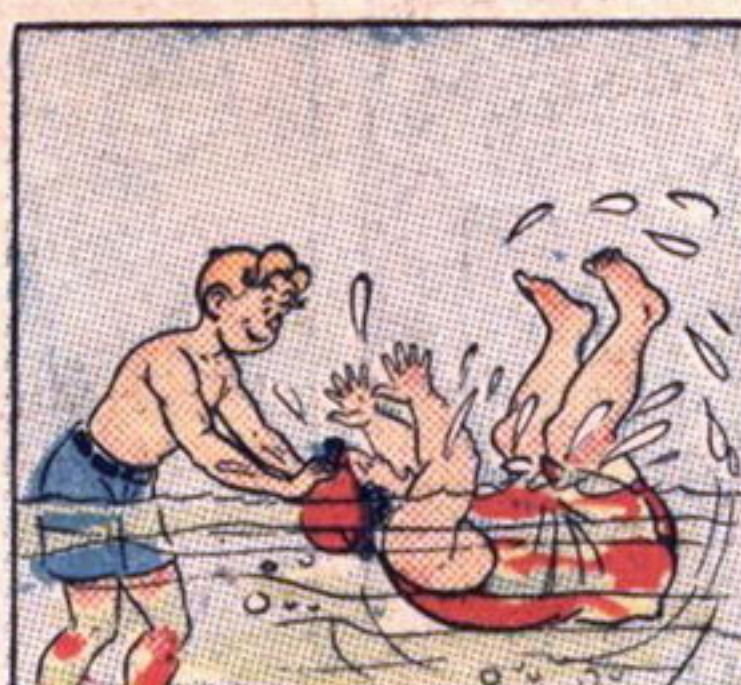
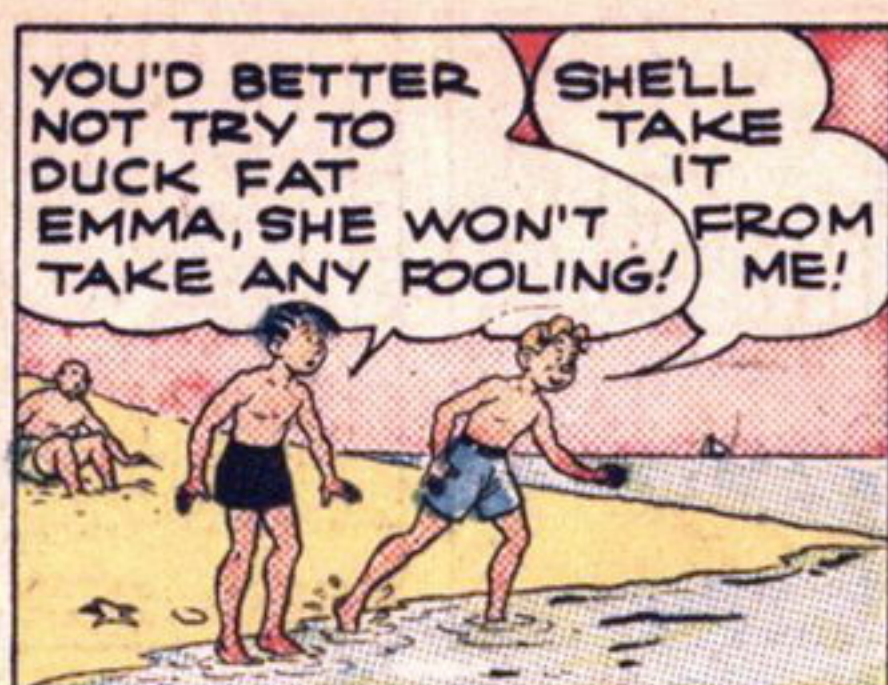
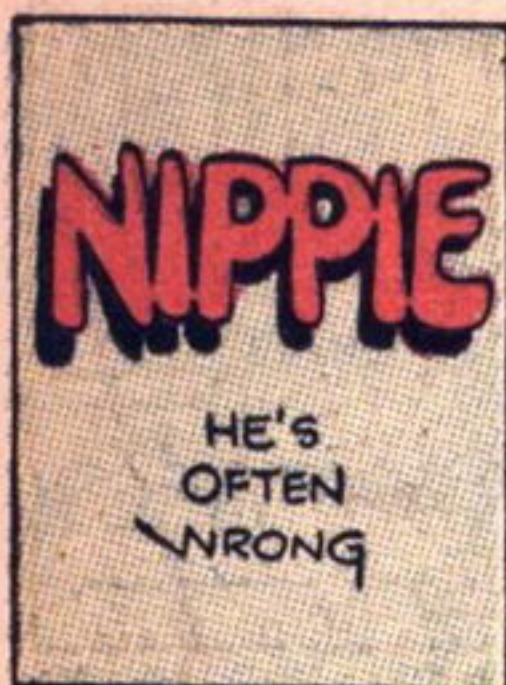
ELMER FISHBACK WHO ALSO  
LOVED HER HAD NOT DIVED  
IN, GRABBED HER JUST AS  
SHE WAS GOING DOWN FOR  
A THIRD TIME..

NATURALLY, ROSIE LEFT NO  
DOUBTS AS TO THE WAY SHE  
FELT.. SIX MONTHS LATER  
ROSIE AND ELMER FISHBACK  
WERE MARRIED!

WELL, HE MAY  
HAVE LOST  
HIS GIRL, MA..  
BUT I'LL  
BET HE  
LEARNED  
A LESSON!

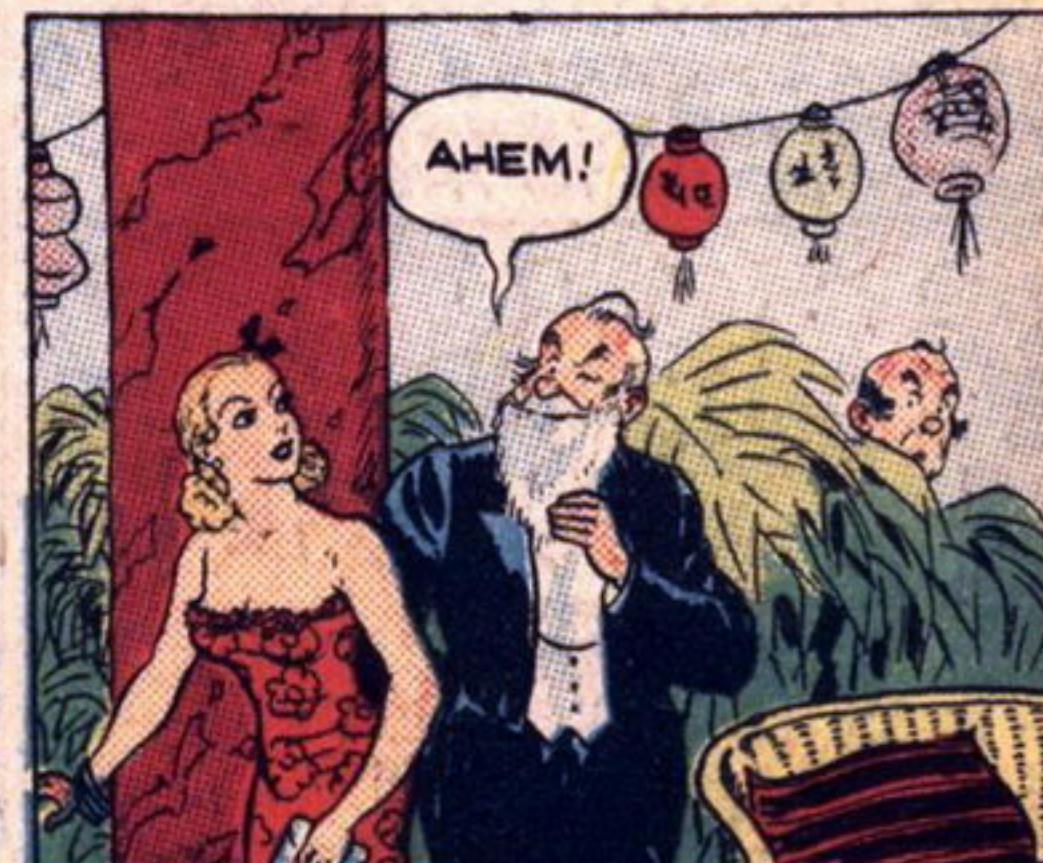
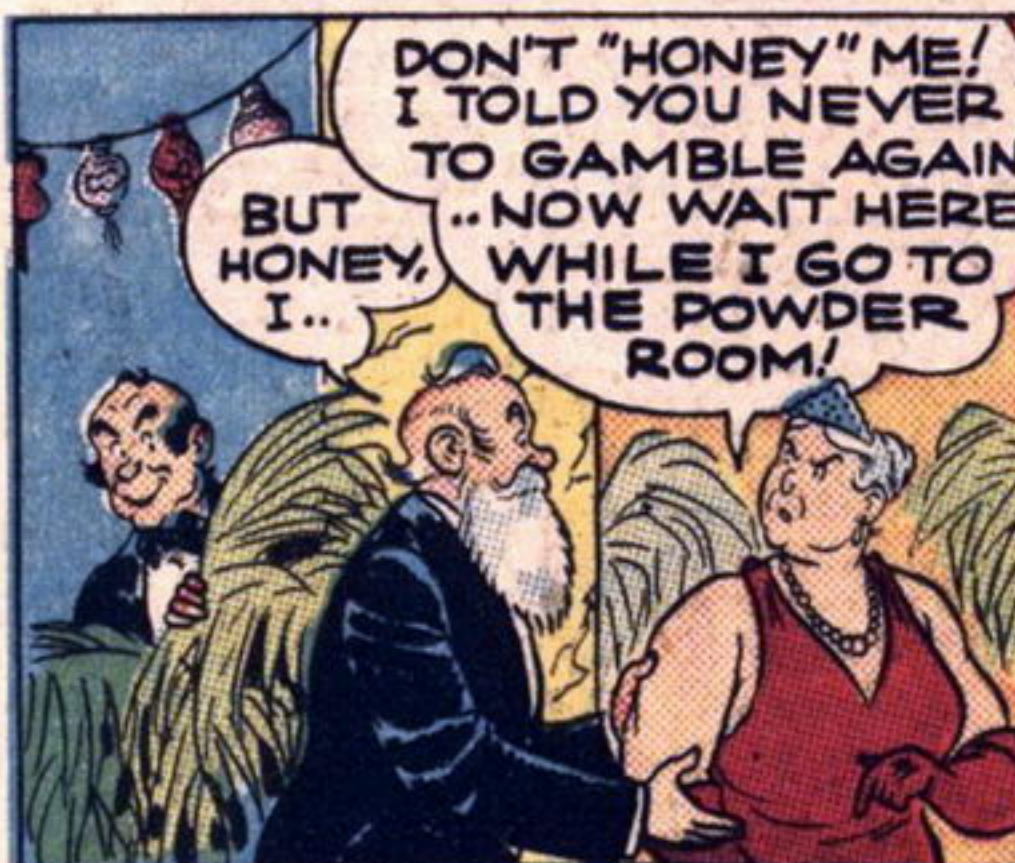
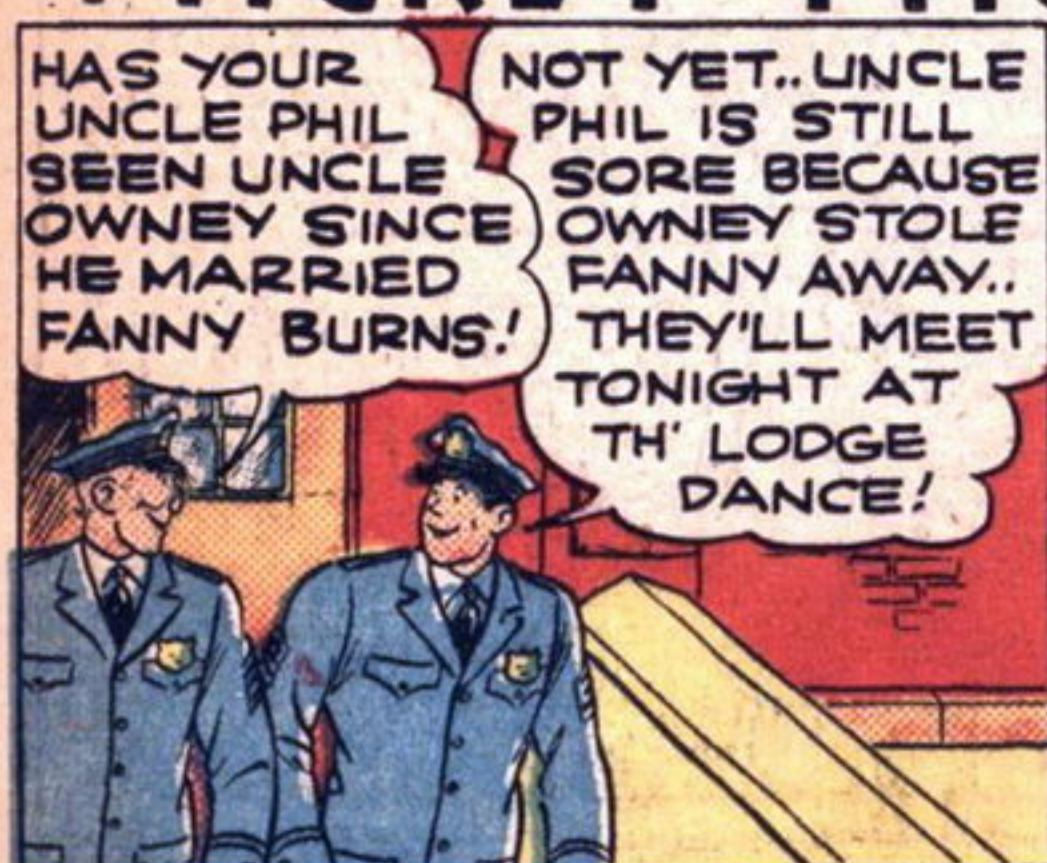
I'M AFRAID  
HE DIDN'T,  
MICHAEL!





# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



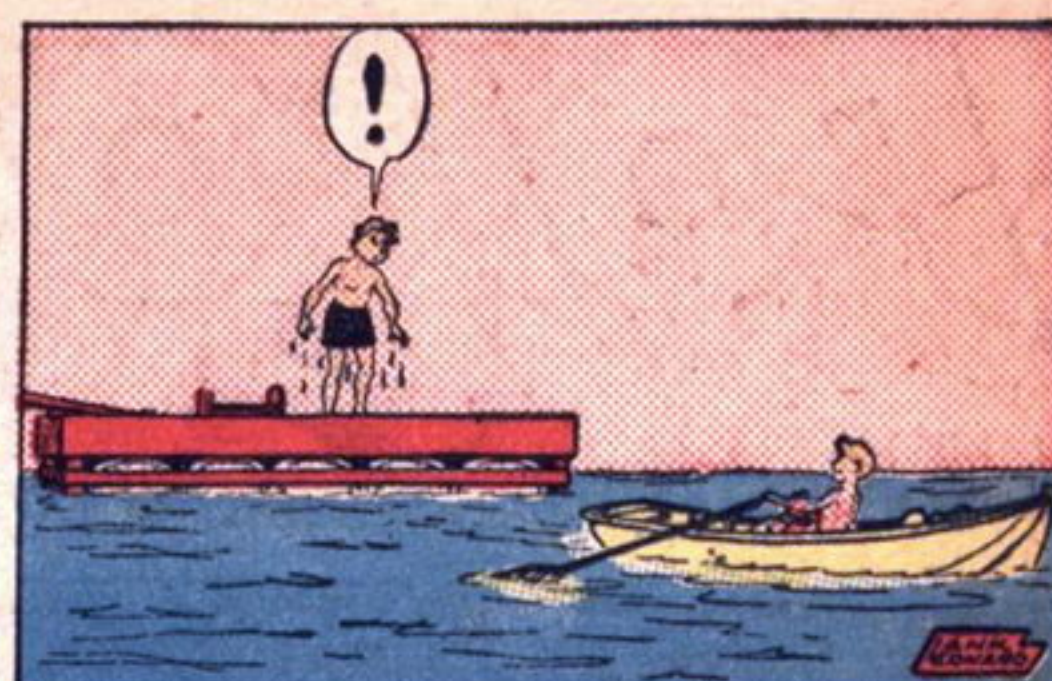


# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

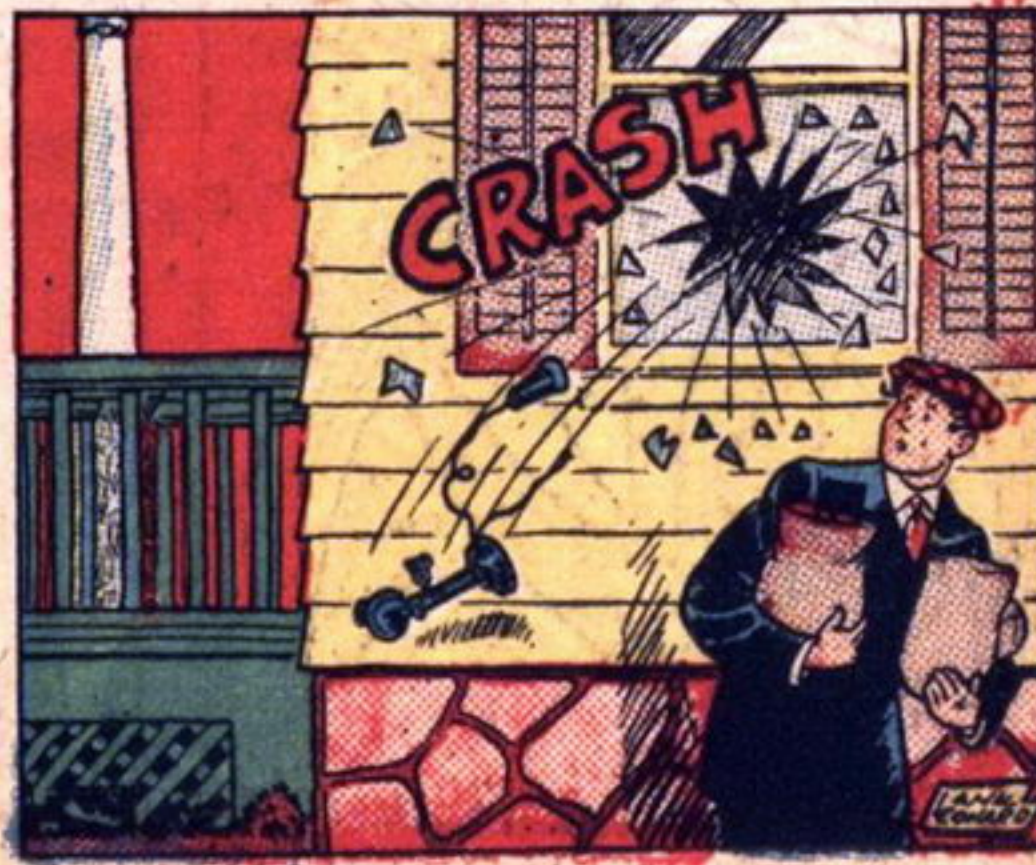
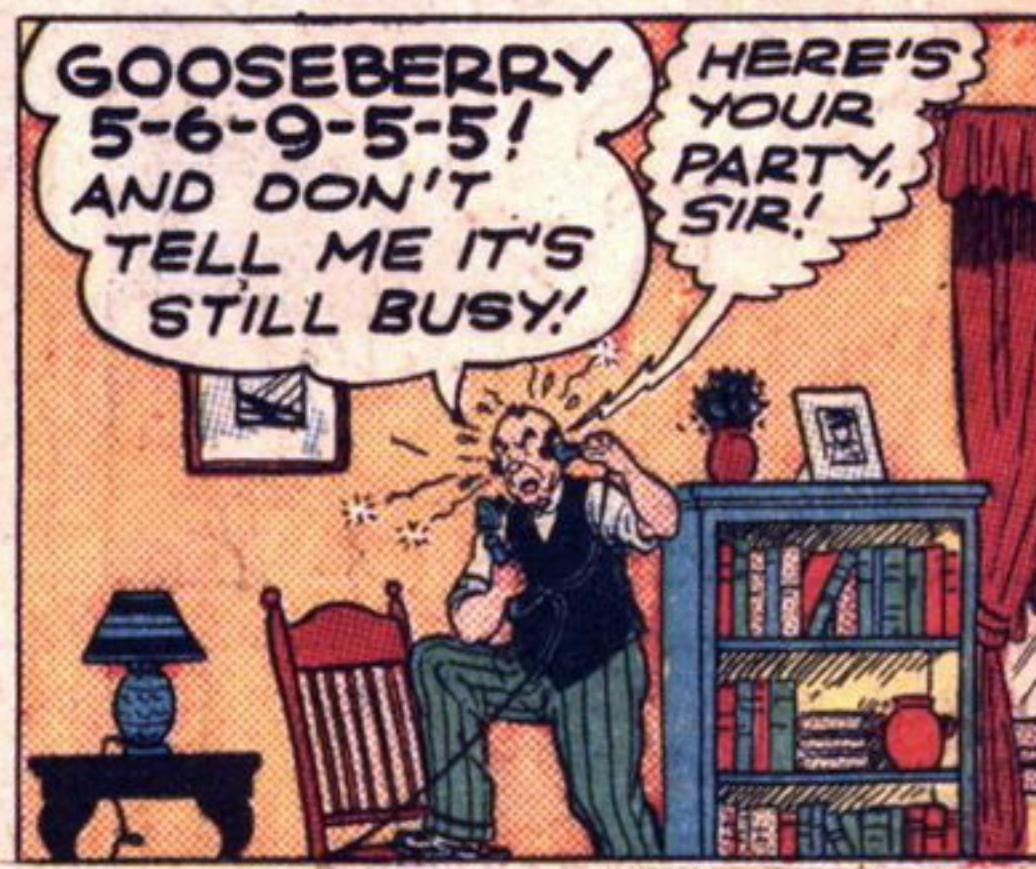
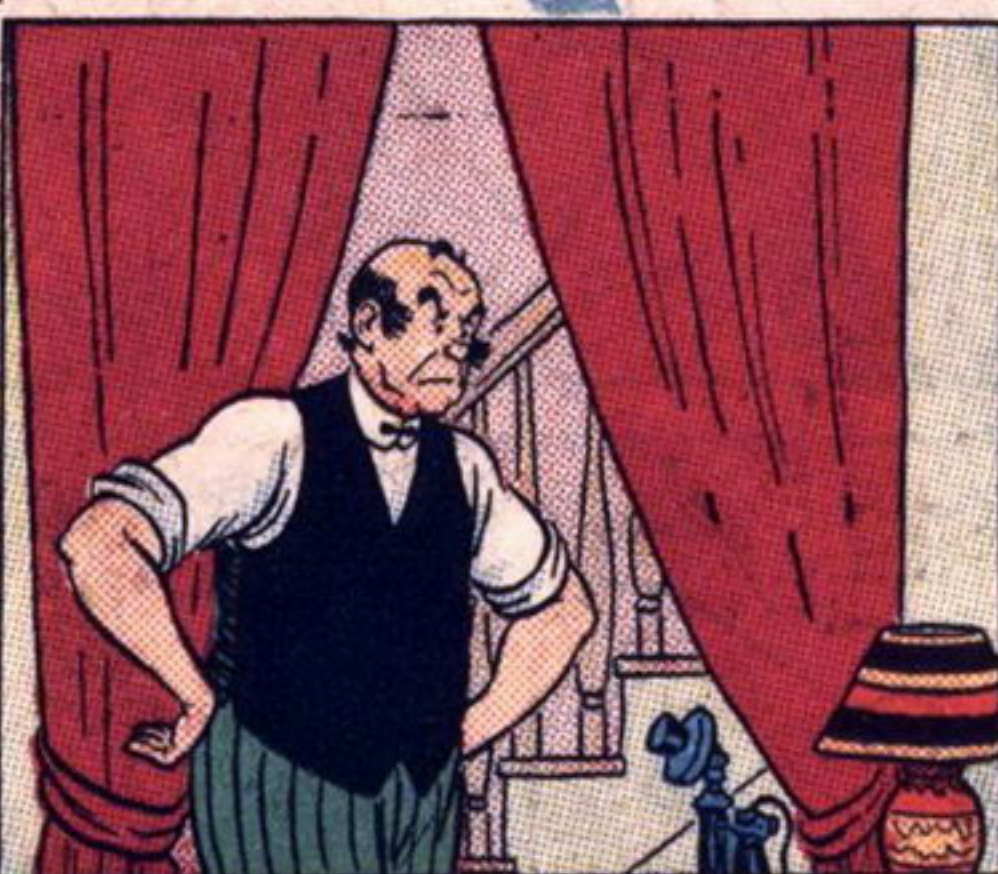
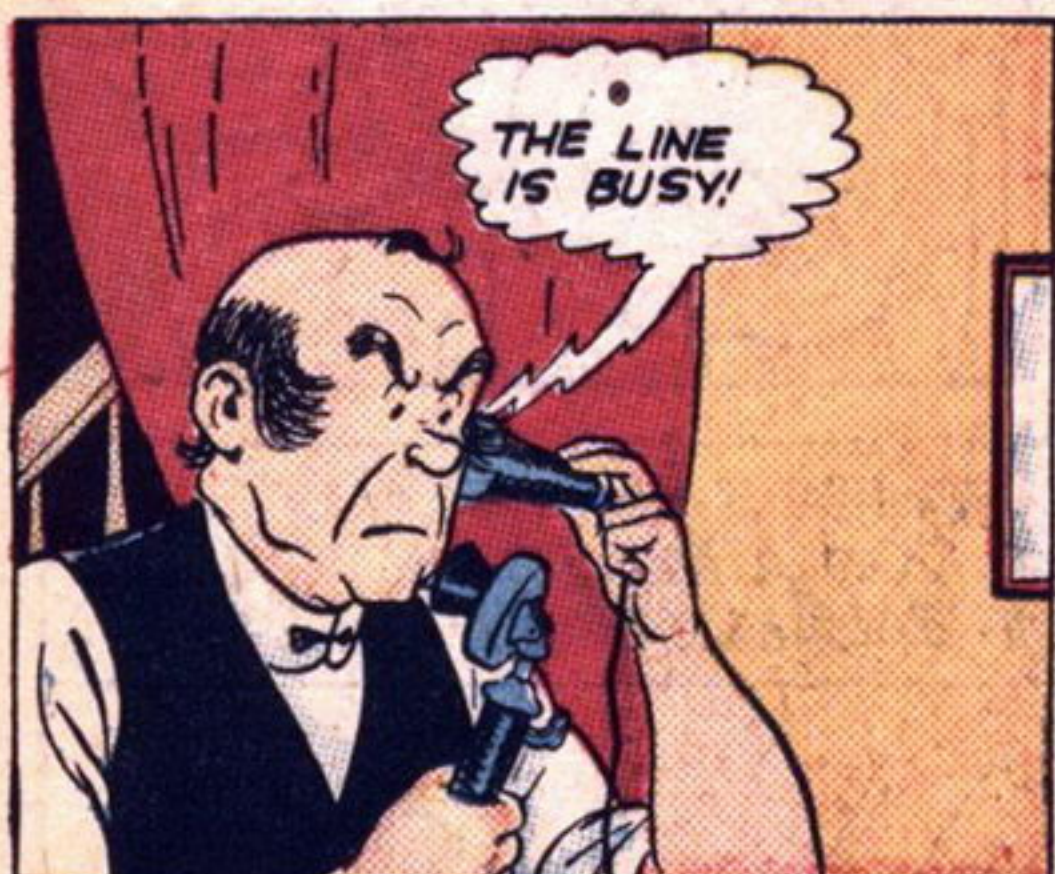
LOOK, NIPPIE.. IT'S A  
LITTLE  
JOHNNY  
CURTIS IS  
ON TH' FLOAT  
ALL ALONE!

IT'S A  
LONG SWIM  
BUT TO  
CATCH  
HIM IT'S  
WORTH  
IT!



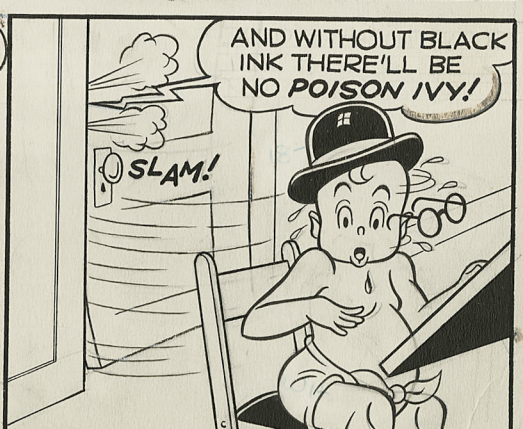
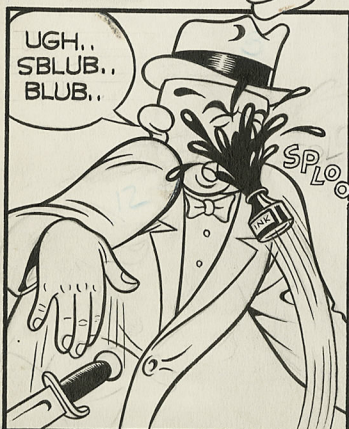
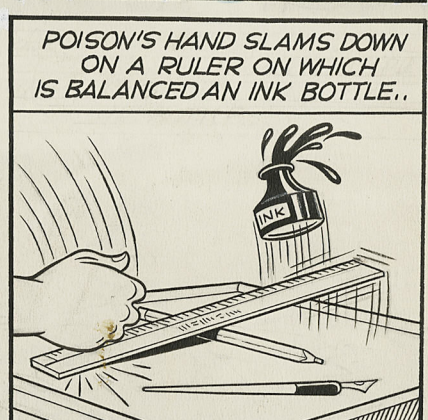
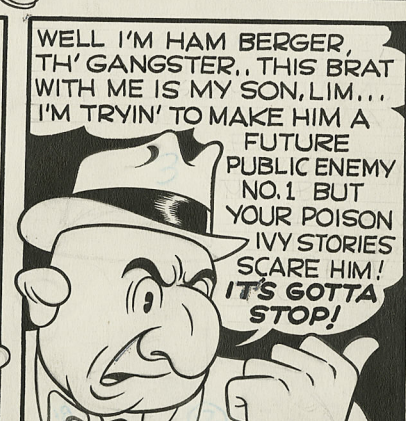
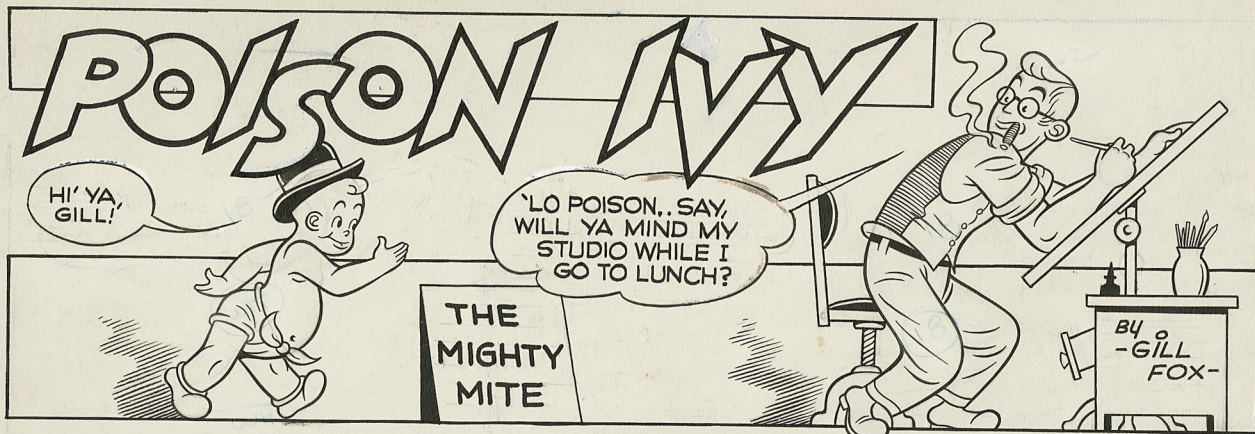
## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



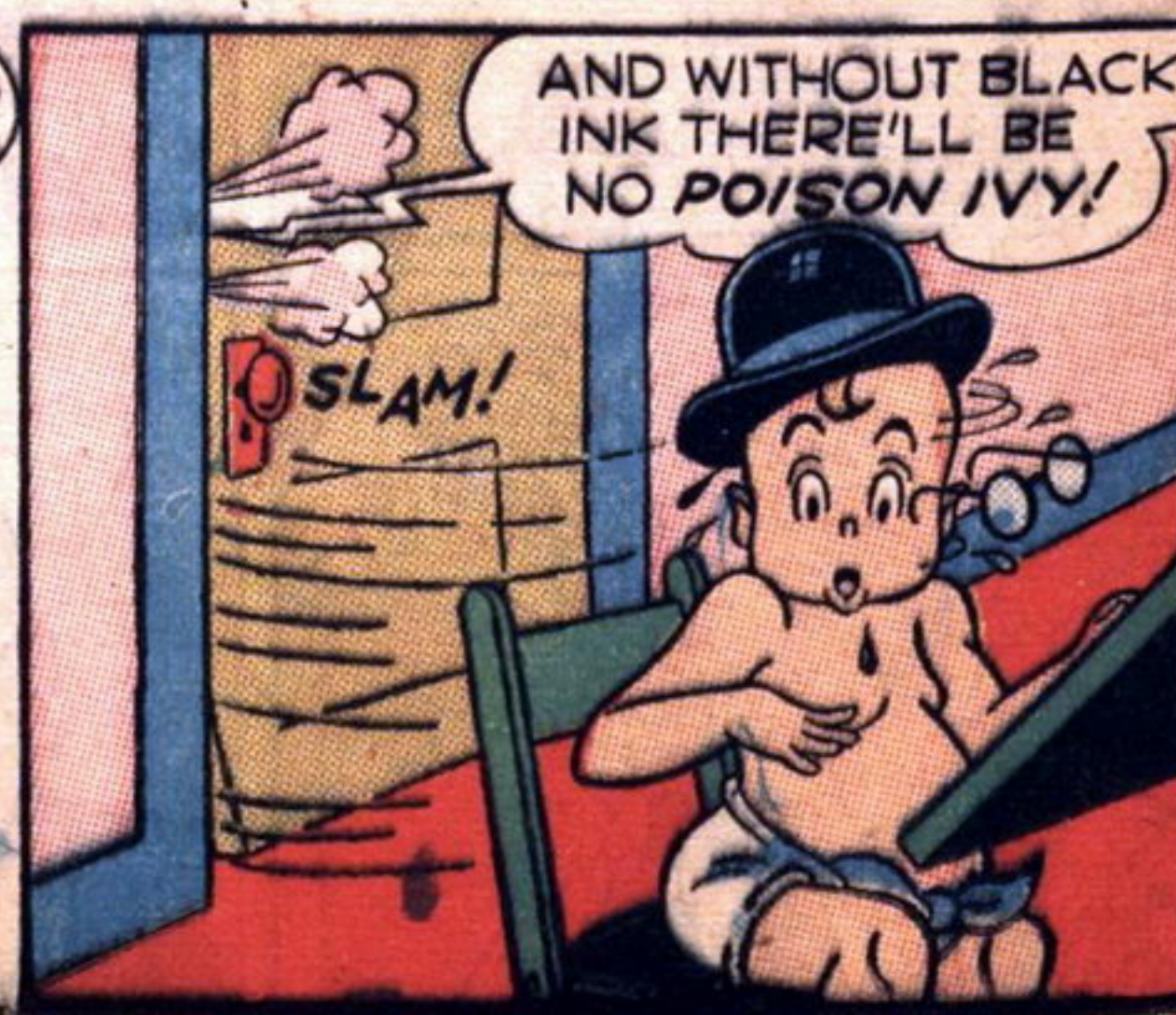
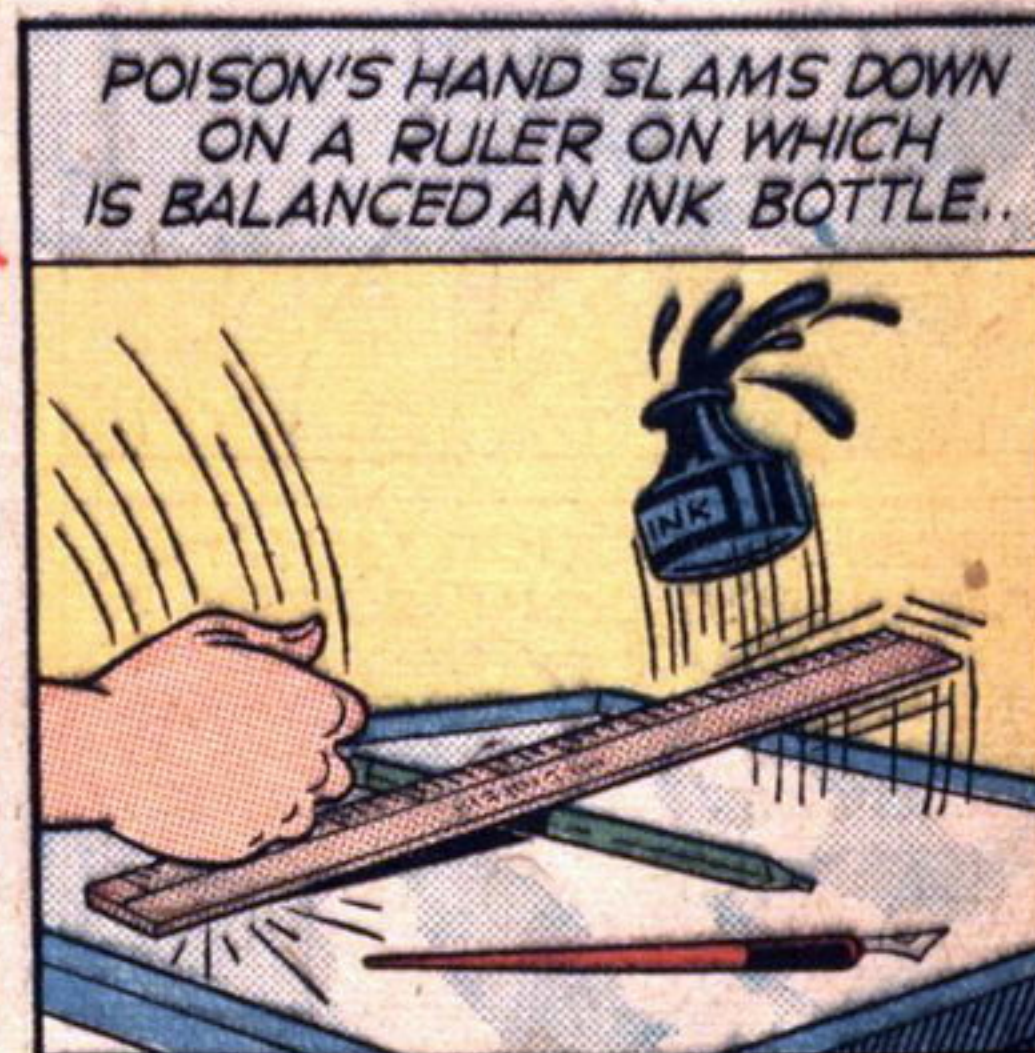
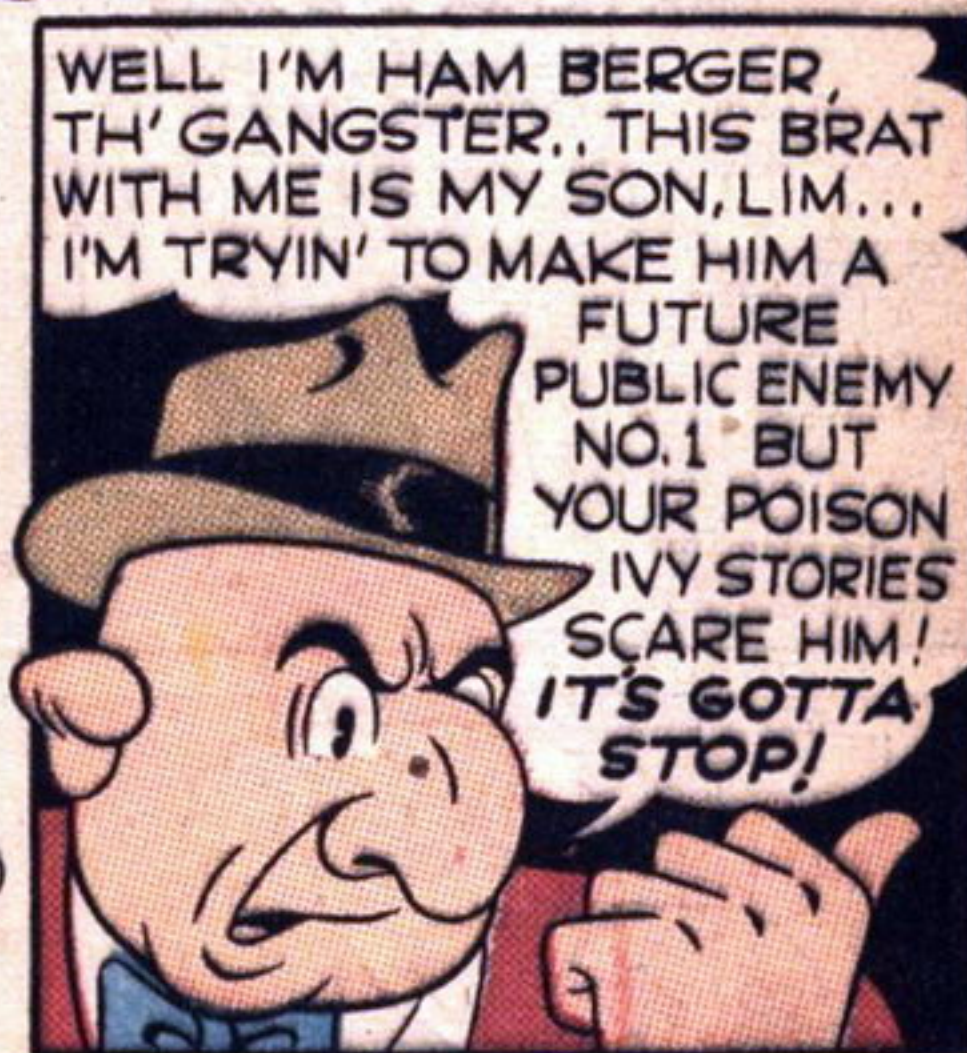
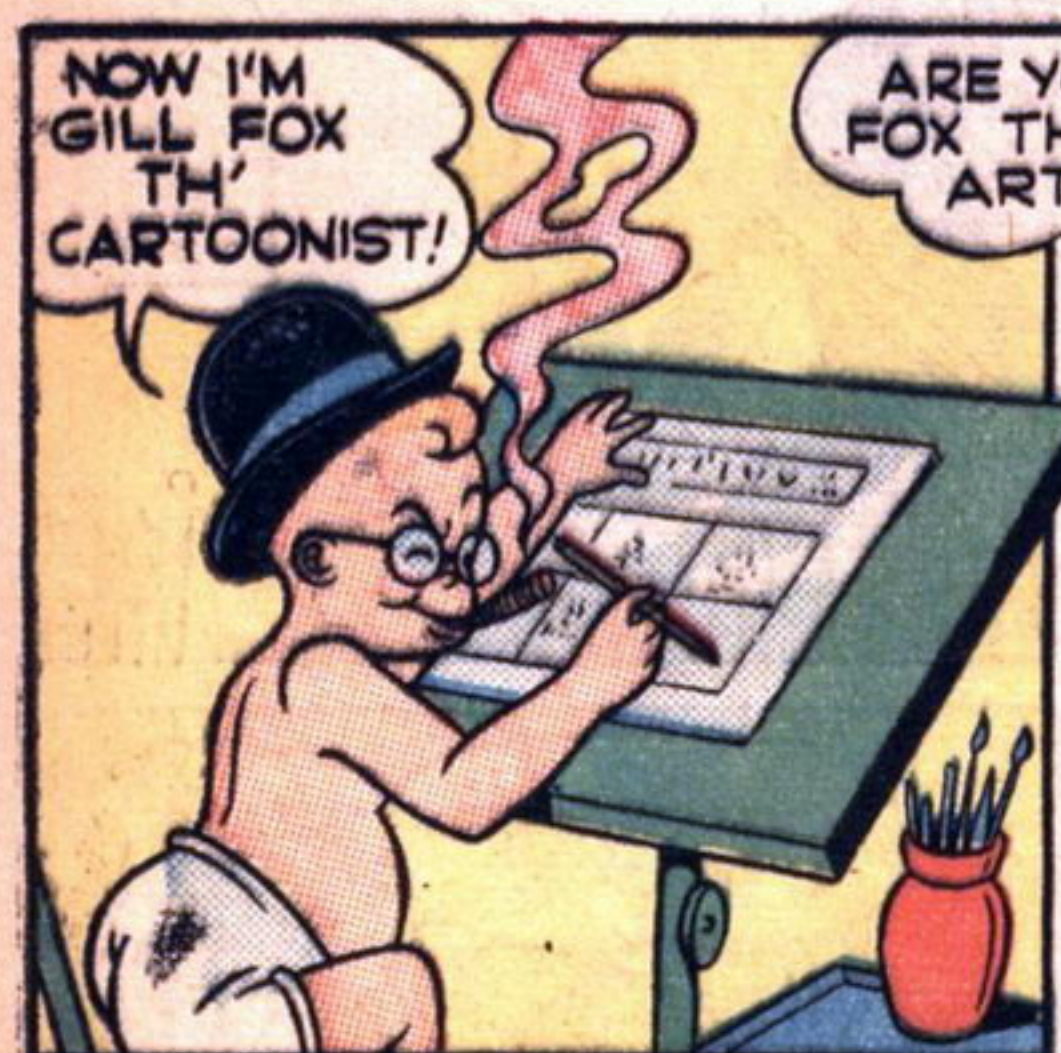
Enjoy Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.



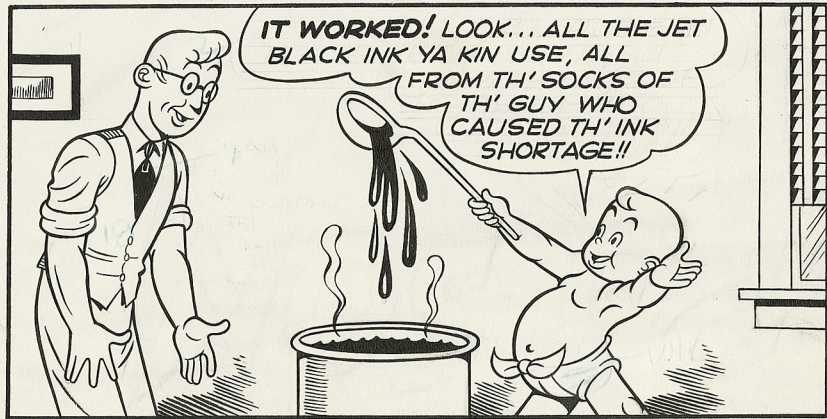
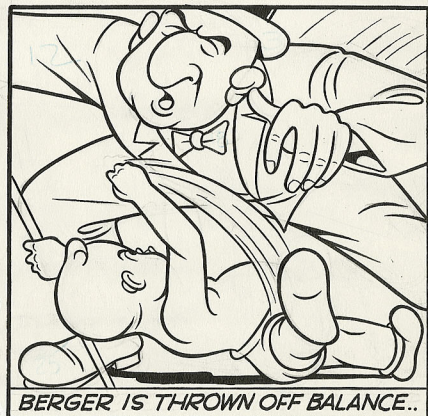
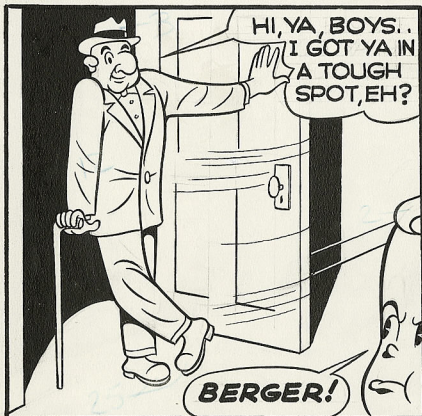




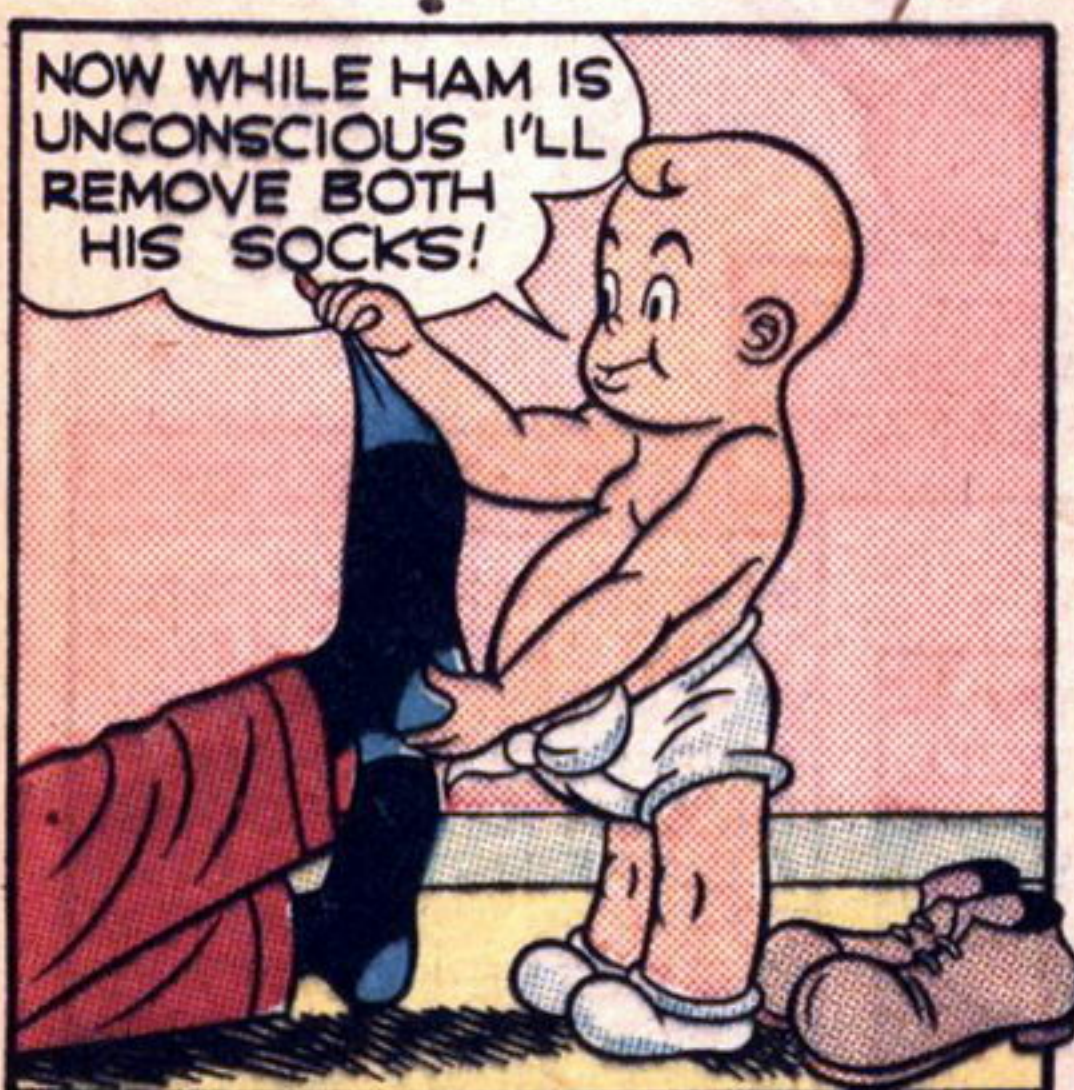
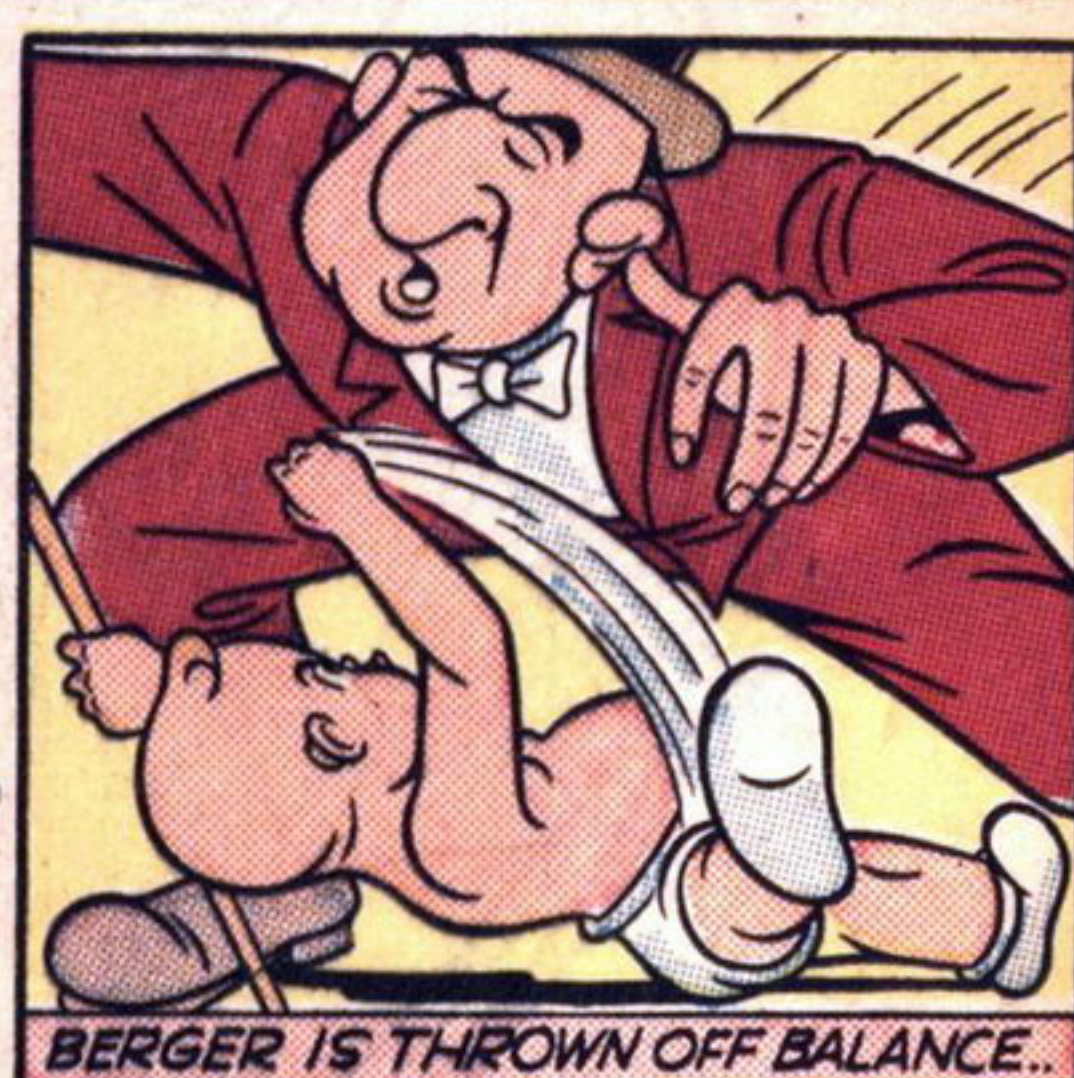
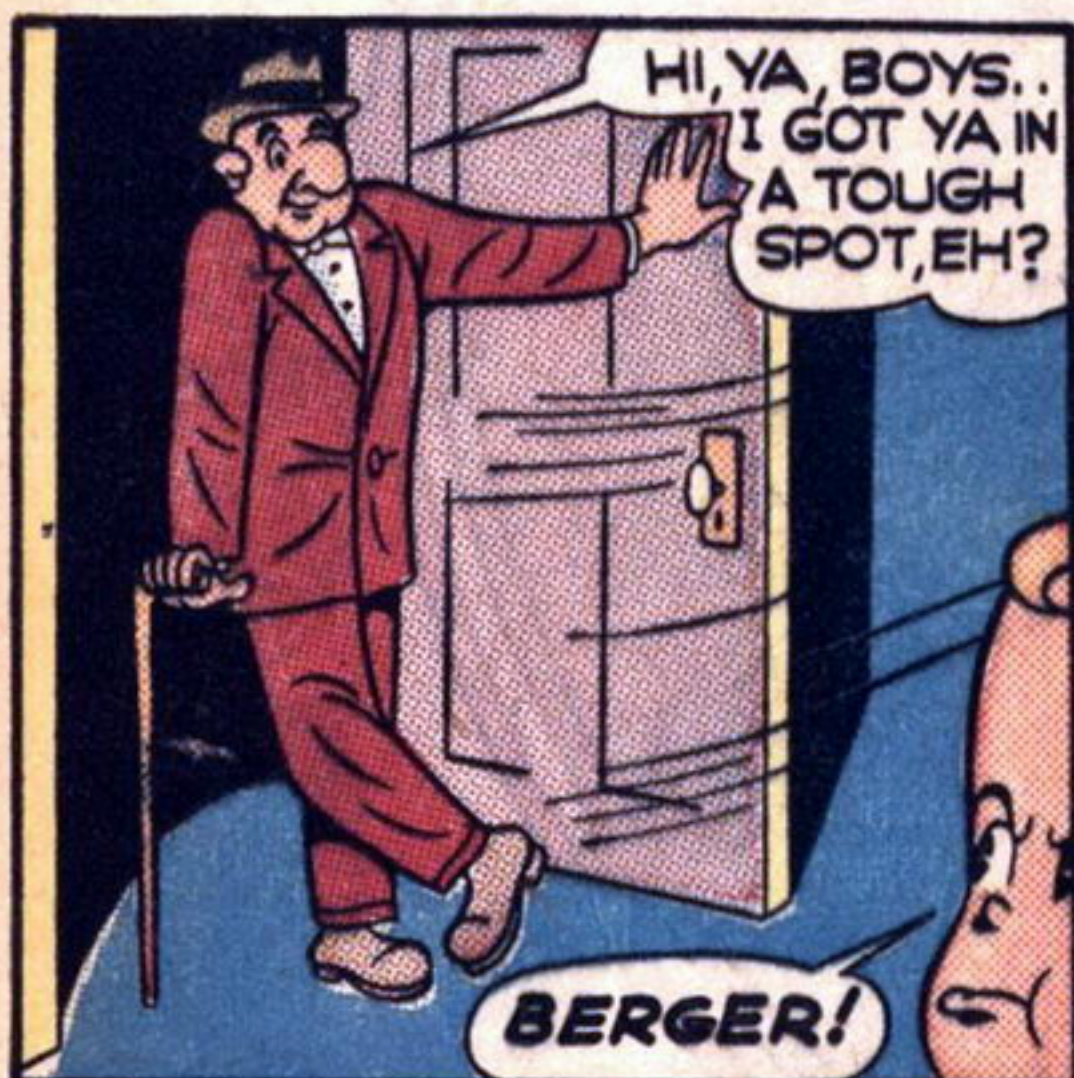
# POISON IVY





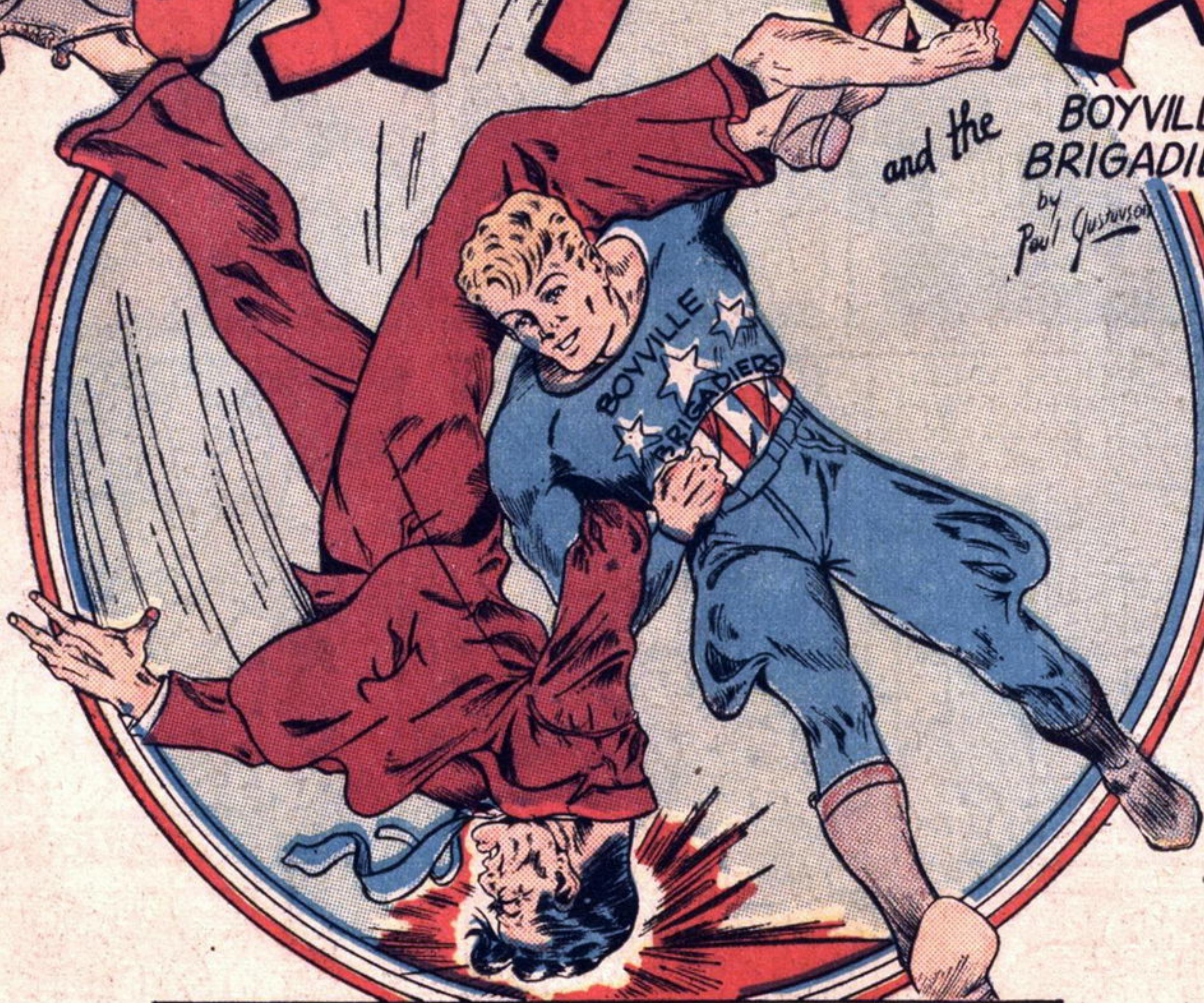








# RUSTY RYAN



and the **BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS**

by Paul Gustavson

PRESSED BY FOREIGN PROPOGANDA TRYING TO UNDERMINE THE YOUTH OF BOYVILLE, RUSTY RYAN FORMS THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS... SIX BOYS PLEDGED TO UPHOLD "THE AMERICAN WAY"!

A REFUGEE TEACHER FROM GERMANY IS CHOSEN TO FILL THE VACANCY IN THE MODERN HISTORY CLASS AT BOYVILLE

BOYS, THIS IS MR. ABRAMS

I AM NEW IN THE SCHOOL AND, AS YOU KNOW, IN THIS COUNTRY, I'LL BE ABLE TO TEACH YOU HISTORY, BUT YOU MUST TEACH ME YOUR WAYS OF DOING THINGS! I WOULD LIKE TO COUNT ON YOUR HELP IN MY NEW START IN LIFE!

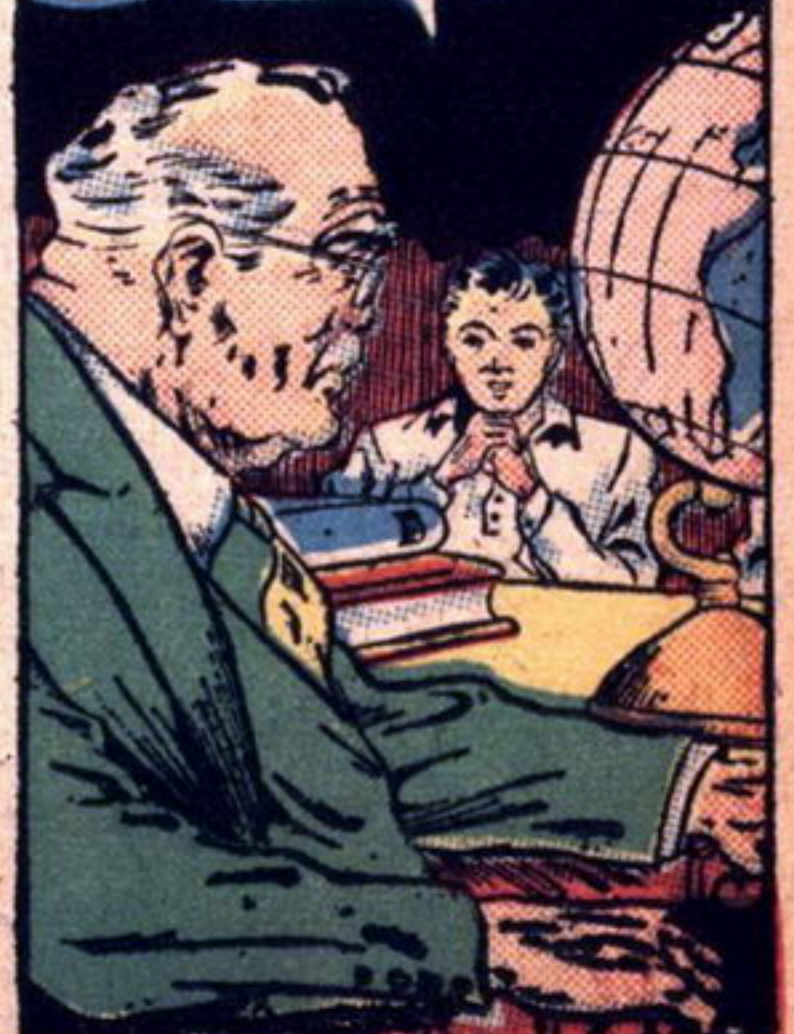
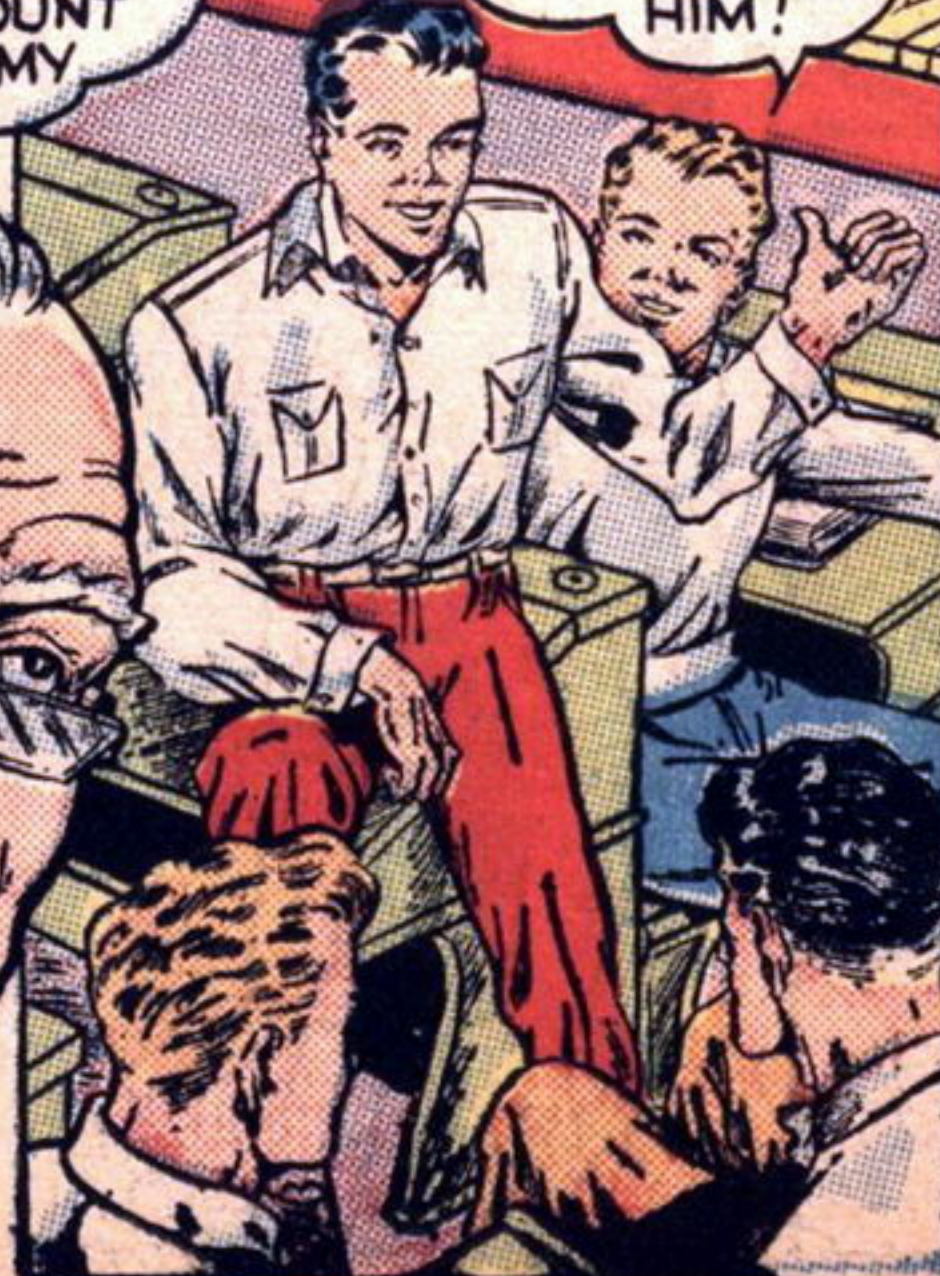
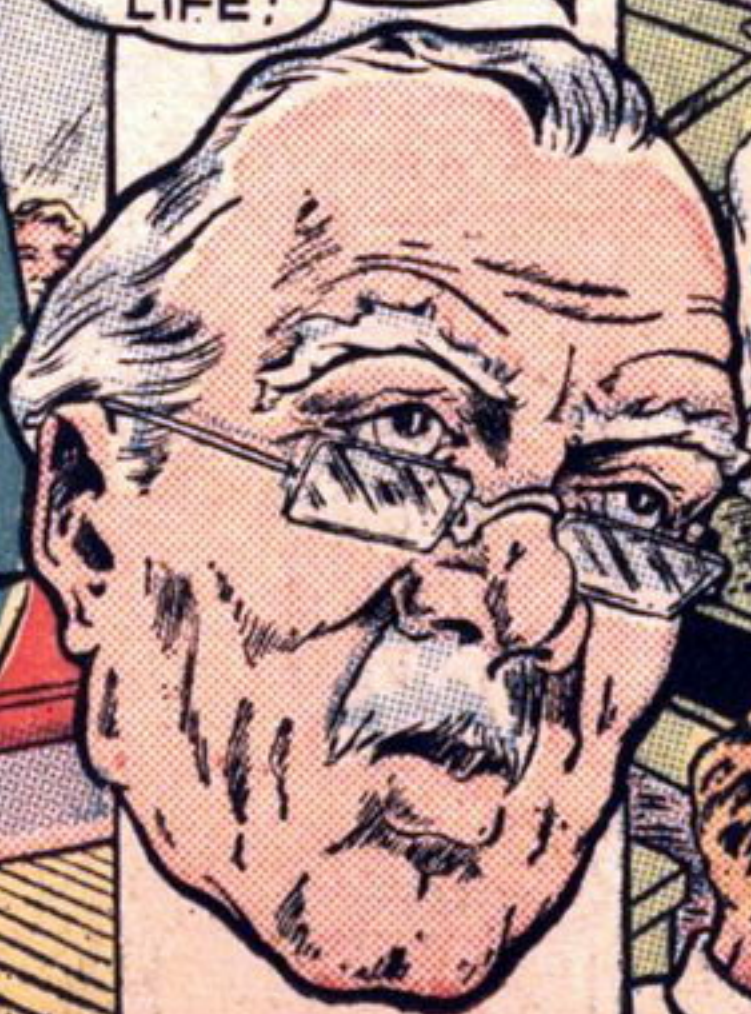
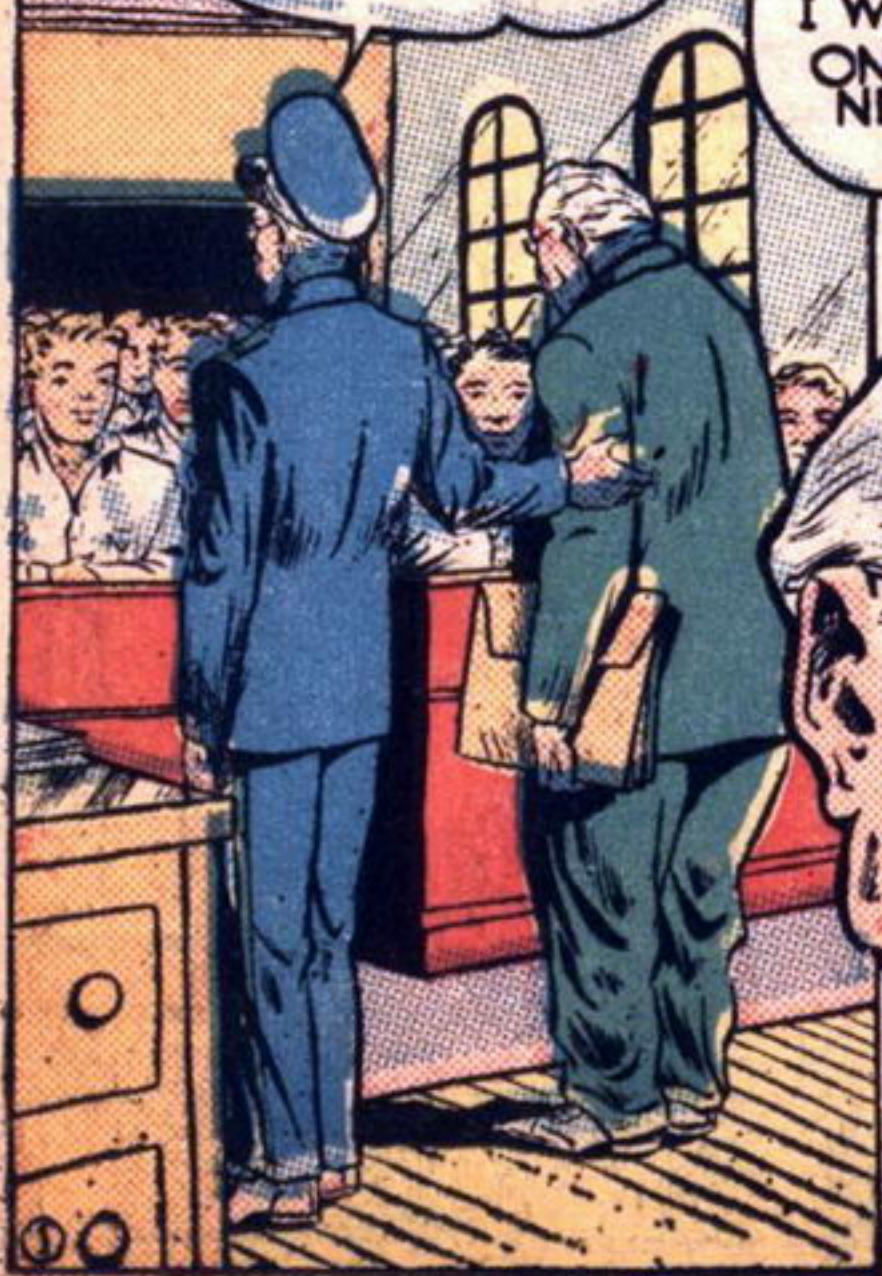
A WEEK PASSES.

THE NEW HISTORY TEACHER IS A SWELL GUY!

YOU SAID IT, NO ONE LIKE HIM!

ANOTHER WEEK PASSES

IN SURVEYING THE PROLETARIAT STATES OF EUROPE, WE CANNOT BUT ADMIRE THIS SUDDEN CHANGE! THOUGH YOU MAY DOUBT ME AT FIRST, I WILL TRY TO SHOW YOU THAT IT IS FAR BETTER THAN THE DEMOCRATIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT YOU HAVE HERE!





THE SUPREME RULE OF ONE RIGHT MAN IS FAR BETTER THAN THE TURMOIL OF HUNDREDS THROWN TOGETHER TRYING TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....

Y'KNOW, MAYBE NAZI GERMANY ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL!

NOT FOR ME!

HOW ABOUT WHAT MR. ABRAMS SAID.. HE'S LIVED THERE!



MODERN HISTORY!! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THAT GUY IS NOTHING MORE THAN A PROPOGANDIST! SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE ABOUT HIM!



HELLO, RUSTY, WHY THE SOUR PUSS?

IT'S THAT HISTORY TEACHER, CAPPY!



ALL HE GIVES US IS A LOT OF HOOEY ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT THE KIDS A LOT YOUNGER THAN ME, DO! IT'S GOT TO STOP!

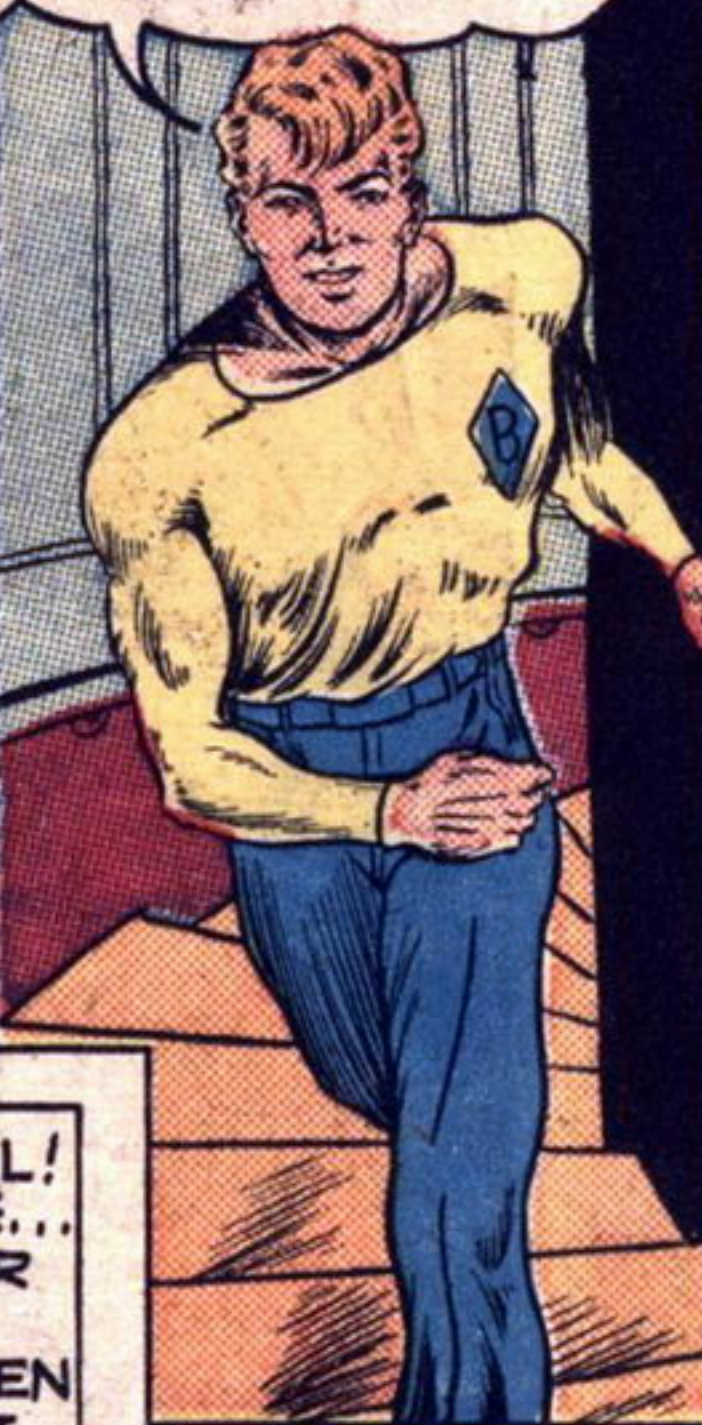


NOW, RUSTY.. YOU SHOULD BE BROADMINDED ENOUGH TO TAKE IT ALL AS HISTORY AND NOTHING ELSE! RUN ALONG AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

OH, OKAY!



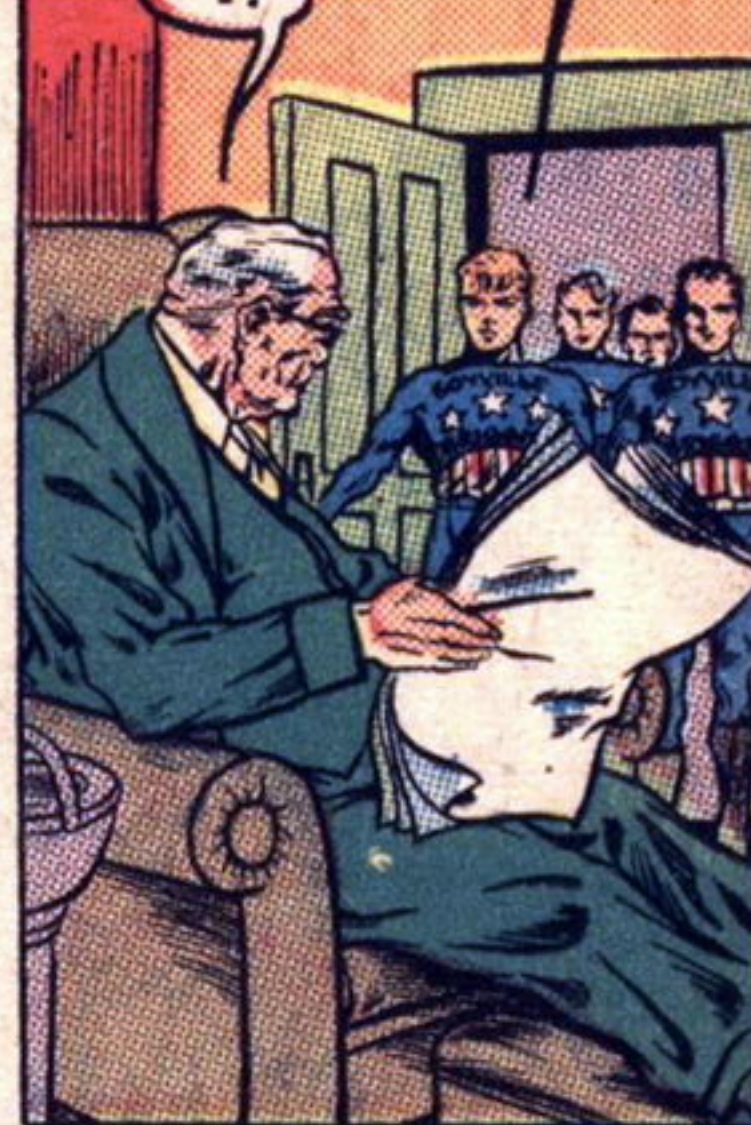
IF CAPPY WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, I WILL... AND THE BRIGADIERS!



THAT NIGHT

WE'RE THE BRIGADIERS, MR. ABRAMS!

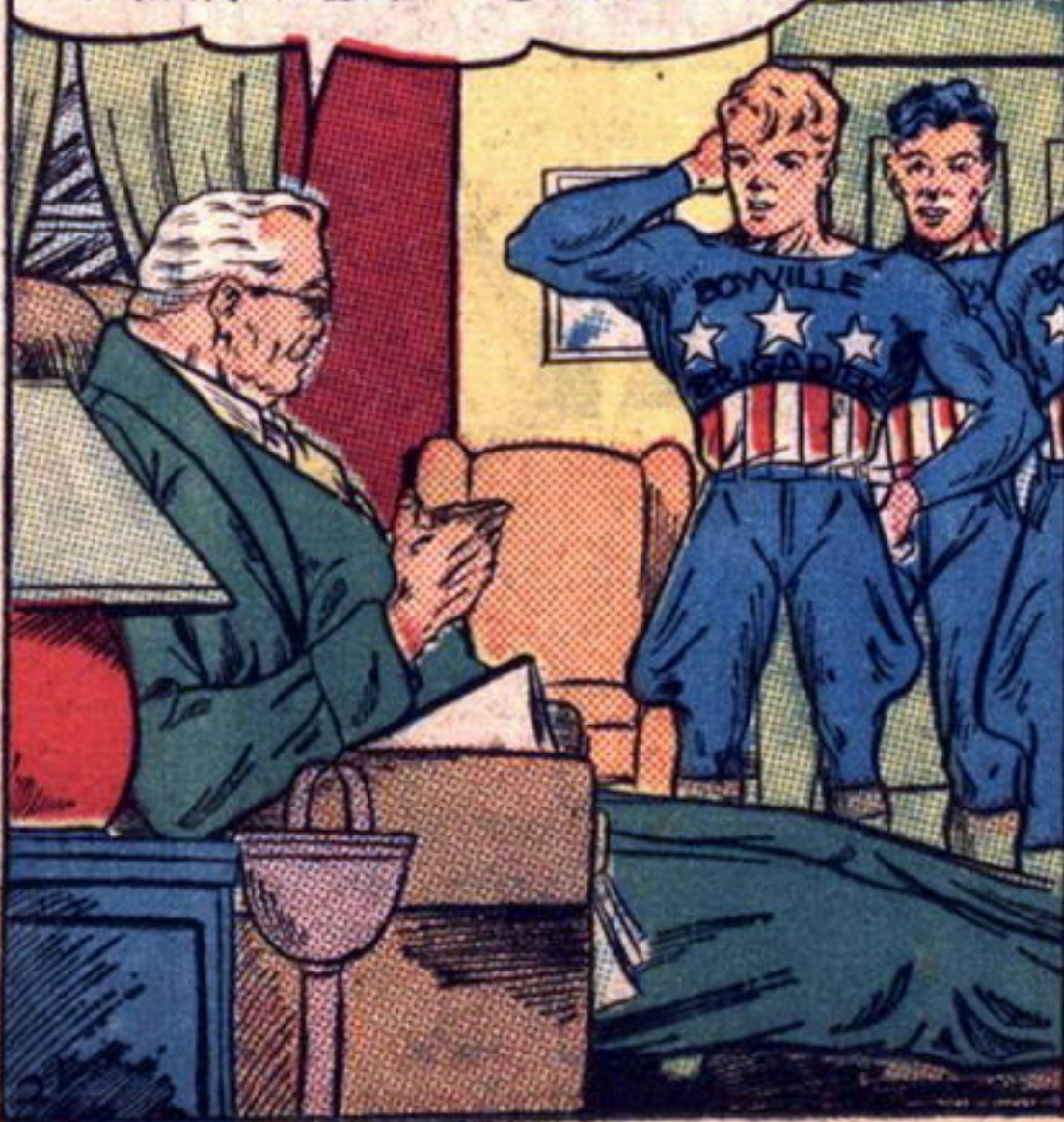
HELLO, RUSTY! WELL.. WHAT'S THIS??



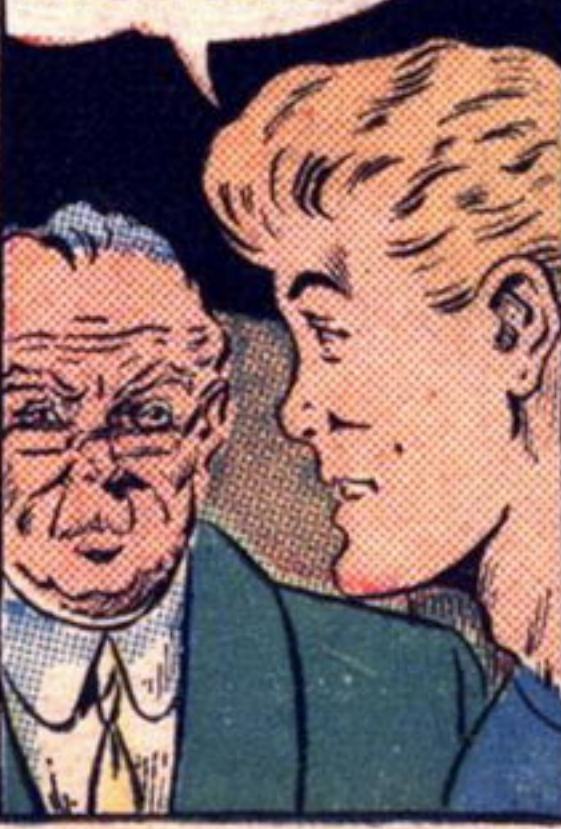
WE WANT YOU TO STOP TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! IT ISN'T TRUE, AND YOU KNOW IT!



YES... I KNOW IT ONLY TOO WELL! BUT YOU MUST LET ME CONTINUE... NOT FOR MY OWN SAKE... BUT FOR SOMEONE VERY DEAR TO ME! TRUST ME, AND I WILL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT... AND EXPLAIN A LOT OF THINGS YOU WOULDN'T THINK WERE POSSIBLE!



IF YOU'RE DOING IT FOR A REASON, MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU! THAT'S THE WAY WE DO THINGS... HELP ONE ANOTHER!



BEFORE ABRAMS CAN ANSWER, A RAP ON THE DOOR BRINGS HIM TO HIS FEET.. AND THEN TWO MEN ENTER THE ROOM..

GOOD EVENING, MR. ABRAMS!

UH, ER.. I THINK YOU BOYS HAD BETTER LEAVE!

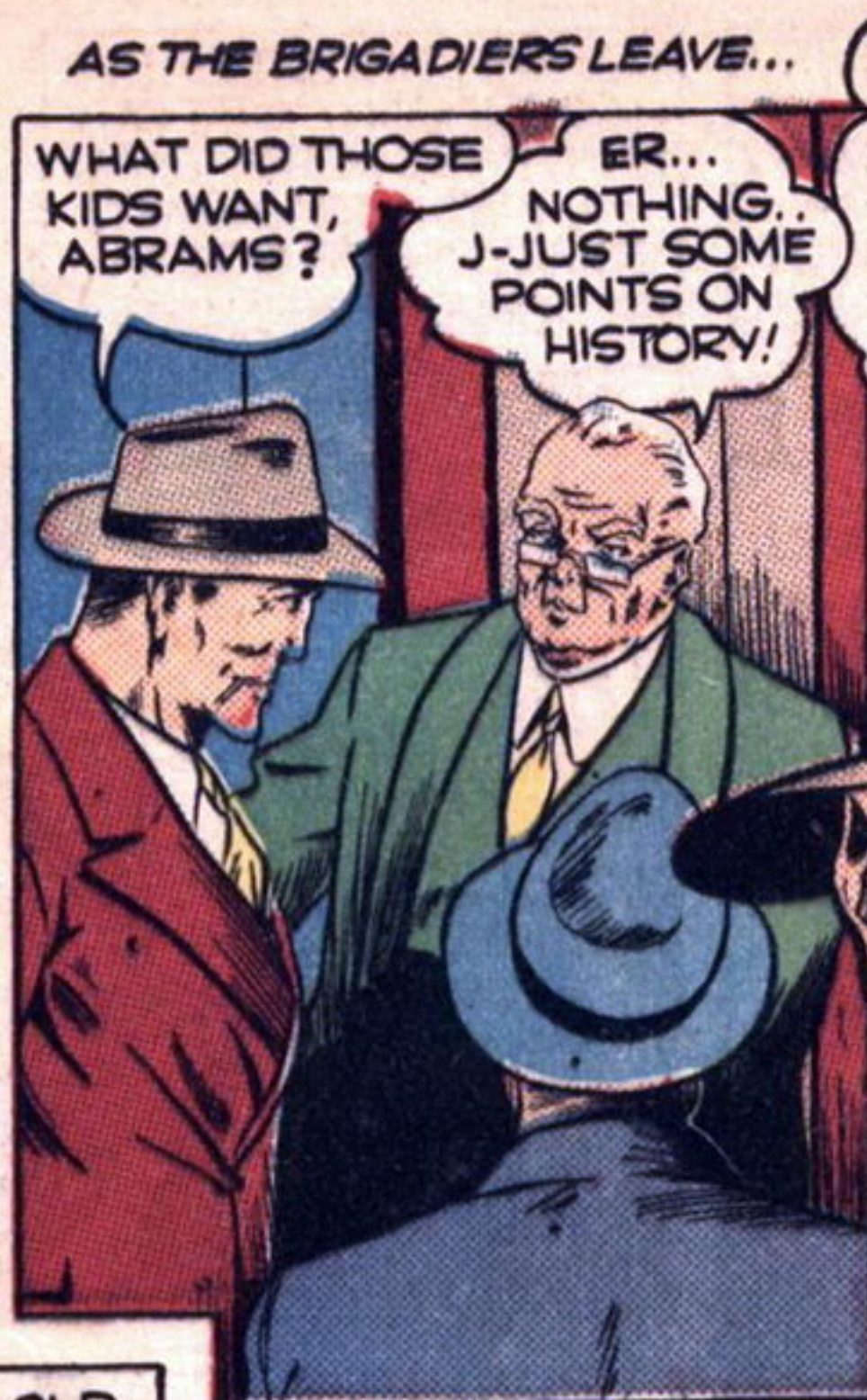






ALL RIGHT, MR. ABRAMS.. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER

HE'S IN TROUBLE OF SOME KIND WITH THESE MEN!



WHAT DID THOSE KIDS WANT, ABRAMS?

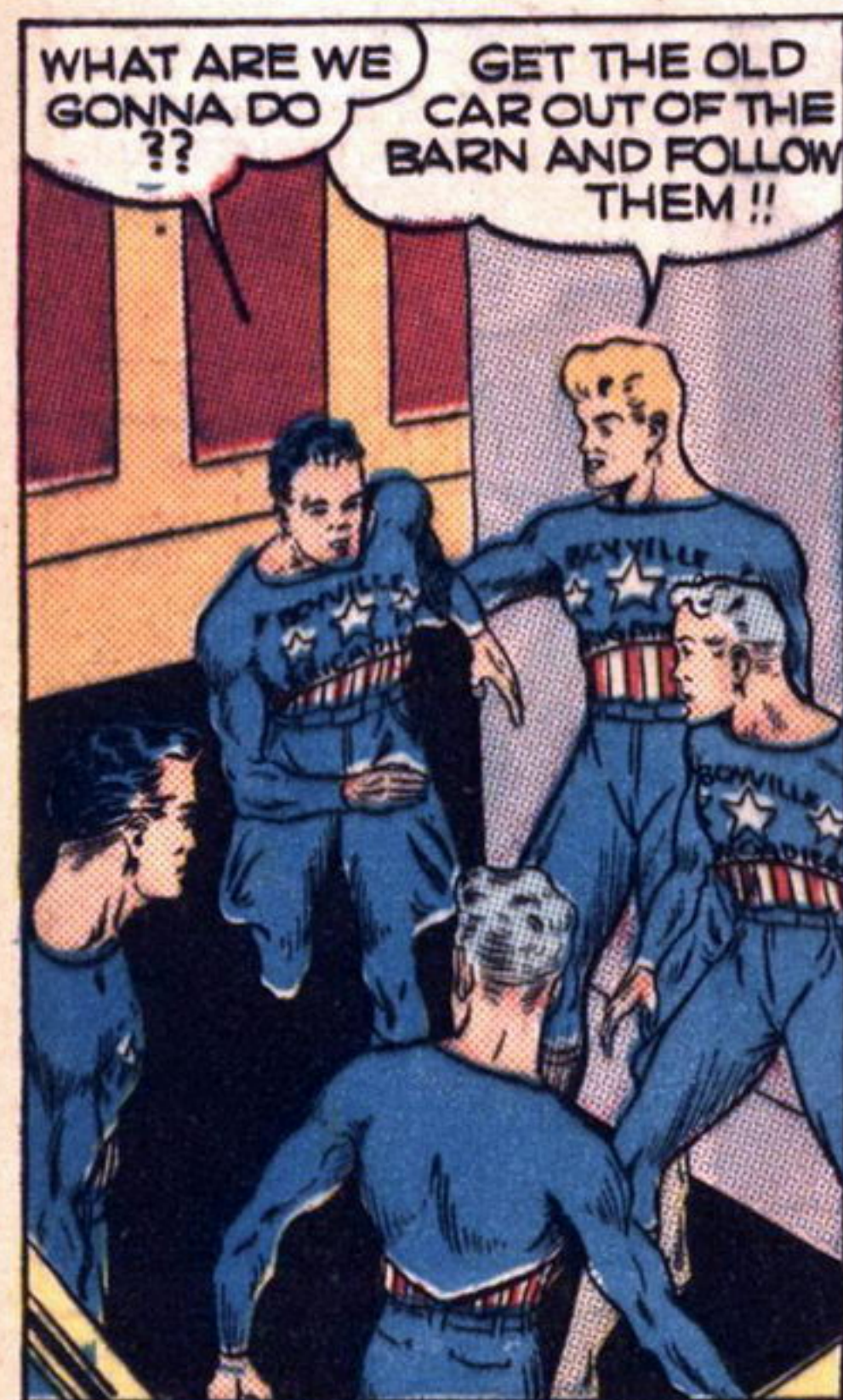
ER... NOTHING.. J-JUST SOME POINTS ON HISTORY!

OKAY! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU.. YOU'RE DOING ALL RIGHT! KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL SEE YOUR WIFE AND KIDS AGAIN!!



OUTSIDE ABRAMS' DOOR...

HOLY SMOKES! I WONDER WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO WITH MR. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN?? HEY.. SCAT.. THEY'RE GONNA LEAVE!



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ??

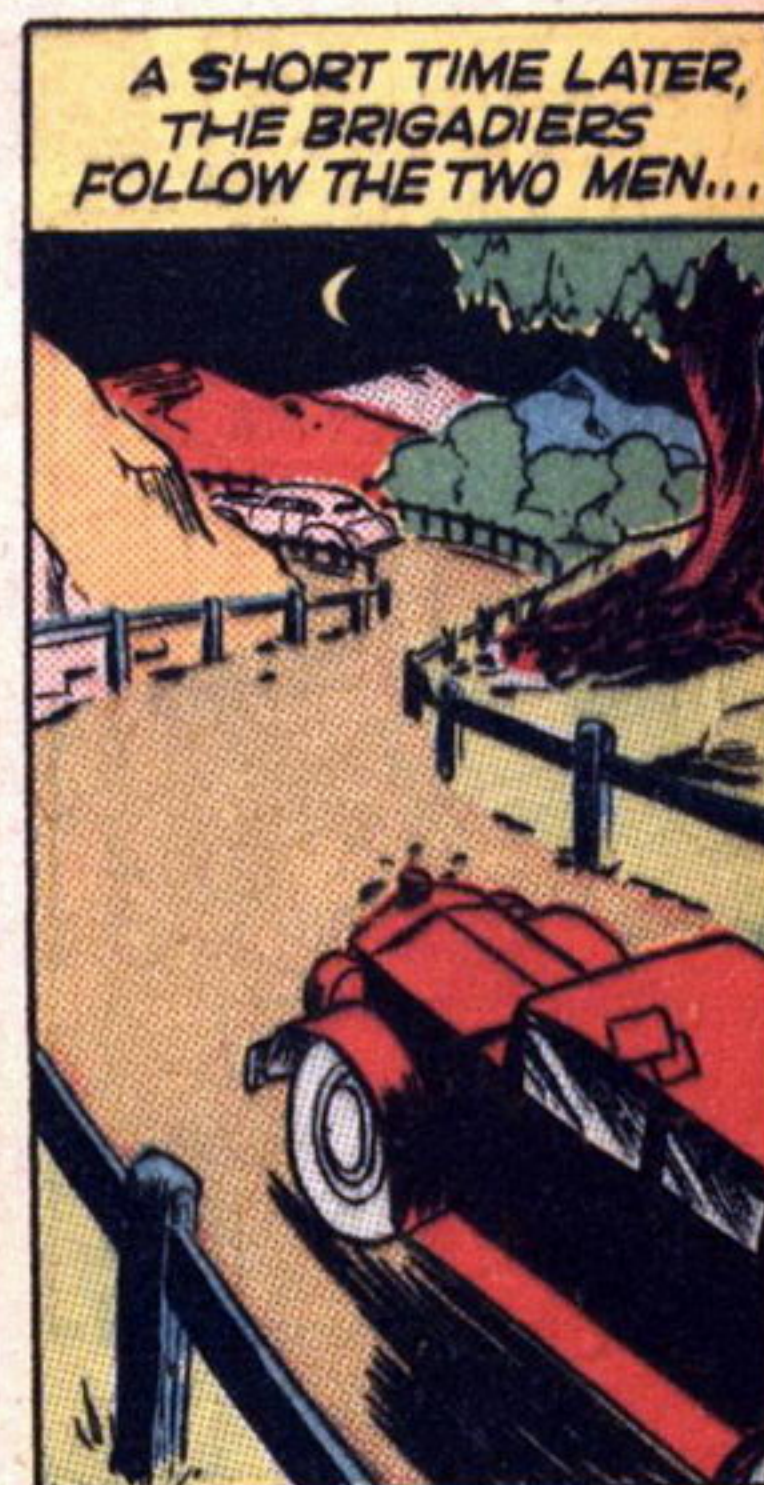
GET THE OLD CAR OUT OF THE BARN AND FOLLOW THEM !!



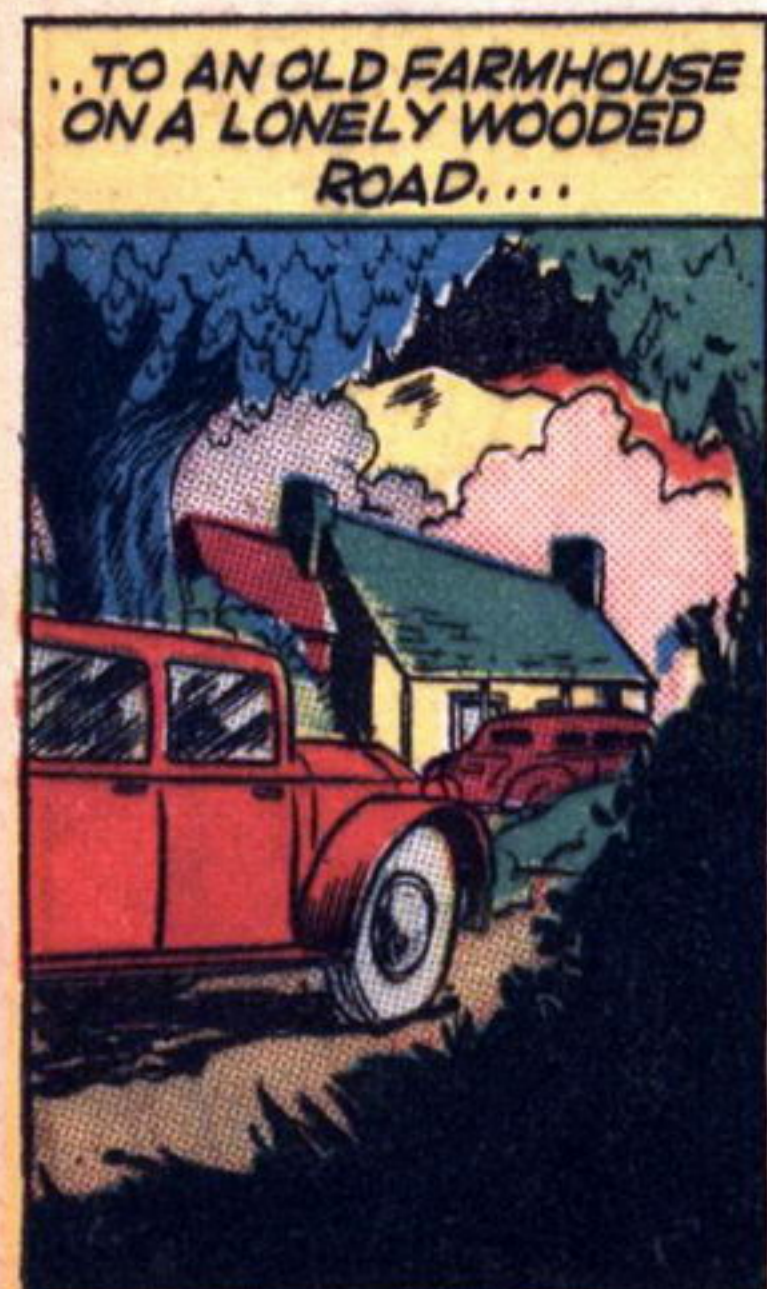
WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WHEN YOUR WIFE WILL BE FREE, ABRAMS!



HURRY UP, OR WE MAY LOSE THEM!



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE BRIGADIERS FOLLOW THE TWO MEN...



..TO AN OLD FARMHOUSE ON A LONELY WOODED ROAD...



C'MON!

THEY'RE GOING INSIDE!



AS THE BRIGADIER S REACH THE OLD HOUSE..

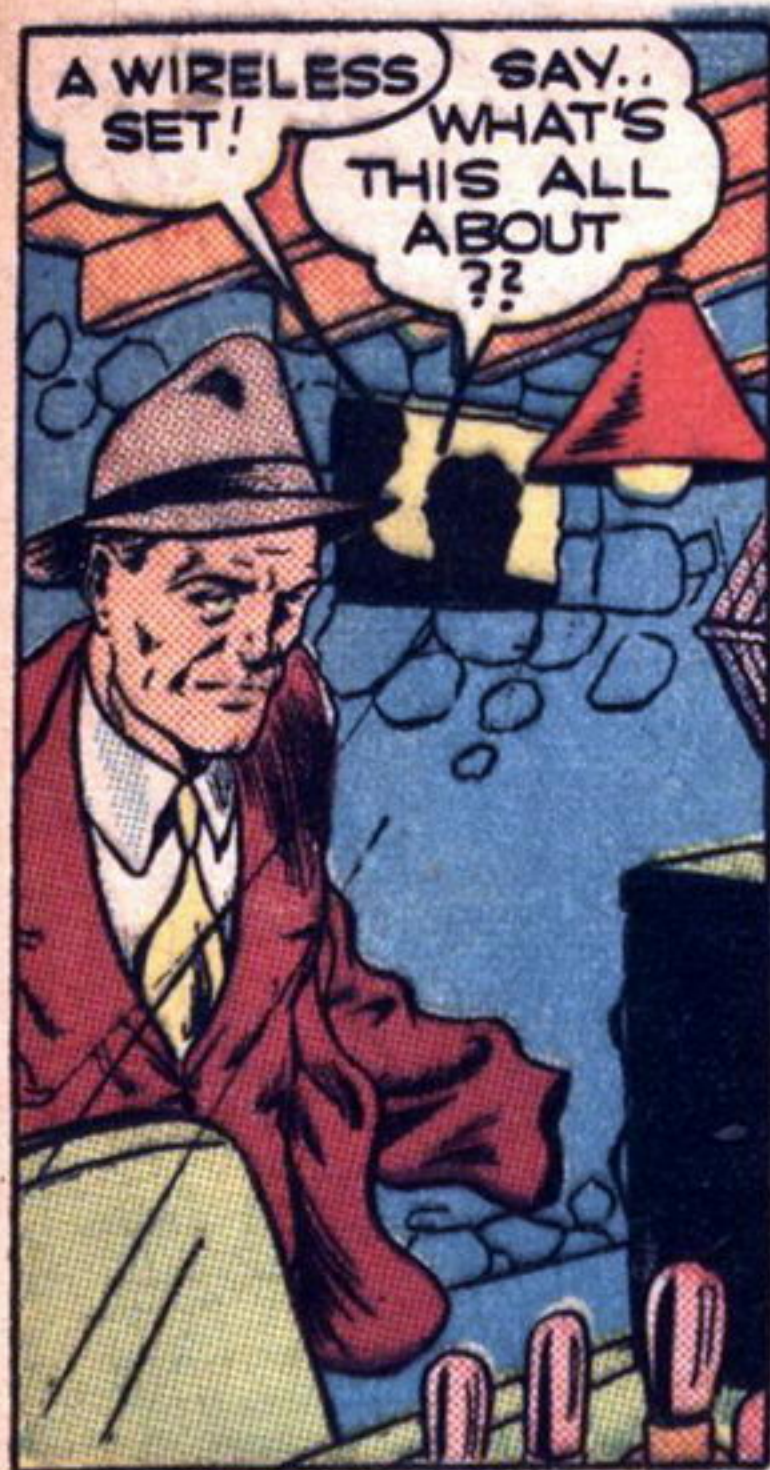
PSST.. THEY'RE NOT HERE!

HUH??

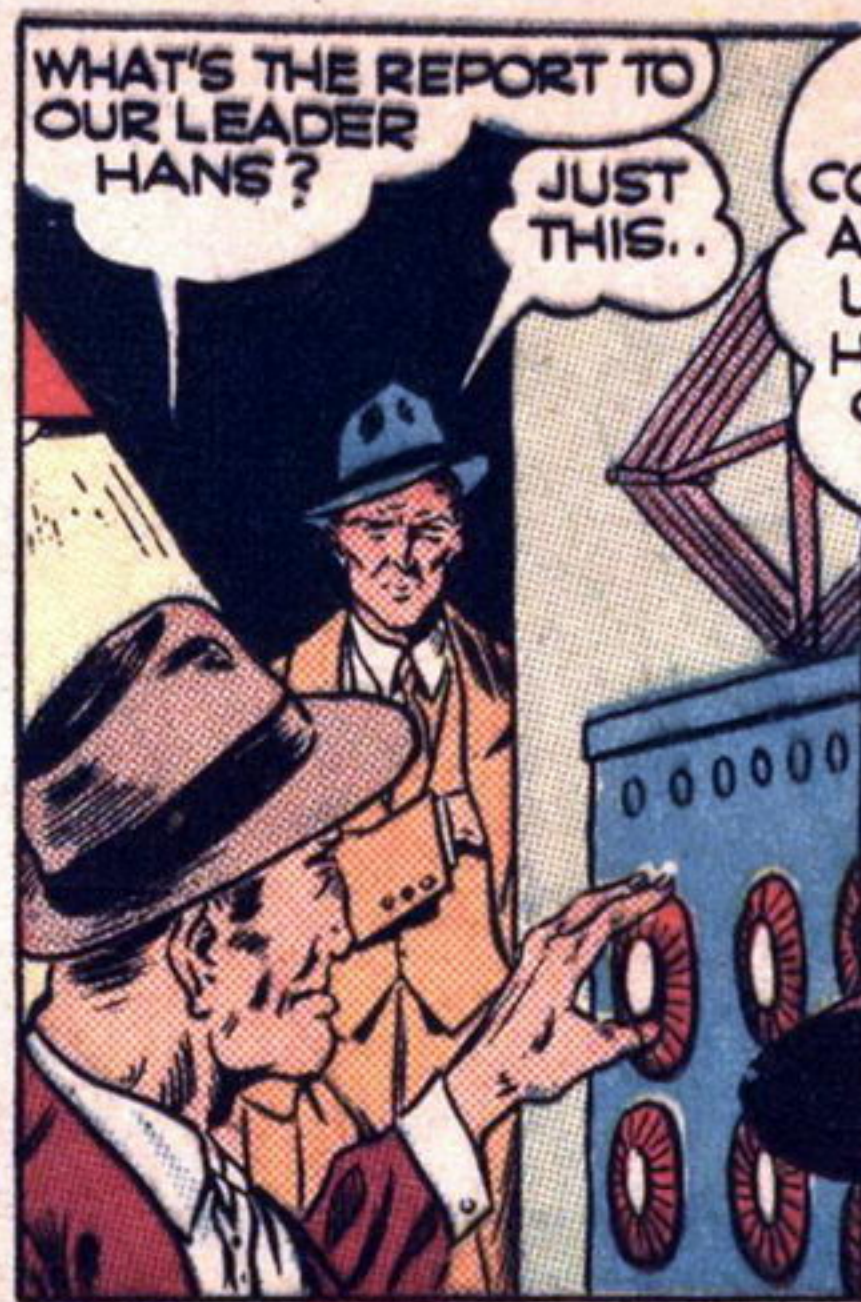


HEY.. A LIGHT JUST WENT ON IN THE CELLAR!!





A WIRELESS SET! SAY.. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT??



WHAT'S THE REPORT TO OUR LEADER HANS?

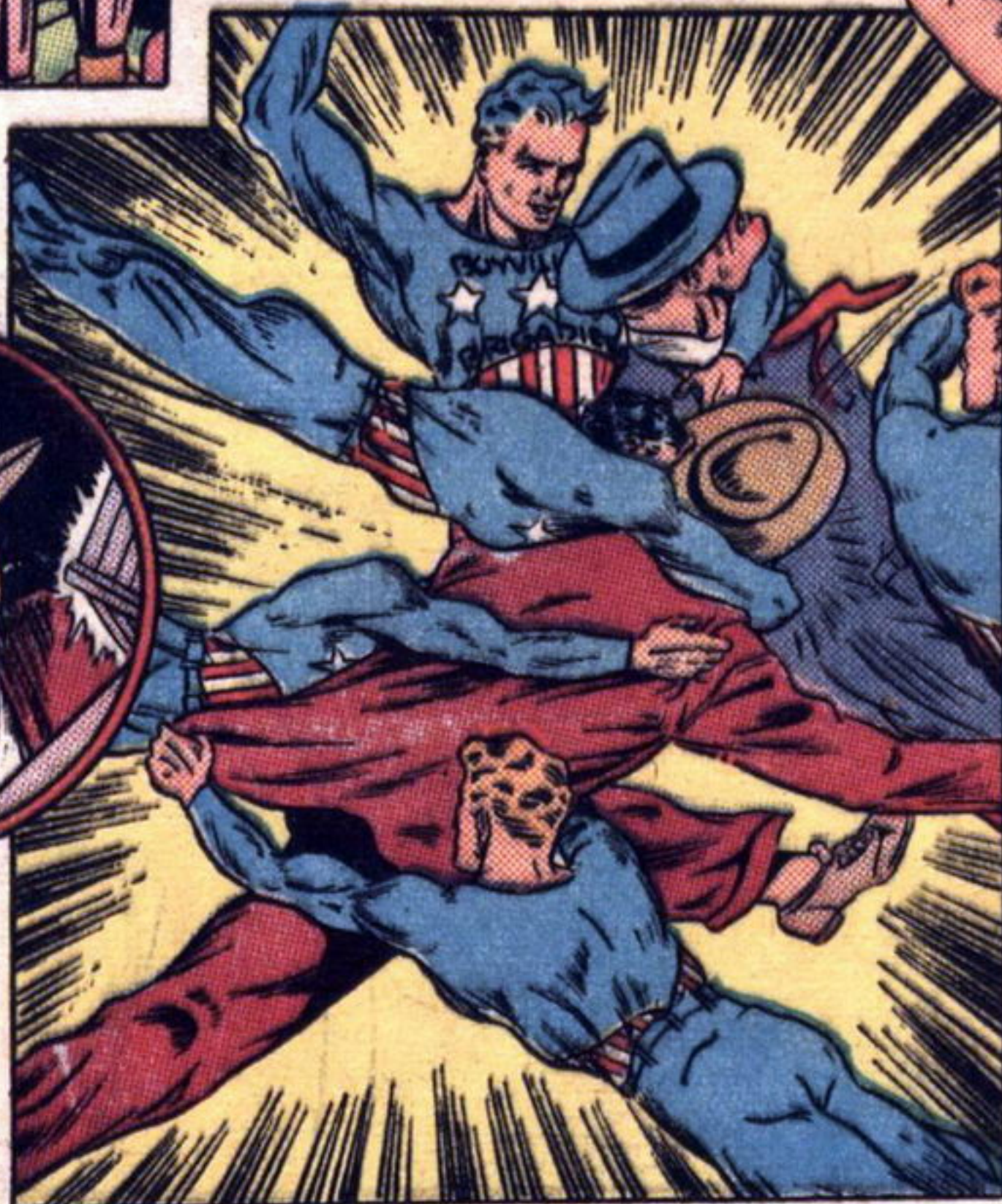
JUST THIS..

KEEP ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN IN CONCENTRATION CAMP ANOTHER TWO WEEKS, UNTIL WE ARE SURE HE WILL CONTINUE OUR ORDERS! HERE'S THE CODE BOOK!

WHY, THE NO-GOOD RATS! THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT.. AS SOON AS THEY MAKE THE CONTACT!

BERLIN IS COMING IN NOW.. HEY, WHAT TH'!!



WITH THE USE OF THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY FIGURES OUT A MESSAGE AND SENDS IT OVER THE WIRELESS..

RELEASE ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN AT ONCE... MAKE CLIPPER AT LISBON... SPEED IMPERATIVE IN TRANSPORT.. ALL IS WELL!



HERE'S THEIR ANSWER, FELLAS! PLANE LEAVING FOR LISBON AT ONCE.. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN WILL BE ON CLIPPER LEAVING IN THREE HOURS.. REPORT ARRIVAL.... THAT IS ALL!!

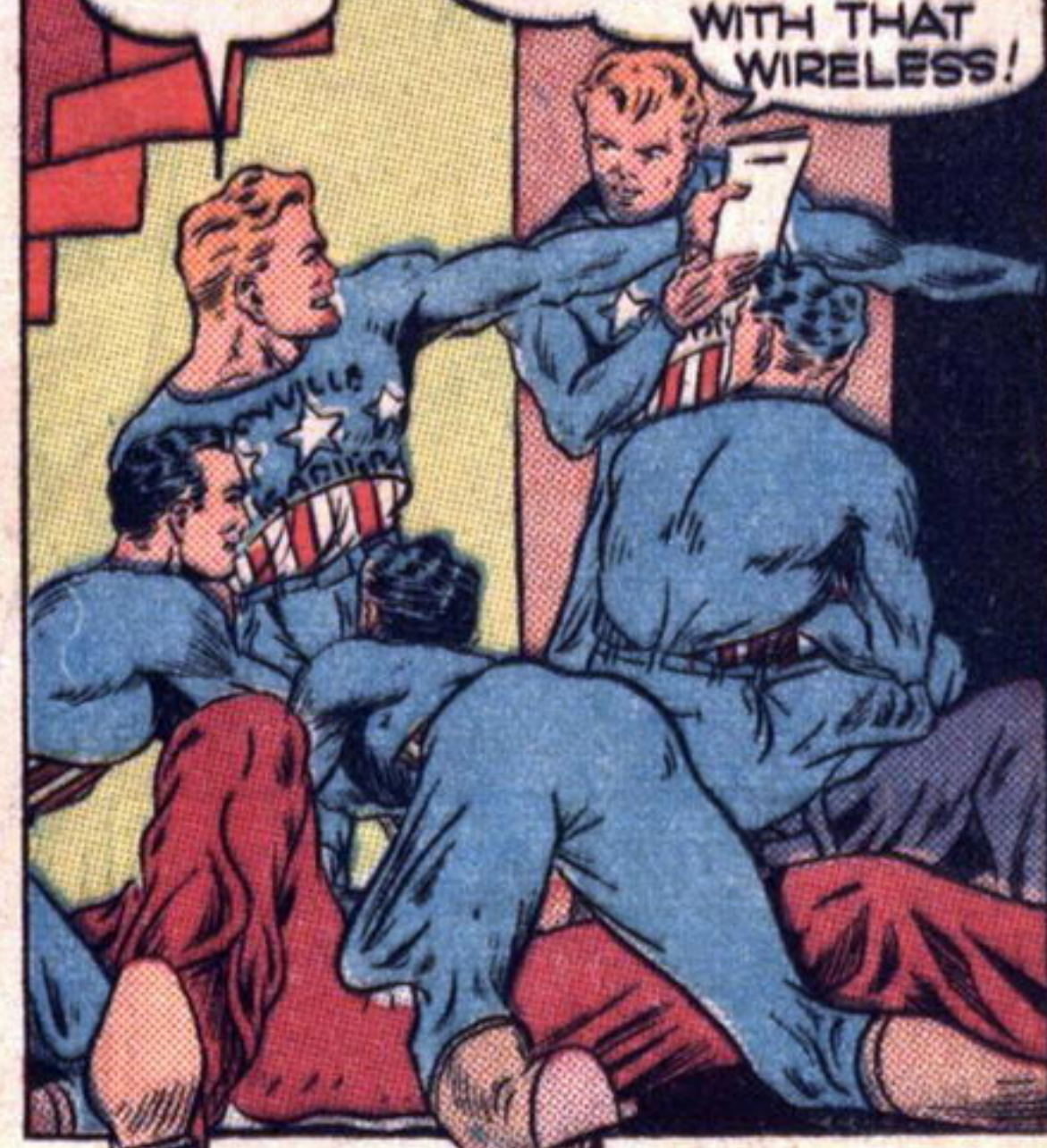


YOU CRAZY KIDS... DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS??



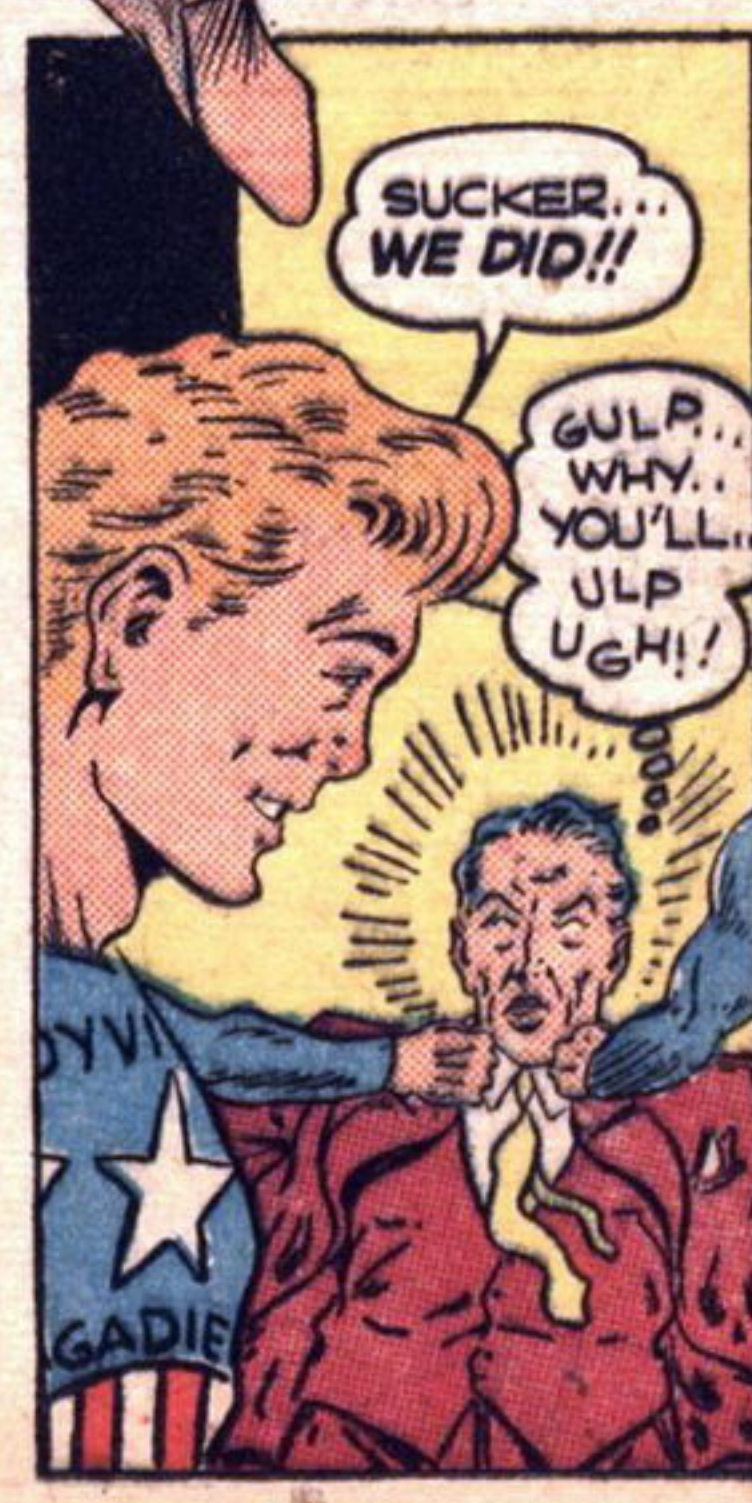
OKAY! KEEP THOSE RATS DOWN UNTIL I GET FINISHED WITH THAT WIRELESS!

HERE'S THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY!



SUCKER... WE DID!!

GULP... WHY.. YOU'LL.. ULP UGH!!

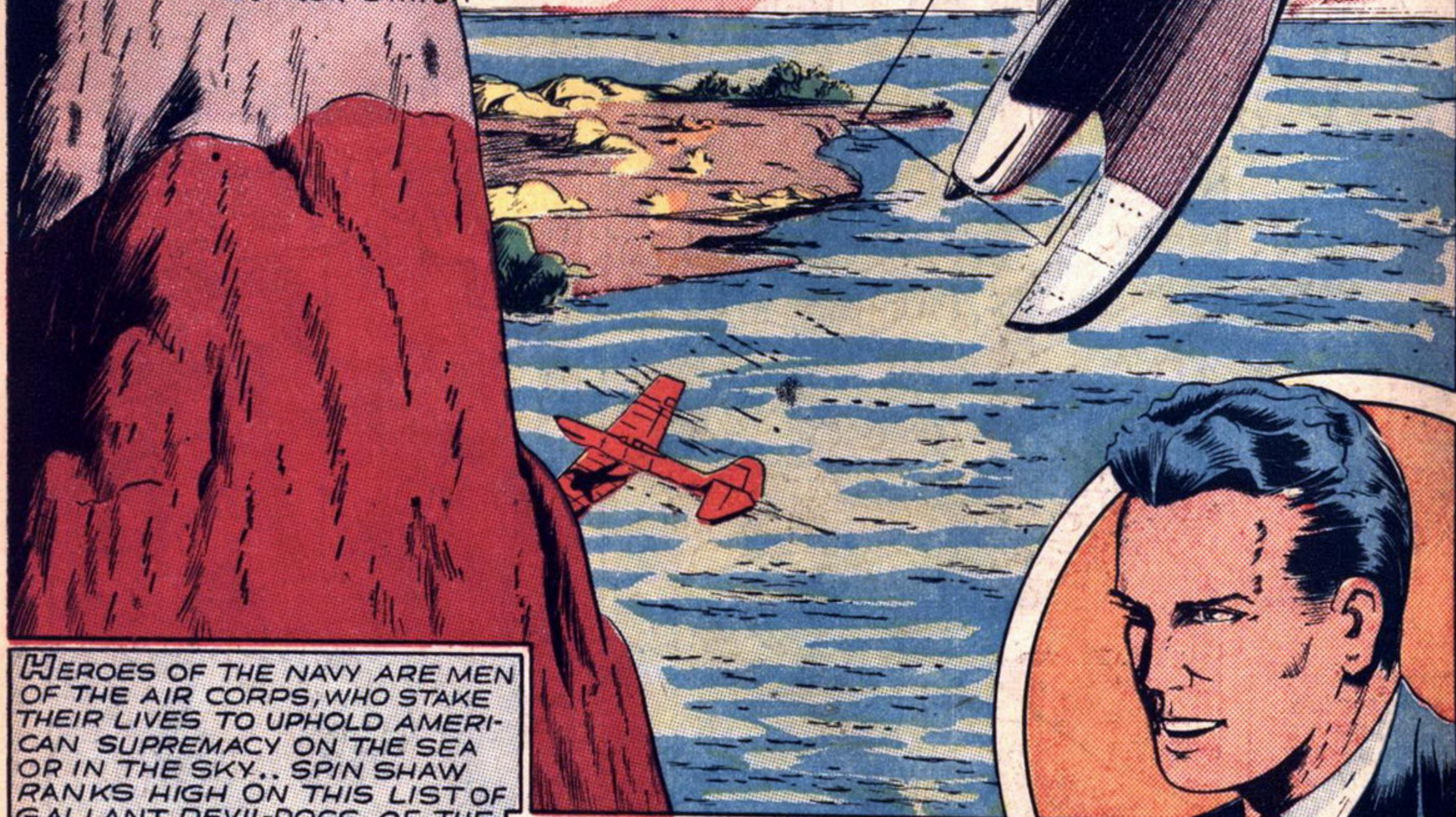




# Spin SHAW

*Of the Naval Air Corps*

By Rex Smith

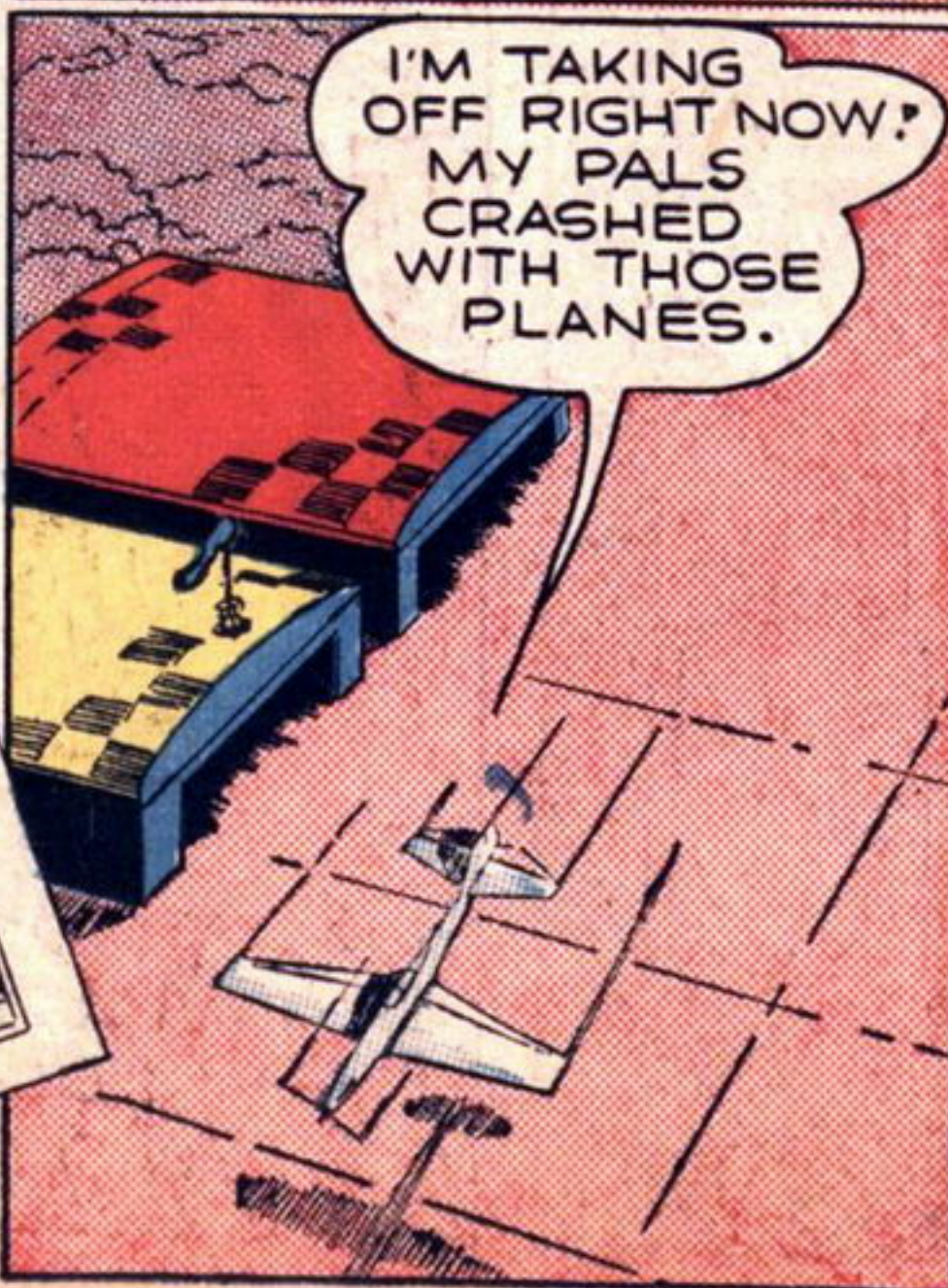


HEROES OF THE NAVY ARE MEN OF THE AIR CORPS, WHO STAKE THEIR LIVES TO UPHOLD AMERICAN SUPREMACY ON THE SEA OR IN THE SKY... SPIN SHAW RANKS HIGH ON THIS LIST OF GALLANT DEVIL-DOGS OF THE HEAVENS. . . .

BEFORE THE EYES OF A STARTLED NATION FLASH TRAGIC HEADLINES.



SPIN SHAW RECEIVES THE NEWS AT HIS AIR BASE.





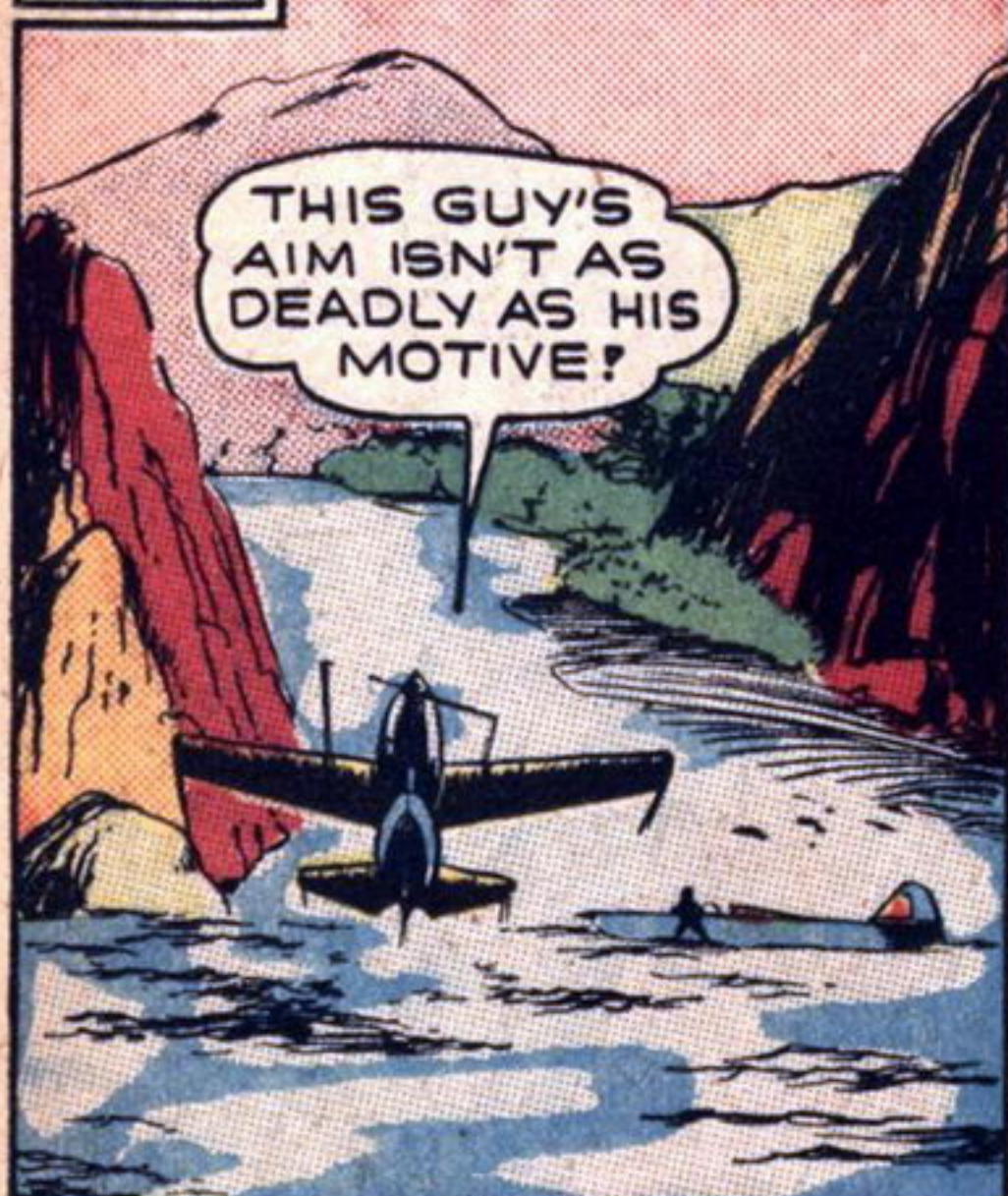
A FEW HOURS ELAPSE AND SPIN SIGHTS A CRASHED PLANE.



SUDDENLY THE FIGURE ON THE WING SPRINGS INTO ACTION.



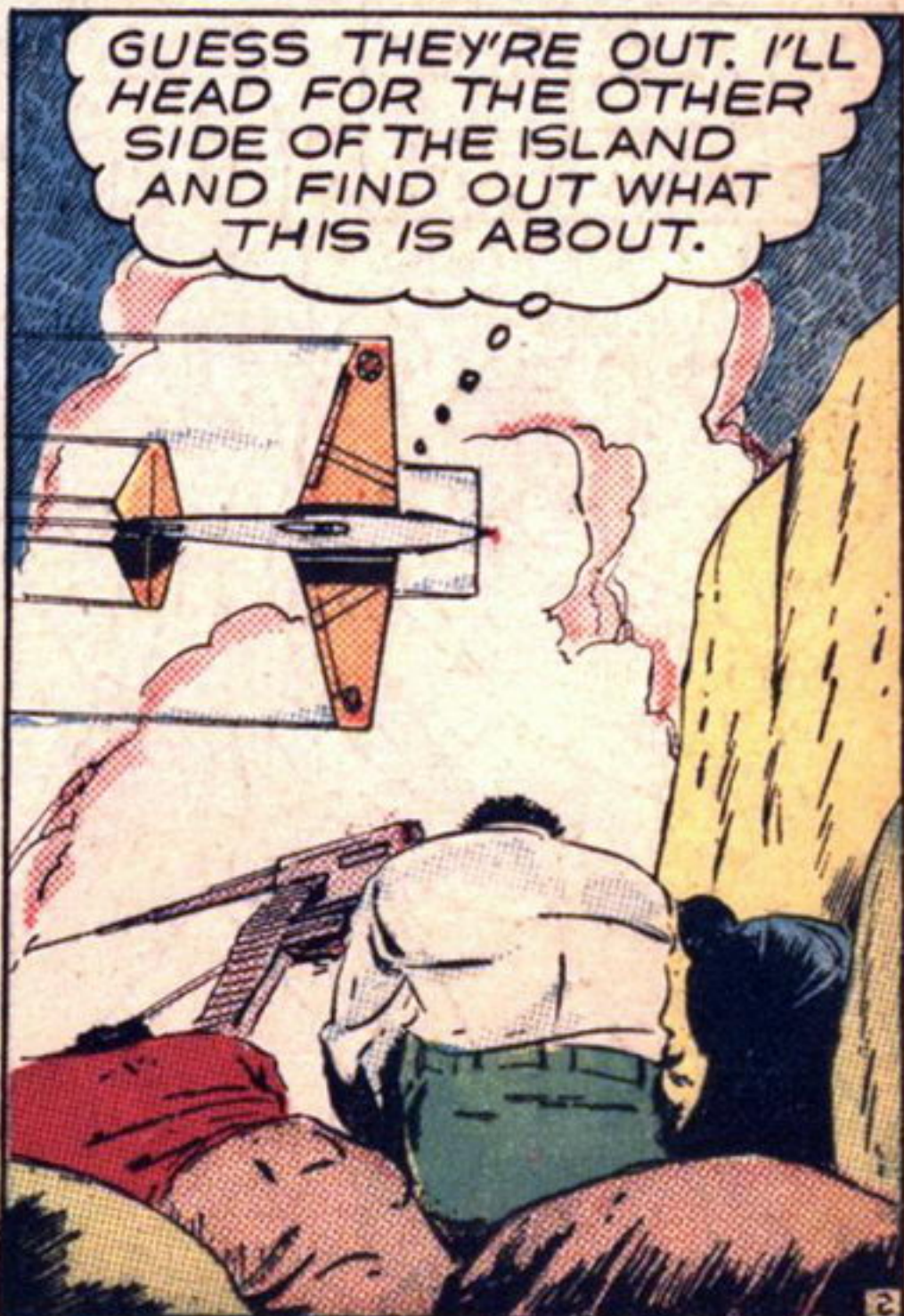
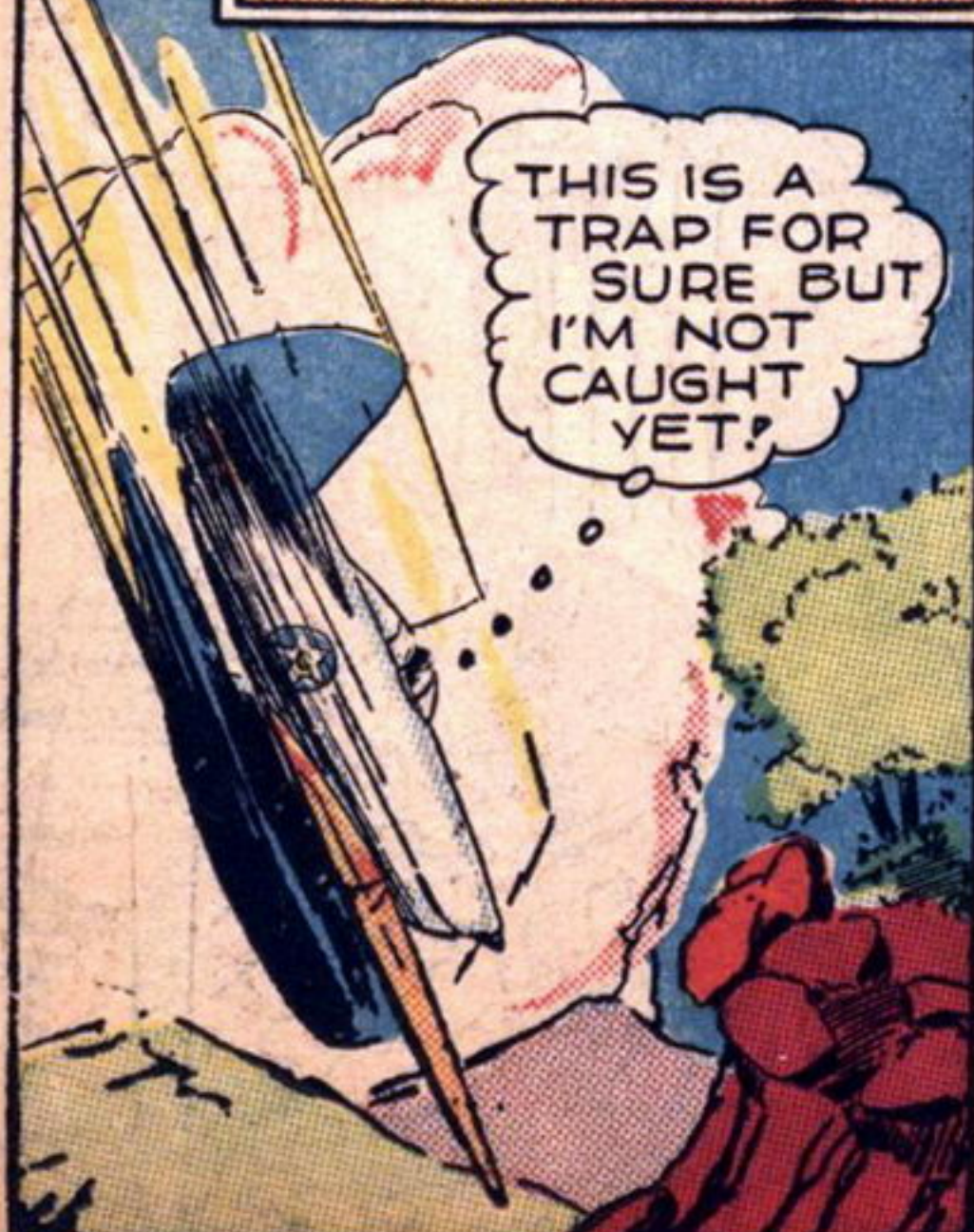
SPIN HASTILY GUNS HIS SHIP AND PULLS AWAY WITH A ROAR.



AS HE SOARS BY A CLIFF, A MACHINE GUN SPUTTERS FROM THE JAGGED TOP.



HE LOOPS BACK AND DIVES TOWARD THE MACHINE GUN NEST.





SPIN LANDS HIS SHIP AND PULLS IT ASHORE.

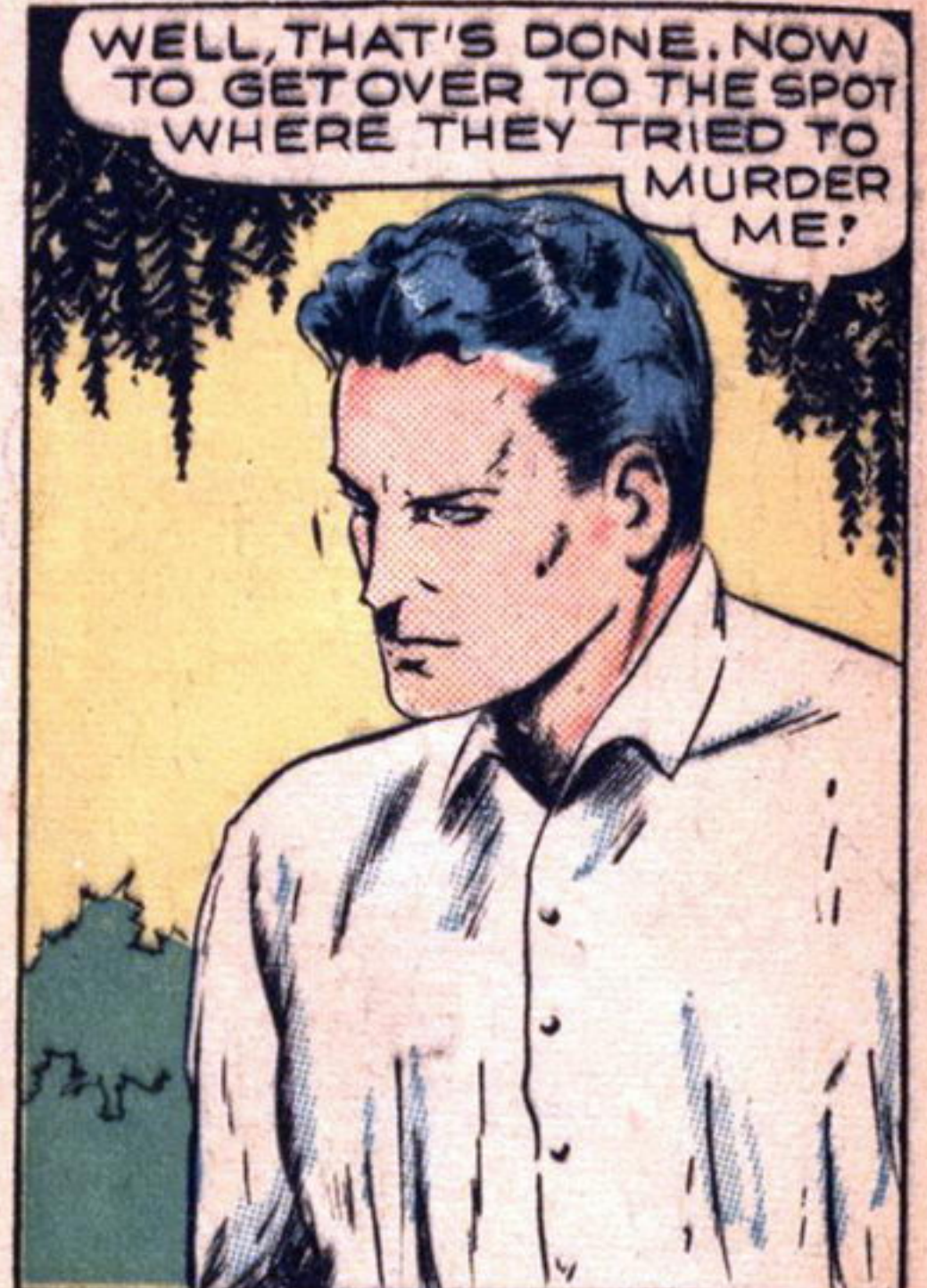


WHEW!  
THIS IS  
NO TOY!

I'LL TAKE THESE PALM  
LEAVES AND COVER HER  
UP. NO ONE WILL  
FIND THE PLANE  
TILL I GET  
BACK!



WELL, THAT'S DONE. NOW  
TO GET OVER TO THE SPOT  
WHERE THEY TRIED TO  
MURDER  
ME!



HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE ISLAND AFTER CRAWLING  
THROUGH THICK UNDER-  
BRUSH.



THAT LOOKS  
LIKE THE  
GANG'S  
HIDEOUT  
THERE!

A HUSKY NEGRO GUARD  
STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE  
TO THE HOUSE.



STICK  
'EM UP!

THE GUARD TURNS QUICKLY.

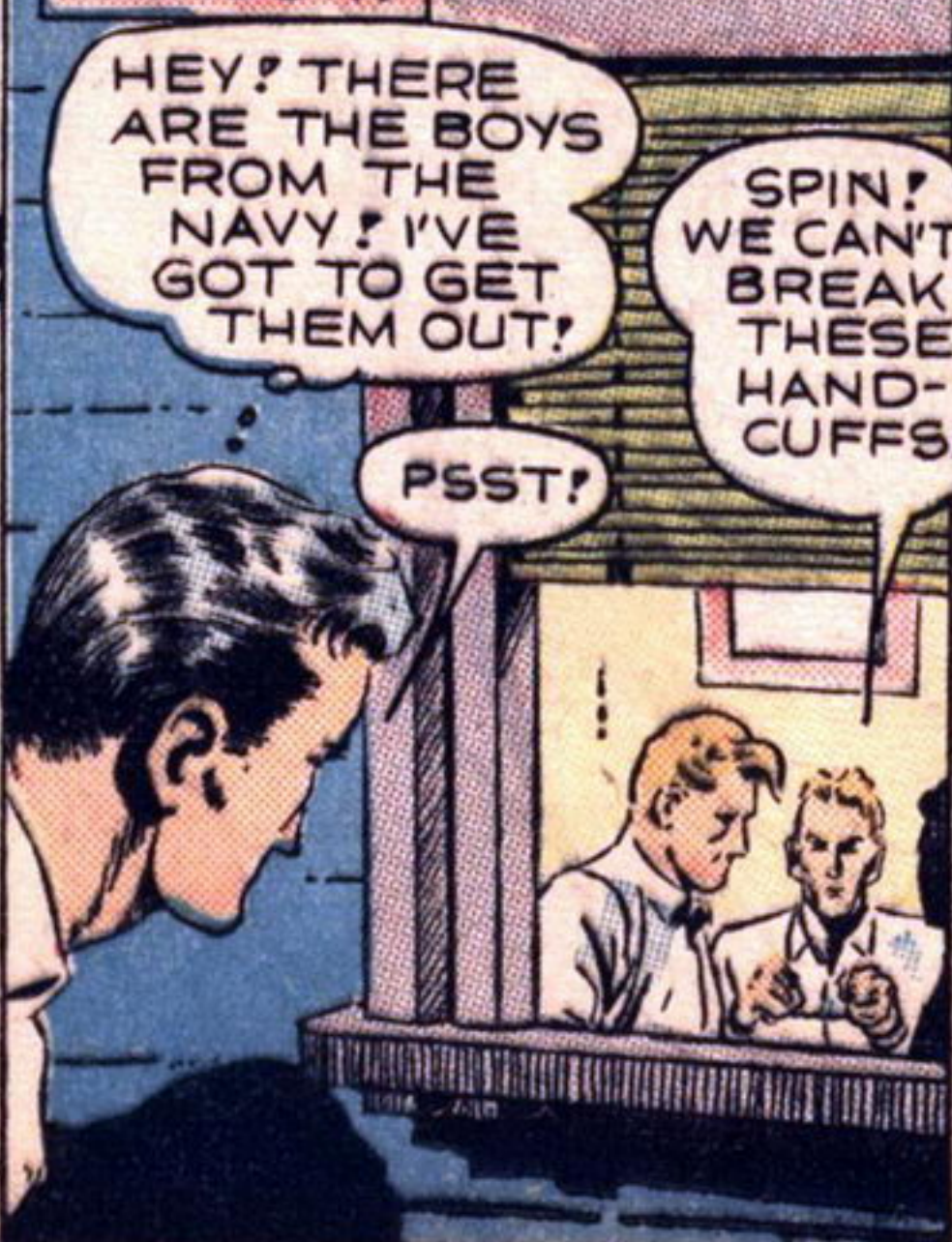


AH'LL  
FIX YOU,  
BO!

BUT BEFORE THE  
GUARD CAN ACT,  
SPIN TAKES THE  
OFFENSIVE . . .



HE SENDS THE BLACK  
SPINNING AND THEN  
LOOKS THROUGH A SIDE  
WINDOW.



HEY! THERE  
ARE THE BOYS  
FROM THE  
NAVY! I'VE  
GOT TO GET  
THEM OUT!

SPIN!  
WE CAN'T  
BREAK  
THESE  
HAND-  
CUFFS!

PSST!

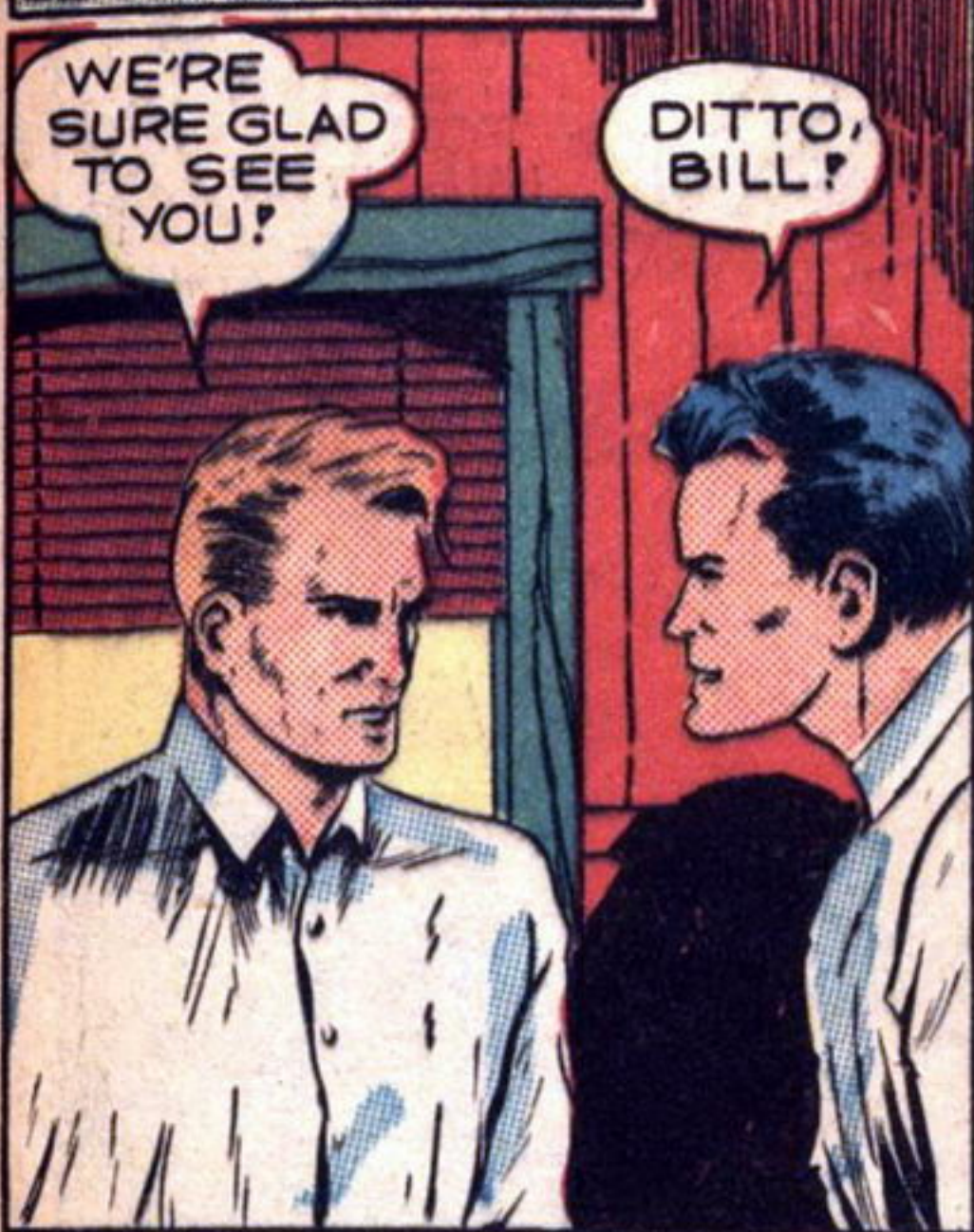
ENTERING THE HOUSE, HE  
FINDS THE GUARD ASLEEP.



HE'S GOT THE  
KEYS ON THAT  
CHAIN. GOOD!



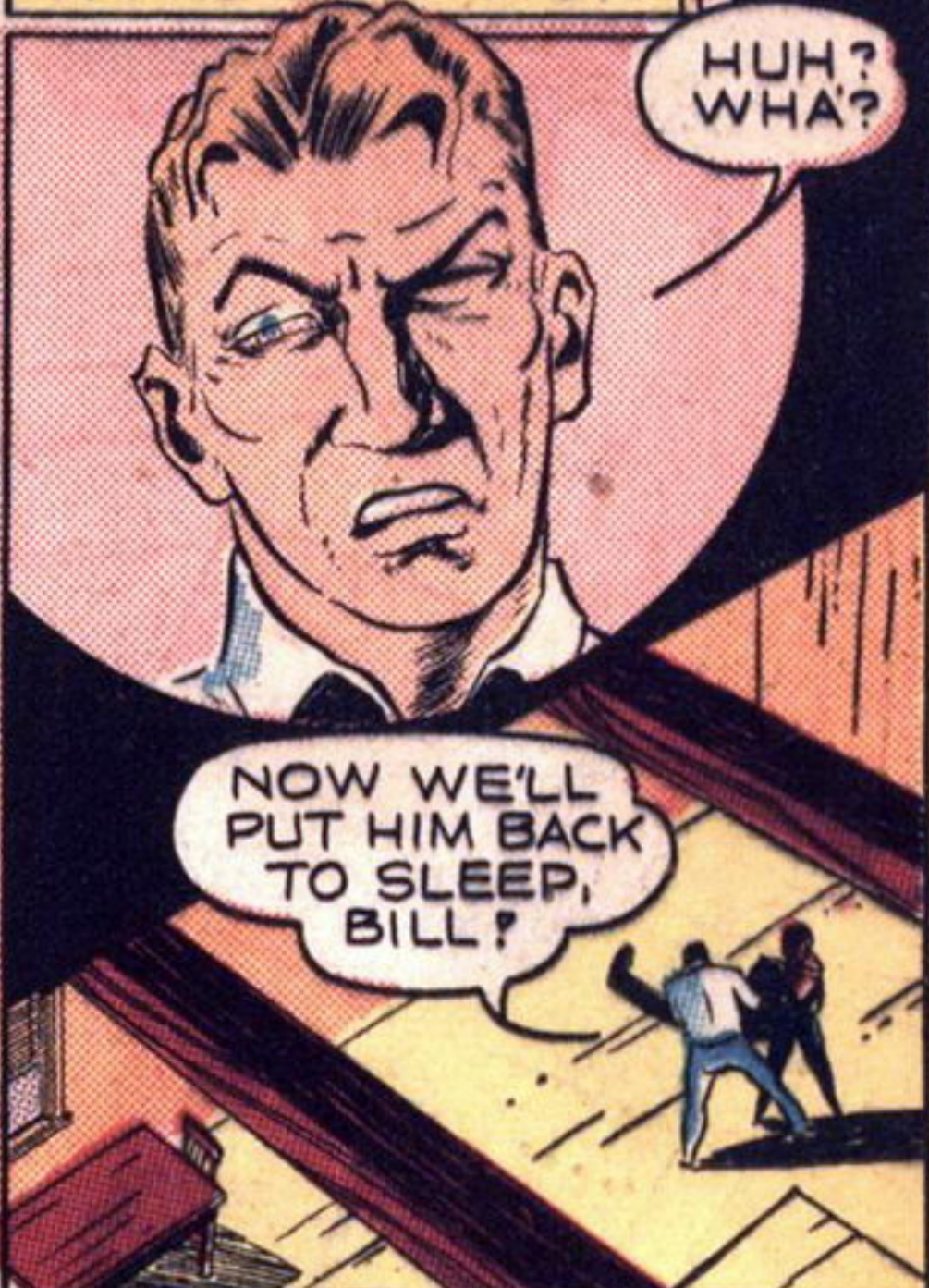
TAKING THE KEYS FROM THE SLEEPING GUARD, SPIN RE-LEASES HIS PALS.



ANOTHER OF SPIN'S FRIENDS STRIDES ANGRILY TO THE GUARD.



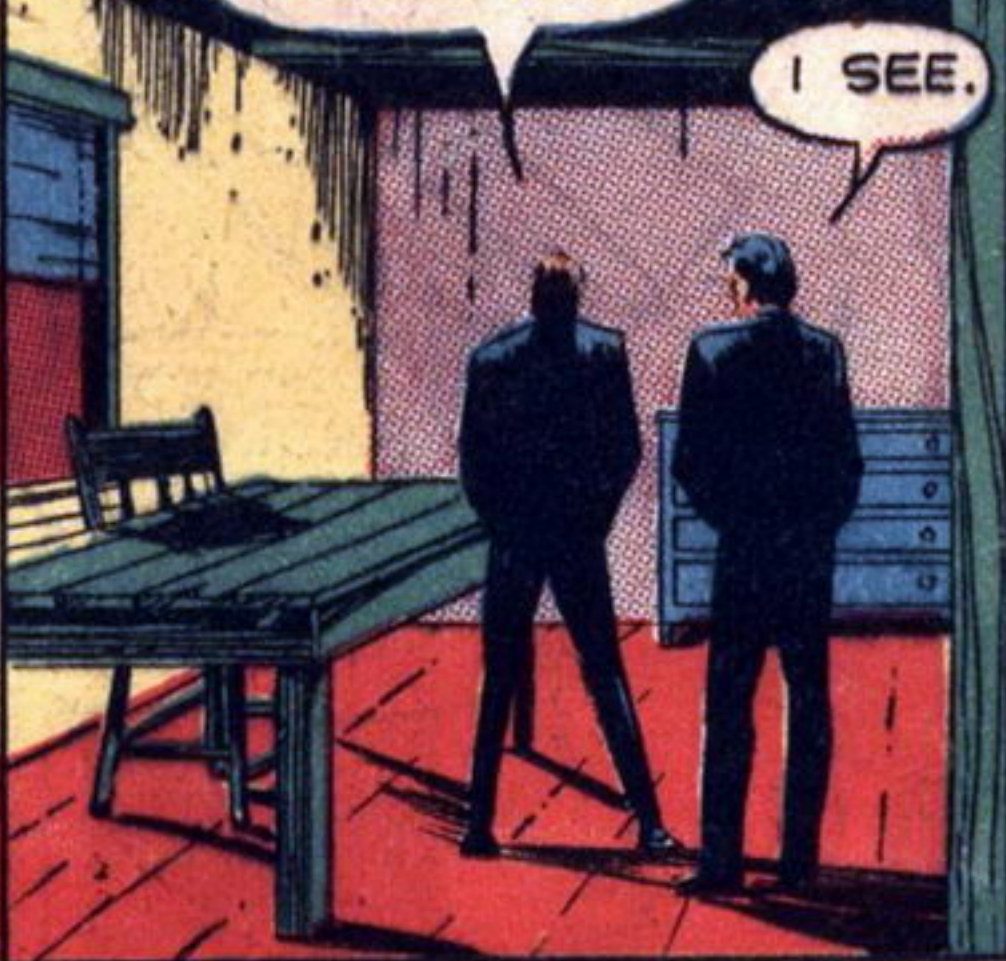
A HARD SLAP AND...



BILL EXPLAINS TO SPIN HOW THEY WERE CAPTURED.



WHEN WE LANDED TO PICK HIM UP, WE WERE SURROUNDED BY THOSE NATIVES.. THEIR BOSS IS A SPY, WHO WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT OUR DEFENSES?



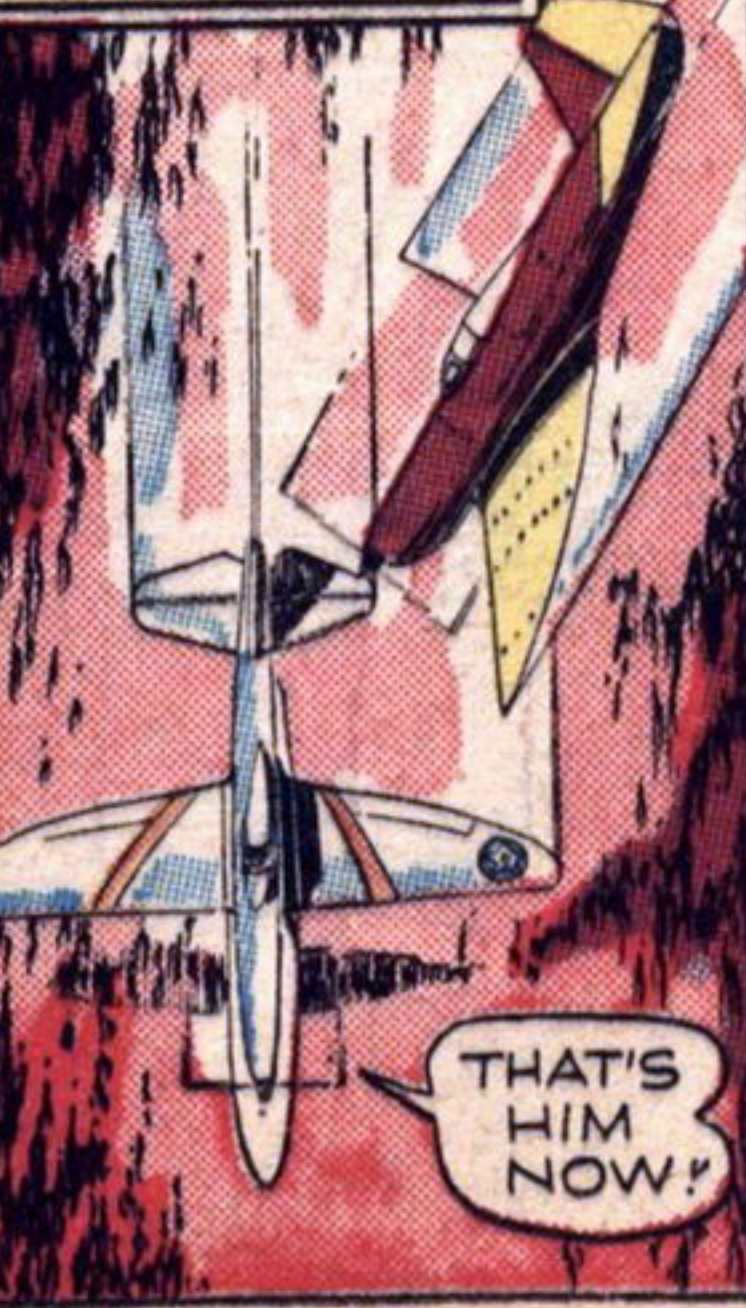
IF THAT SPY LEADER IS SUPPOSED TO LAND TODAY, I THINK I'LL GO UP AND MEET HIM.



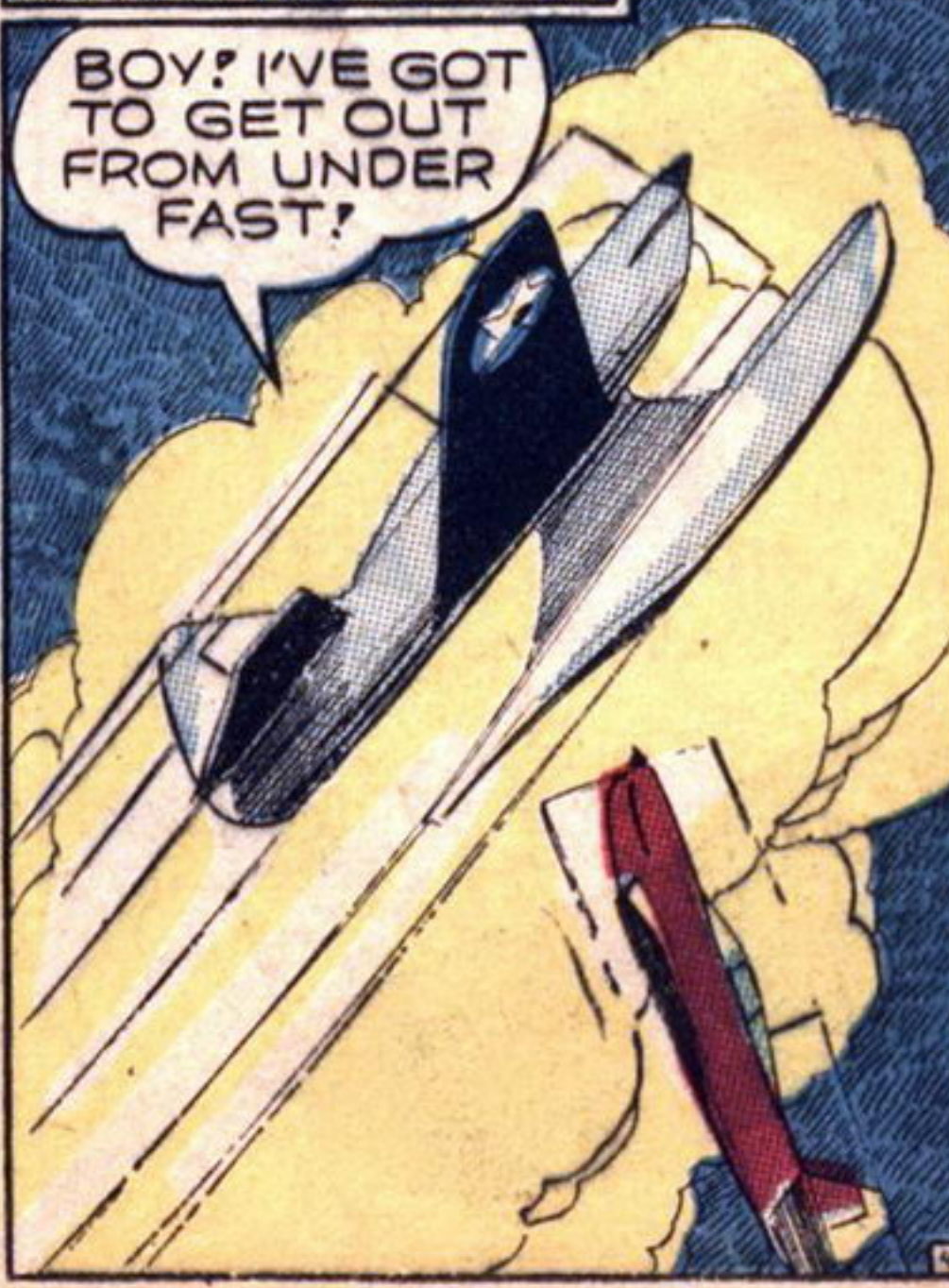
HE SKIMS OVER THE WATER IN A GRACEFUL TAKEOFF.



JUST THEN THE FOREIGN AGENT ZOOMS OUT OF THE CLOUDS.

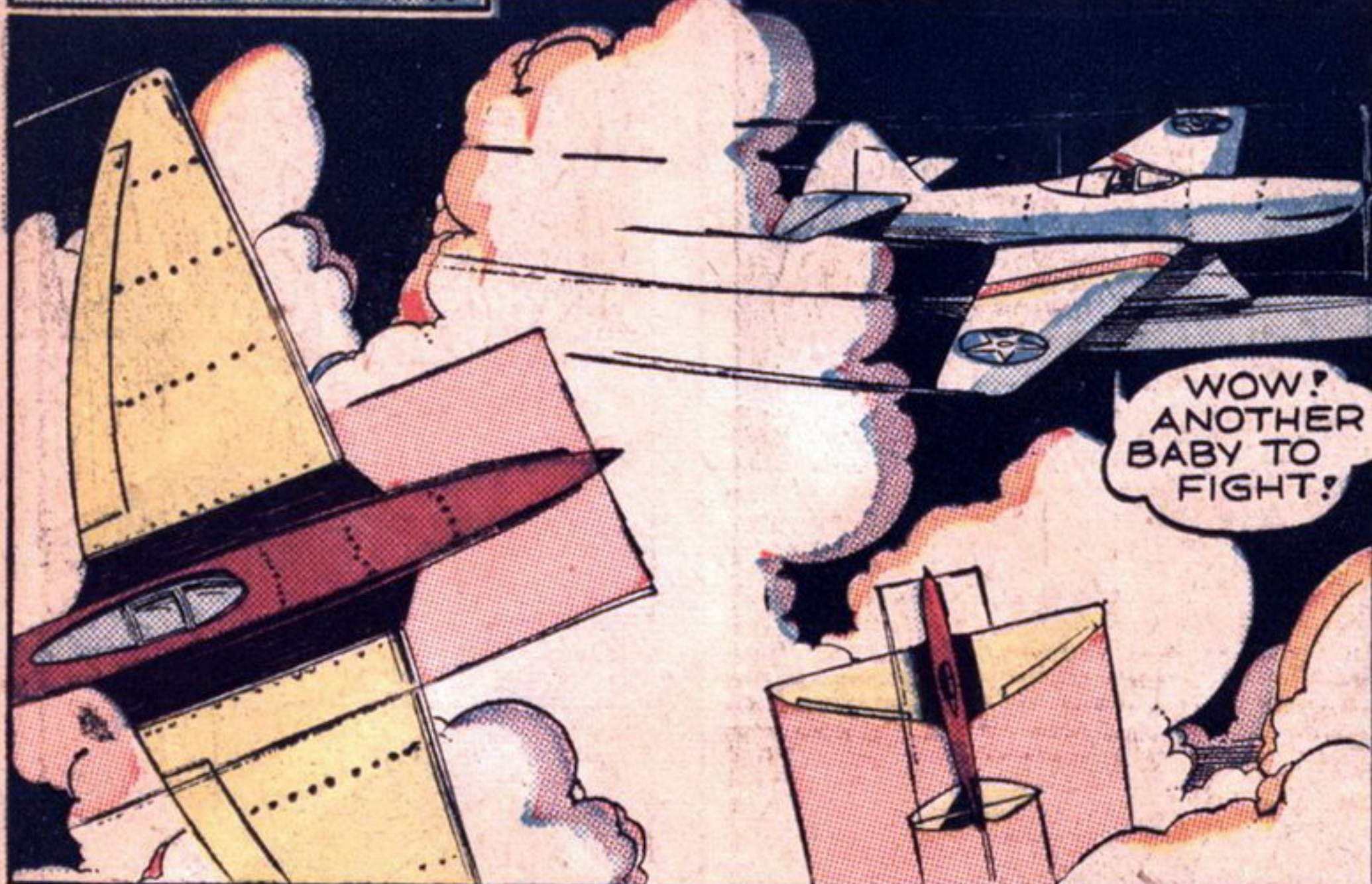


SPIN PULLS INTO A SHARP UPWARD BANK.

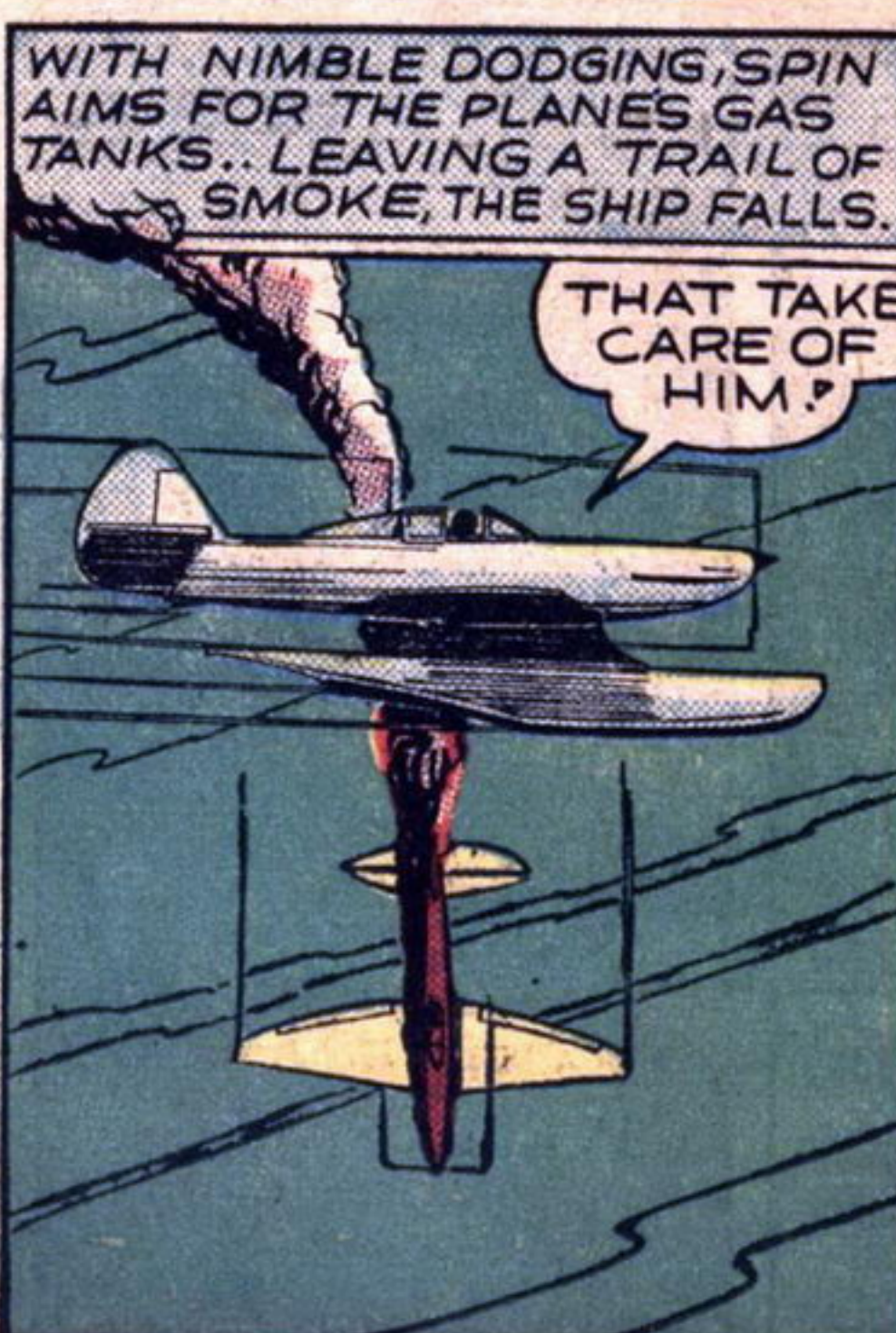
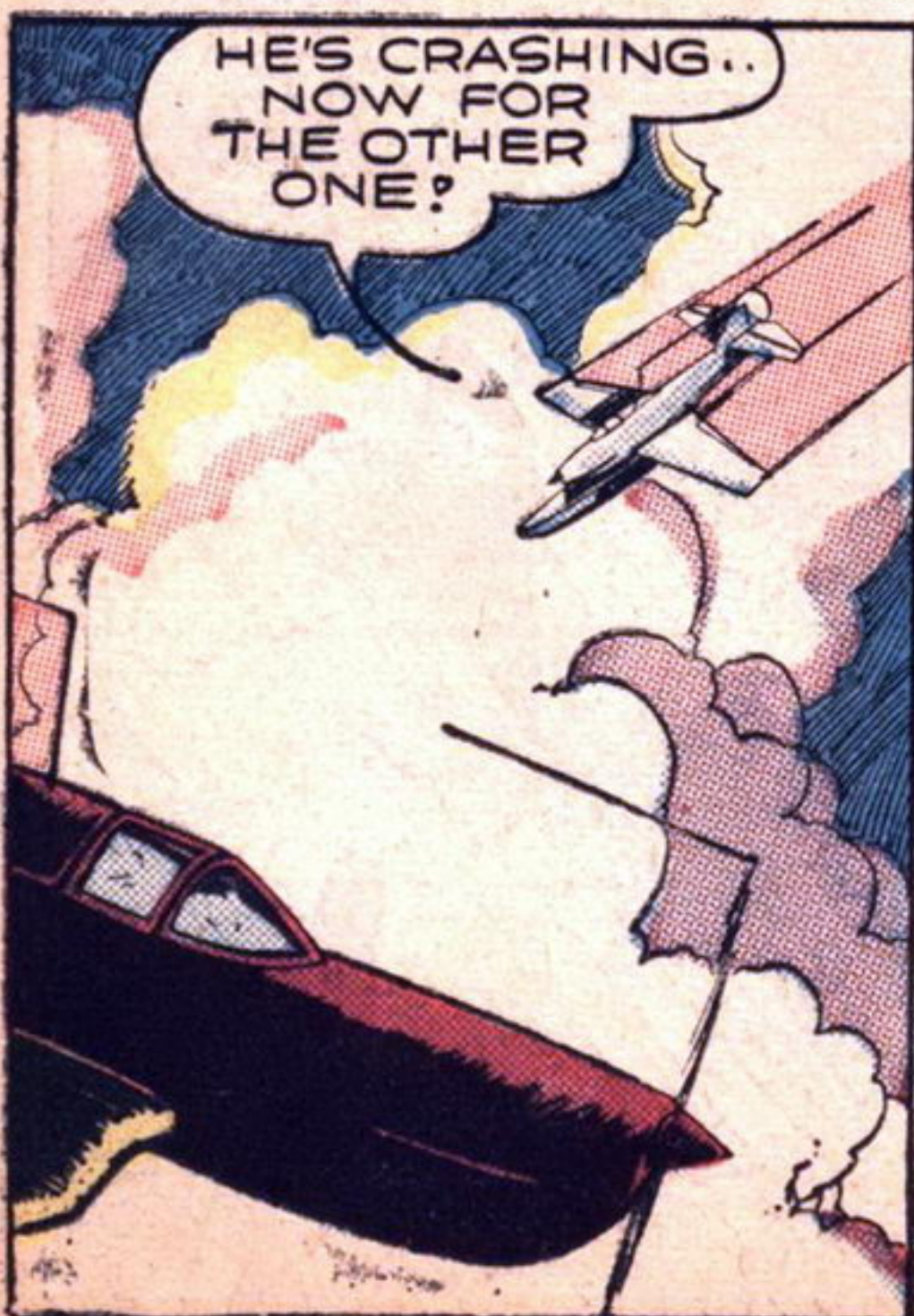
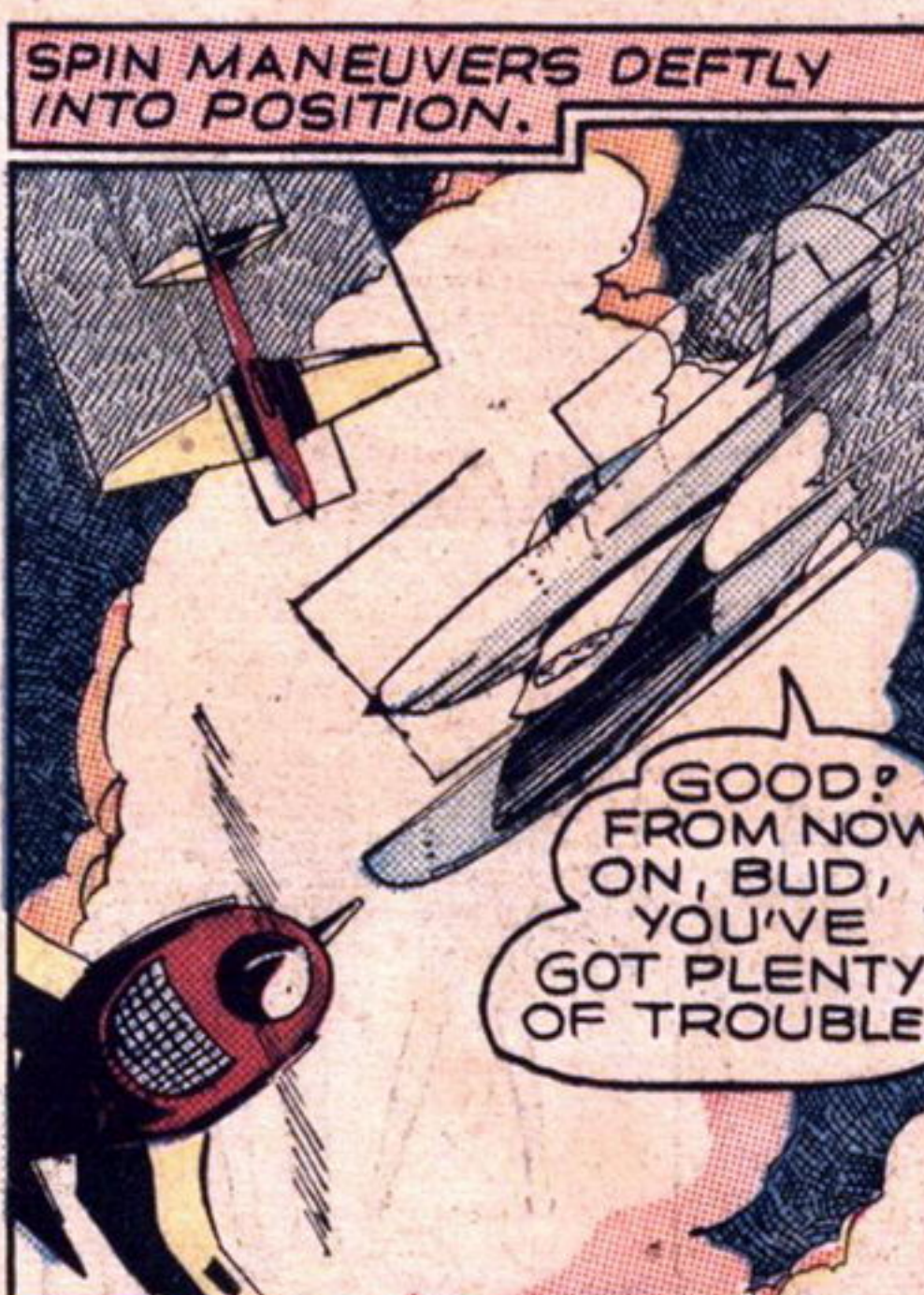
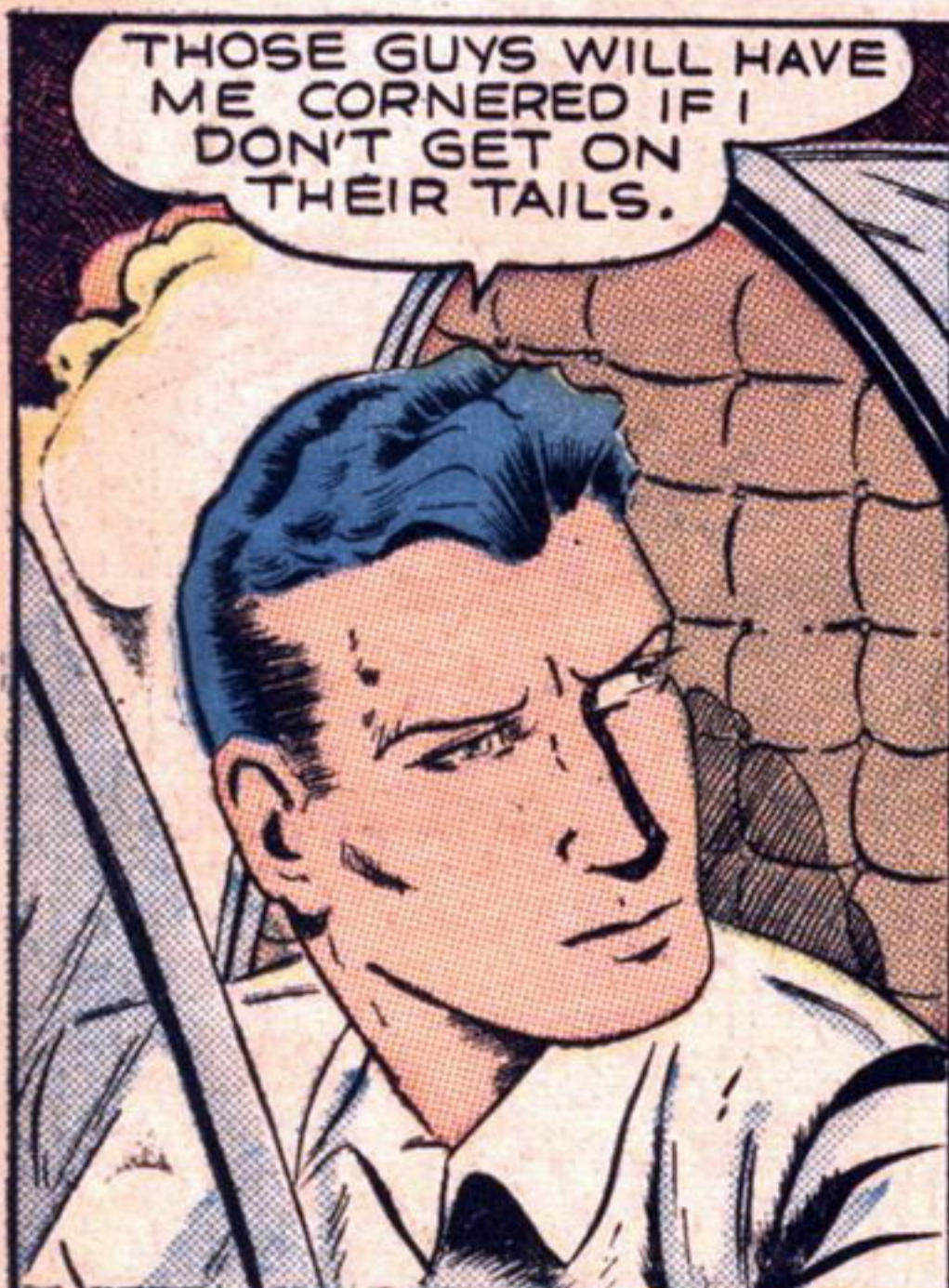
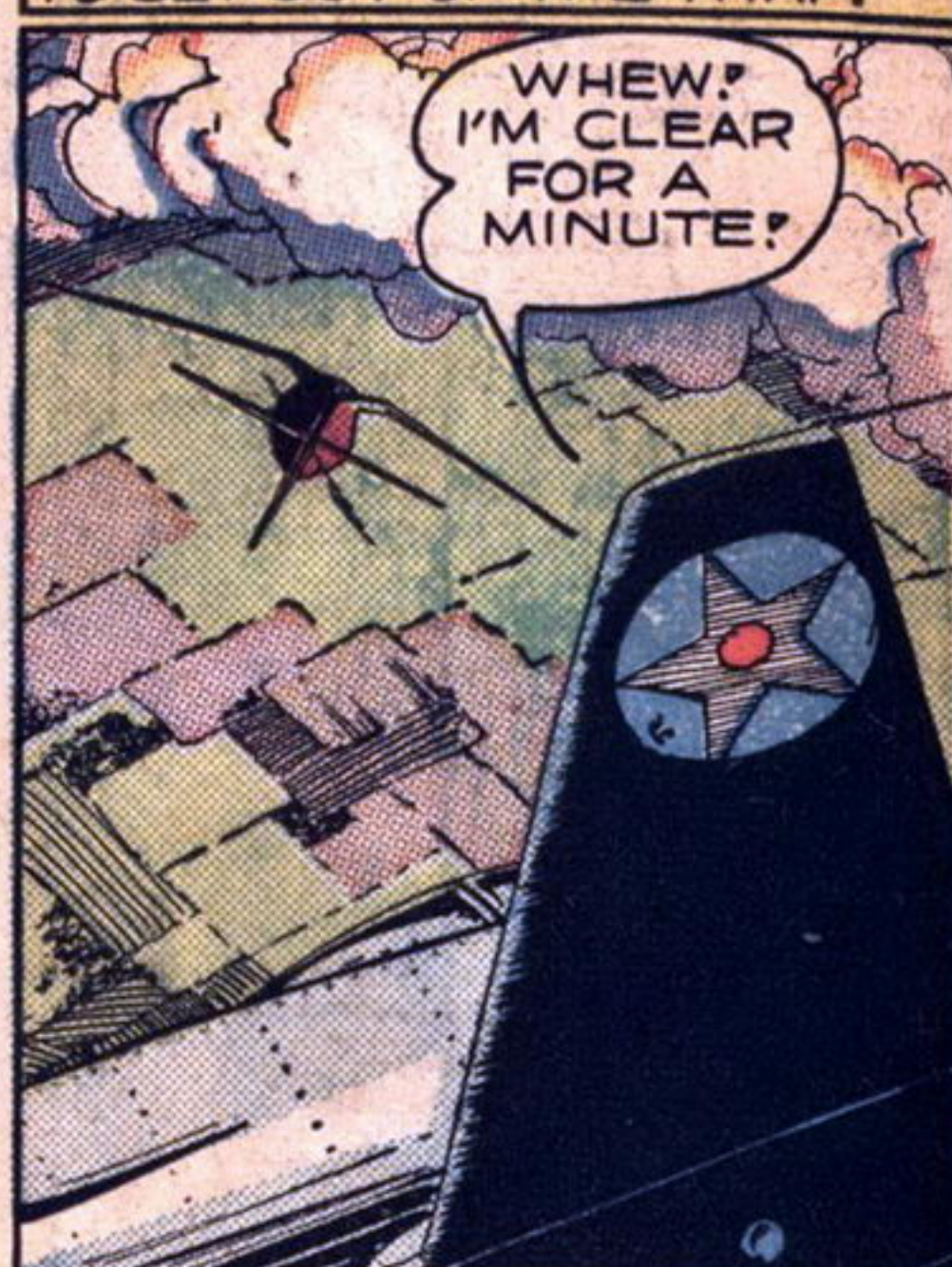




SUDDENLY A SECOND PLANE COMES TO ATTACK..VICIOUSLY, HE FIRES AT SPIN.



DESPERATELY, SPIN BANKS TO GET OUT OF THE TRAP.



Follow the action adventures of Spin Shaw in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.



LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

# Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS"!

... BUT HURRY!  
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR  
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL  
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

## GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

**CAP  
FREE**  
With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c



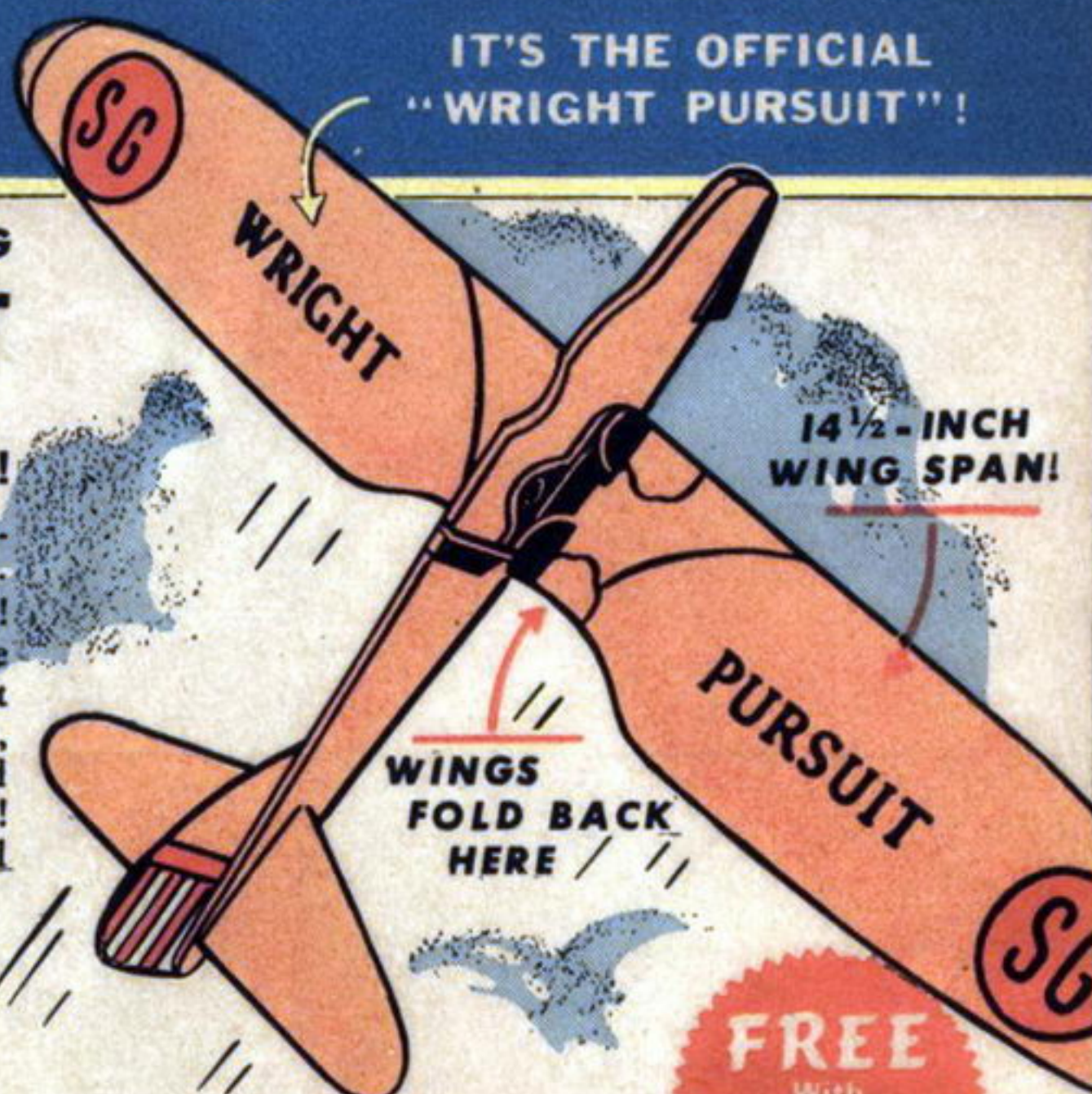
**APRON  
FREE**  
With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c

Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

## AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy  
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



### FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

**FREE**  
With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



AMAZING

## "SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

**FREE**  
With  
7 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

**FREE**  
With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



## GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

## HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc.! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

**FREE**  
With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

## EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES\* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain\*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose.....Guarantee Seals (or.....Seals and.....c).

☐ CATAPULT PLANE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)  
☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ NURSE CAP  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)  
☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE  
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ NURSE APRON  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)  
☐ GIANT PERISCOPE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing  
were built for fast starts

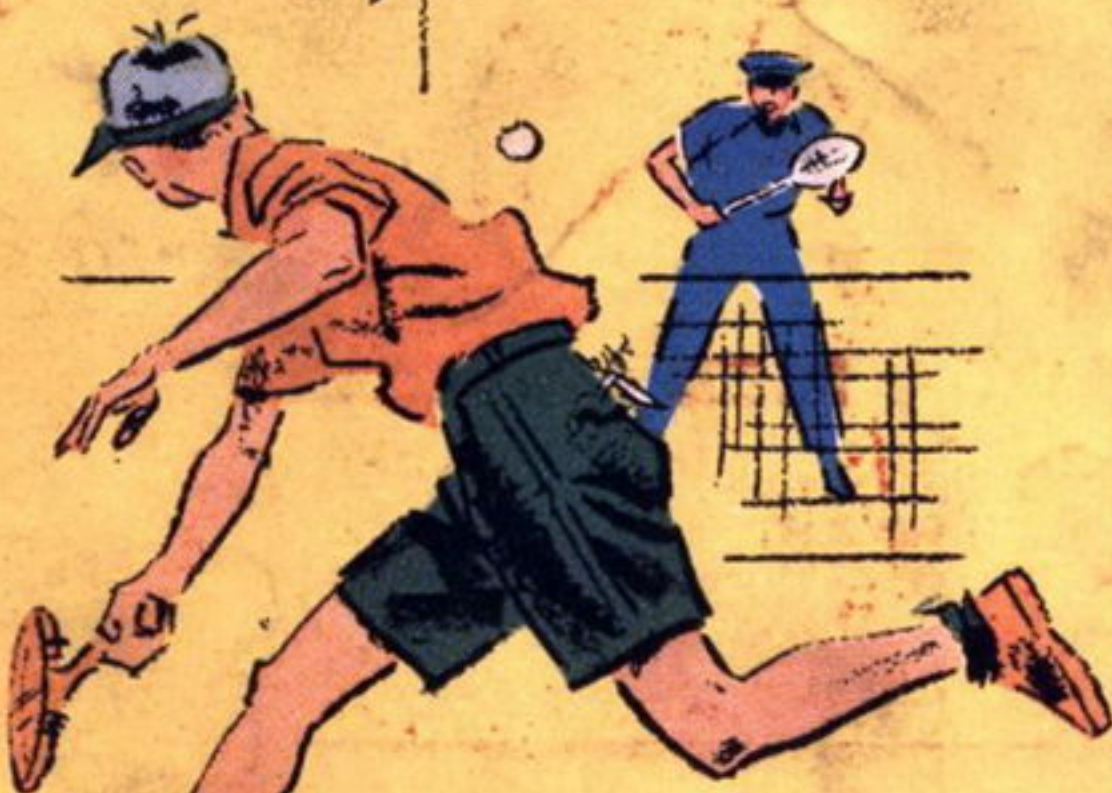


Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!  
Good footwork is a  
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

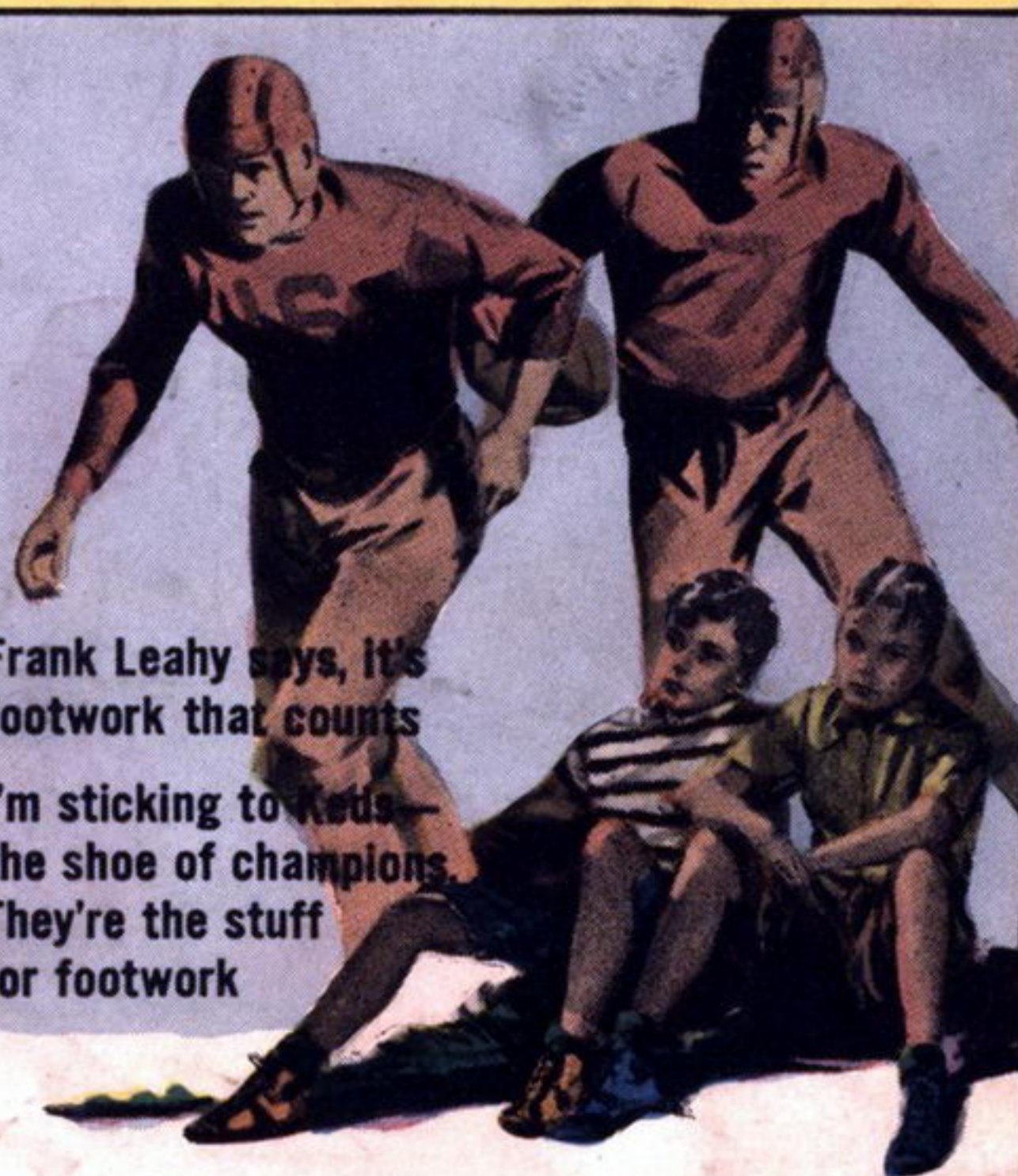


Keds Blue  
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme  
Oxford Keds  
make the tough ones  
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's  
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—  
the shoe of champions.  
They're the stuff  
for footwork



*Footwork  
makes the Athlete*  
*Frank Leahy*



FREE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**Keds**  
*the Shoe of Champions*

● Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for  
future champions. To get your free copy send your name  
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber  
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center, New York





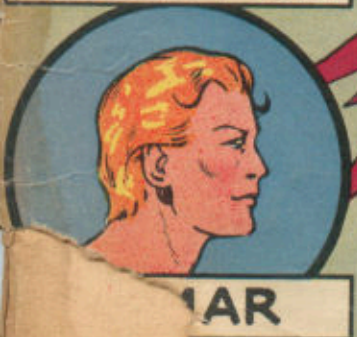


# FEATURE

COMICS

SEPTEMBER

*Starring*  
THE  
DOLL  
MAN



No. 48  
10¢



# Now



**SEND NO  
MONEY**

**LIMITED  
OFFER!**

## Big New PRINTING PRESS

**A Marvelous Money-Maker for Bright Boys**

**IF YOU** are ambitious and work you can quickly build a business, establish an enterprise. And, who knows what this activity may lead to? Many famous printers, publishers, advertising men, got started the same way.

**HOW TO GET GOING**—Go to the owner of your nearest Grocery or Drug Store and tell him you can at small cost print postcards listing **WEEK-END SPECIALS**. Keep the type standing . . . make changes from week to week . . . feature one item this week, another next, etc. You now have a regular job every Friday. Next, see a Funeral Home. Memorial cards with dates are now a part of every service. This is particular work, non-competitive and pays 300% profit.

**MORE FOR YOUR MONEY**—B. Franklin, America's first great printer, originated this type of handpress. Now, modernized, simplified, streamlined, and built, not one at a time, but on a production basis with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this

sensational **LOW** price. All the savings of this scientific method are passed on to you. You get an unbelievably big value for your money. Double toggle action provides multiple force impression. Clean, Sharp. Speed, 1000 an hour.

**SPECIALIZE**—With no high overhead the whole field of small job printing is open to you. Tags, tickets, billheads, office and shop records. . . .

**BUSINESS CARDS . . . MOVIE TITLES  
IMPRINTING DEALER'S NAMES**

Church & Lodge tickets, meeting notices, menus, dance programs, slips, price lists, envelopes, special labels, blotters, line cuts, electros, linoleum blocks, course screen halftones, simple color work.

**SEND NO MONEY** unless you wish. Mail order today before steel prices advance. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**. 7 Day Trial. If ordered C.O.D. give Bank references or attach \$1; balance on delivery. Prices f.o.b. factory.

# BOYS

**FOR THE FIRST TIME**  
a few dollars  
makes you proprietor of  
a one-man print shop

\* As proprietor you enjoy profits equal to three times labor, and once you acquire the art of making money . . . the world is yours.

**THE CROWN**

CHASE 2 1/2 x 5 1/2

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE

**Only \$5.85**

Heavy gauge, all steel construction with girder cross beams. Double toggle hi-pressure handle. Stands 11 in. Pure latex ink roller for all year-round service. Automatic revolving ink plate. Metal chase with lock-up screws. Two boxes 12pt Standard foundry metal Cop-perplate Gothic, spaces, rig-lets, etc. Adjustable back plate simplifies make ready. Ink and try sheets. Step-by-step instructions.

**PONY KIT \$4.95**

Consists of 2 boxes 12pt Cop-perplate Gothic, font of small Gothic (8pt on 12), 24pt Outline, pkg 12pt quads & spaces, wood type case, tweezers. 1/4 lb. black ink. 50 Xmas cards or announcements with envelopes. Reg. val. \$6.85. Special with press \$4.95

## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than satisfied with your press and the fun it provides, back comes your money, without question. Return in resalable condition. Used type bought at market prices.

PECK BROTHERS Amt. Enc. \$.....  
2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.  
Please send the following:  
Crown Press \$5.85 Pony Kit \$4.95

Name .....

Address .....

**PECK BROTHERS, 2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.**

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# DOLL MAN

BY  
WILLIAM  
ERWIN  
MAXWELL

The

DARREL DANE,  
YOUNG SCIENTIST  
FRIEND OF DOCTOR  
ROBERTS, CAN AT  
WILL TRANSFORM  
HIMSELF INTO THE  
DOLL MAN, A MINI-  
ATURE WHIRLWIND  
OF ACTION, FEARED  
BY CRIMINALS AND  
FOES OF OUR  
DEMOCRACY.

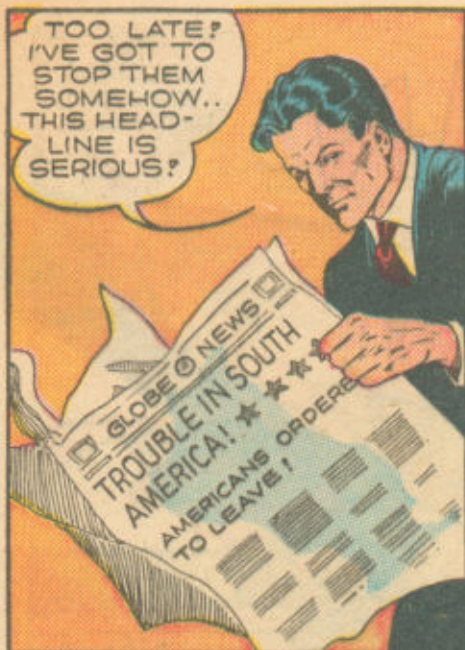
DOCTOR ROBERTS AND  
HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA  
BOARD A PLANE FOR  
SOUTH AMERICA.

JUST AS THE SHIP LEAVES THE  
GROUND, DARREL DANE RUSHES  
UP.

STOP!  
HEY,  
STOP!







DANE VISITS THE ZOO  
WHERE HE STEALTHILY  
UNLATCHES THE EAGLE  
CAGE.



THEN HE  
BECOMES  
THE DOLL  
MAN.



INSIDE THE CAGE HE HOPS  
TO THE EAGLE'S BACK.



STARTLED, THE GREAT BIRD  
TESTS ITS WINGS.. IN A  
GRACEFUL SWOOP IT SOARS  
OUT OF THE CAGE  
TO FREEDOM..



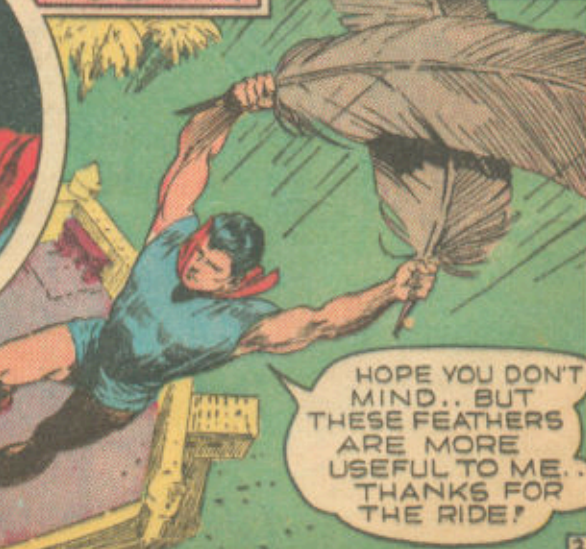
THE DOLL MAN GUIDES HIS  
STRANGE AIRSTEED SOUTH.



SOON THE DOLL  
MAN SPOTS THE  
PLANE NEARING  
DEVIL'S ISLAND.



THE DOLL MAN YANKS A FEW FEATHERS  
FROM THE EAGLE'S TAIL AND HOLD-  
ING THEM ALOFT, WAFTS DOWN  
TO EARTH.





MEANWHILE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND OFF FRENCH GUIANA, THE PLANE HAS LANDED AND THE PASSENGERS ARE TAKEN PRISONERS BY A BLUSTERING ALIEN OFFICIAL.



YOU ARE USELESS TO OUR CAUSE... ALL WE NEED IS THE PLANE YOU CAME IN!



IT WAS A MISTAKE FOR YOU TO COME... BUT SINCE YOU ARE HERE YOU MUST BE REMOVED BEFORE THE FATHERLAND'S TROOPS LAND! HERMANN! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

HERMANN LEADS THE CAPTIVES TO A HIGH CLIFF FACING A BOTTOMLESS PIT.



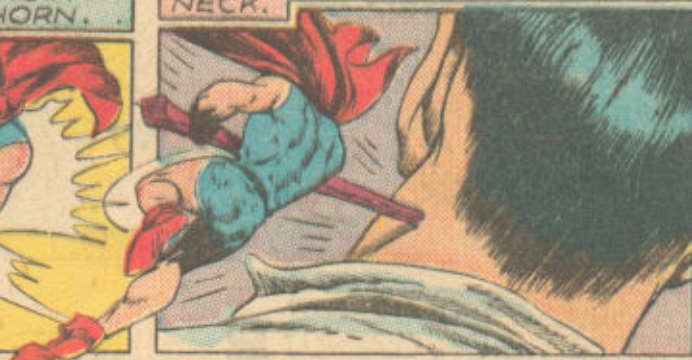
THROW THEM IN!



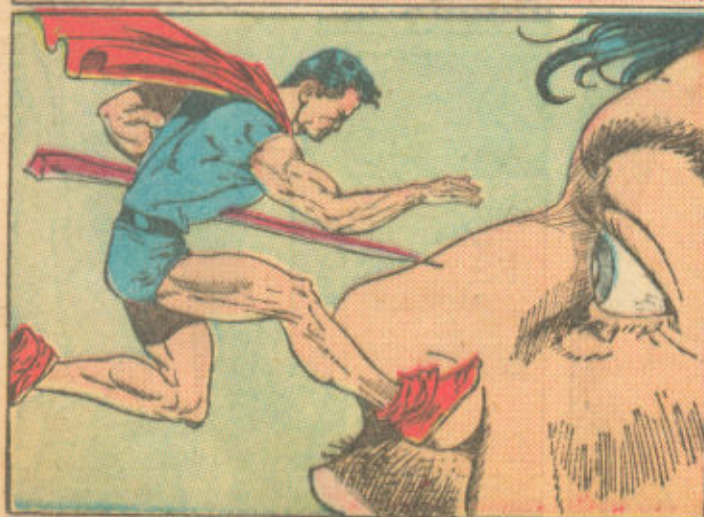
NO!  
NO!

SUDDENLY A TINY FIGURE APPEARS, CARRYING A LONG CACTUS THORN.

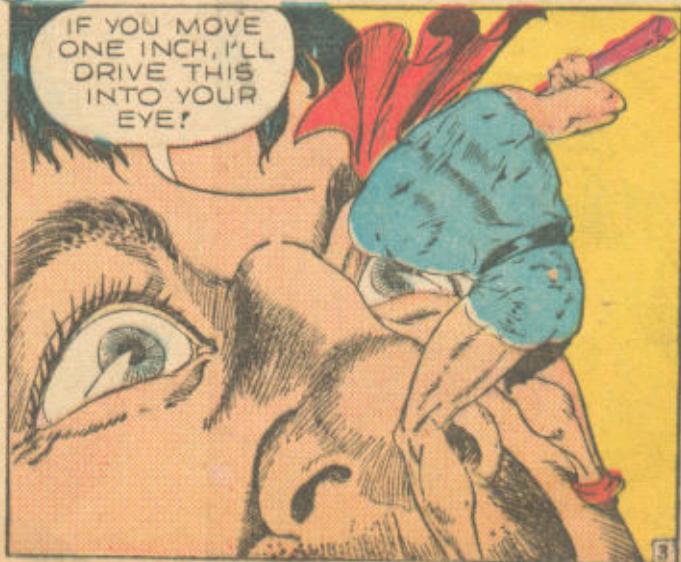
IT IS THE DOLL MAN... HE PLUNGES THE THORN INTO ONE GUARD'S NECK.



AND LEAPS TO THE NOSE OF THE OTHER.



IF YOU MOVE ONE INCH, I'LL DRIVE THIS INTO YOUR EYE!





THE OFFICIAL, ERNST HULLER OF ARYANIA, SUDDENLY CALLS HIS AIDE.

INSTANTLY HULLER'S AIDE RACES TO OBEY.

QUICK! RUN TO THE CLIFF AND STOP THE EXECUTION!

I'VE JUST HEARD BY RADIO THAT DOCTOR ROBERTS IS AMONG THEM... HE CAN GIVE US INFORMATION ABOUT AMERICAN DEFENSE!

STOP! HERR HULLER WANTS TO SEE THE AMERICANS!



THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO MARTHA'S SHOULDER.

LET THEM TAKE YOU AND YOUR DAD... WE CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS PLOT... I'LL HIDE IN YOUR HAIR.



RUDELY, THE GUARDS DRAG THEIR PRISONERS TO HULLER'S CITADEL.

BUT HERMANN, I SAW THAT LITTLE MAN!

ACH! YOU ARE CRAZY!



INSIDE THEY FACE HULLER.

IF YOU WISH TO LIVE YOU WILL... ER... COOPERATE... MARK THE LOCATIONS OF YOUR DEFENSE PLANTS ON THIS MAP?

NO!



I SEE THAT YOU NEED PERSUASION... MEN? PUT THE GIRL UNDER THE PRESS?

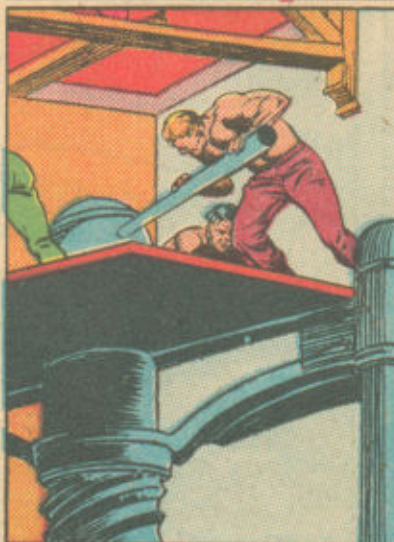




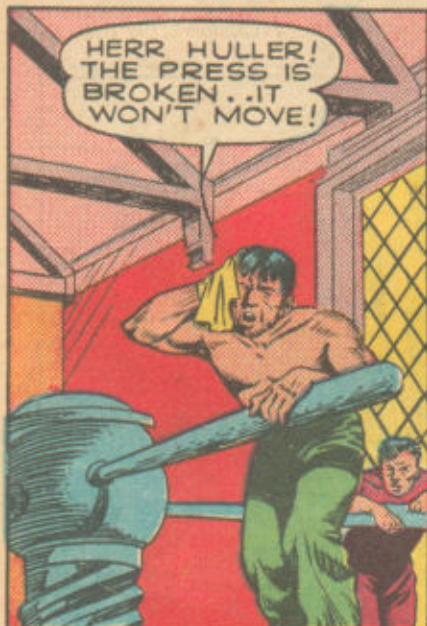
STRONG HANDS GRAB MARTHA AND FORCE HER UNDER A CRUEL TORTURE INSTRUMENT.



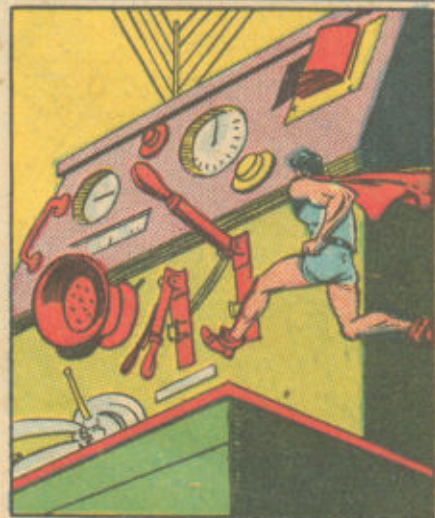
SLOWLY THE GREAT SCREW BEGINS TO GRIND .. THREE TONS OF DEATH .. DESCEND UPON MARTHA.



BUT THE DOLL MAN SLIPS OUT OF HER HAIR . . .



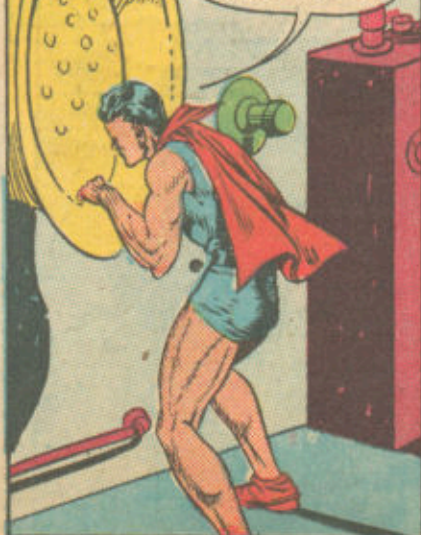
AS THE MEN LEAVE FOR THE AIRFIELD, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO THE RADIOPHONE . . .



HE FLIPS A LEVER THAT IS MARKED "INVASION FLEET COMMUNICATIONS!"

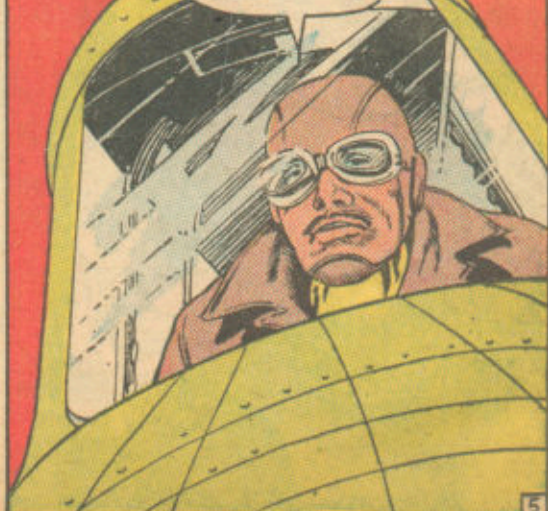


CALLING INVASION AIR FLEET! LAND ONLY WHERE WHITE FLAG INDICATES!



THE FLIGHT COMMANDER IS PUZZLED . . .

WHITE FLAG?? BUT I DO NOT SEE ANY!

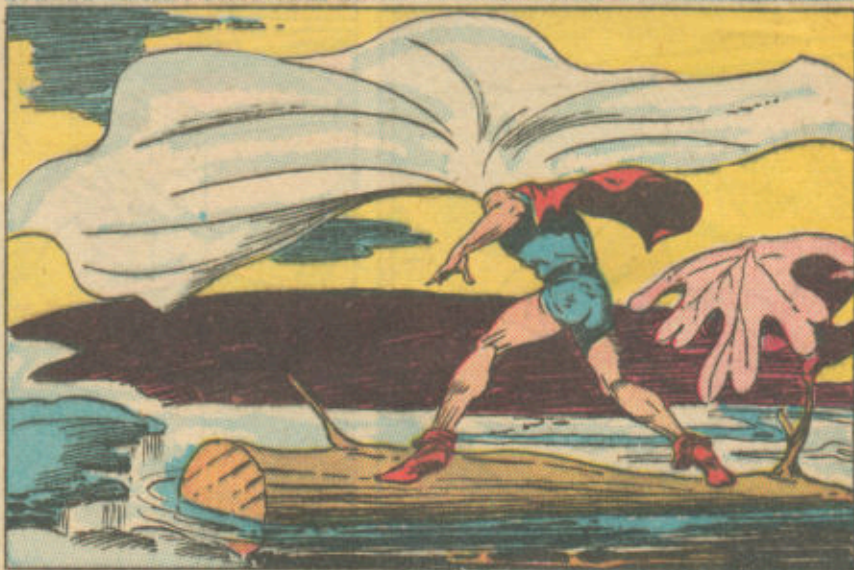




SNATCHING UP A HUGE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW . . .



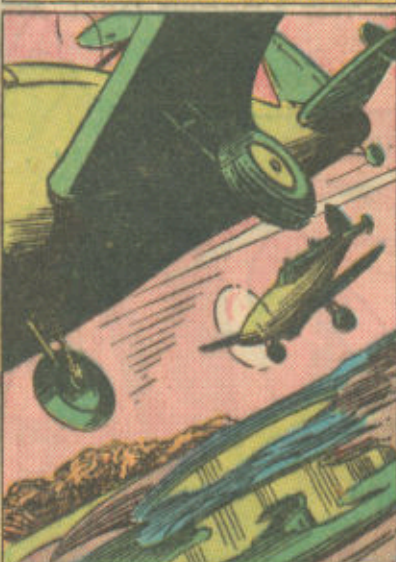
HE RACES TO THE FETID BOG AND WAVES THE HANDKERCHIEF WILDLY TO THE PLANES CIRCLING ABOVE.



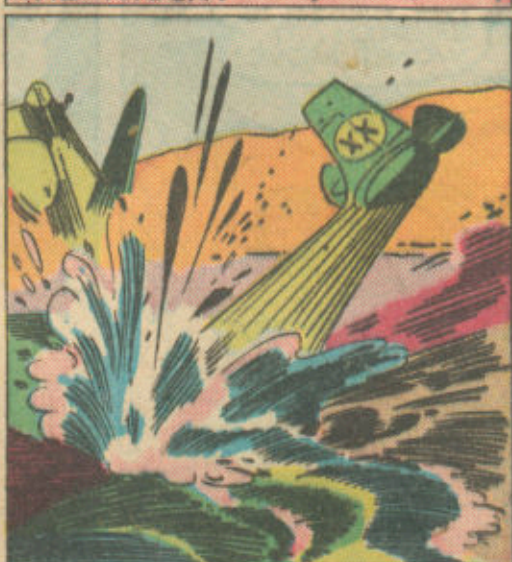
THE FLIGHT COMMANDER SEES IT.



THE SQUADRON ROARS DOWN FOR A LANDING.



AND CRASHES NOSE-ON IN THE MUCK.



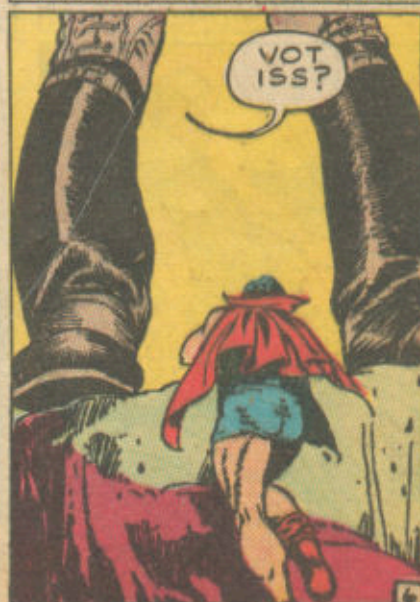
HULLER AND HIS PARTY SEE THE DISASTER FROM THE LANDING FIELD . . .



THEY RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE MARSH . . .



JUST THEN THE DOLL MAN CLAMBERS UP.



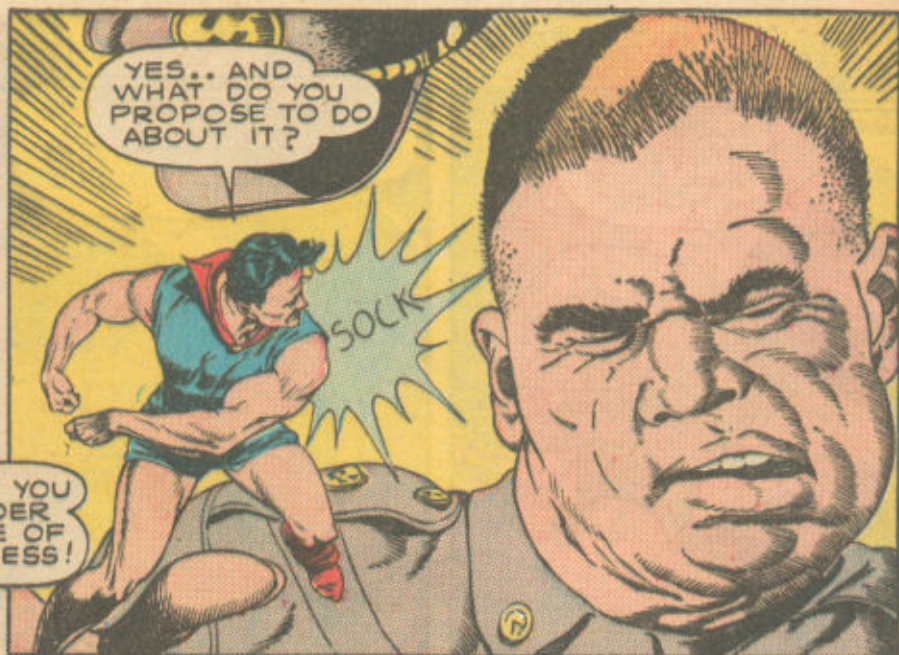


HULLER STOOPS AND PICKS UP THE TINY MAN.



I BET YOU ARE DER CAUSE OF DIS MESS!

YES.. AND WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT?



KILL DER MIDGET! HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!



HULLER'S ANGRY MEN LUNGE FORWARD TO FINISH THE DOLL MAN OFF.



BUT SWEEPING THROUGH THEM LIKE A TORNADO, THE DOLLMAN SCATTERS HIS ATTACKERS. . . .



THE LAST ONE.. FOR YOU!



S'LONG, EVERYBODY!



LEAVING THE SCENE, THE DOLL MAN HEADS FOR HULLER'S STRONGHOLD.



HE COMMANDEERS THE WIRELESS.



MEANWHILE HERR HULLER HAS RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS.



HE CIRCLES THE CITADEL, LEAVING BLAZING BRUSH FIRES IN HIS WAKE... SOON THE PLACE IS RINGED WITH FLAME.



THE DOLL MAN SEES SMOKE CURLING UNDER THE DOOR.



HE EXPLORES THE CITADEL QUICKLY AND DISCOVERS THE DUNGEON WHERE HIS FRIENDS ARE IMPRISONED.



THE DOLL MAN RIPS APART THE IRON BARS LIKE MATCHSTICKS.



THE TRIO DASHES MADLY FOR AN EXIT.



JUST THEN THE ARMY PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD.





ONE OF THE BOMBS  
EXPLODES NEAR THE  
HOUSE.



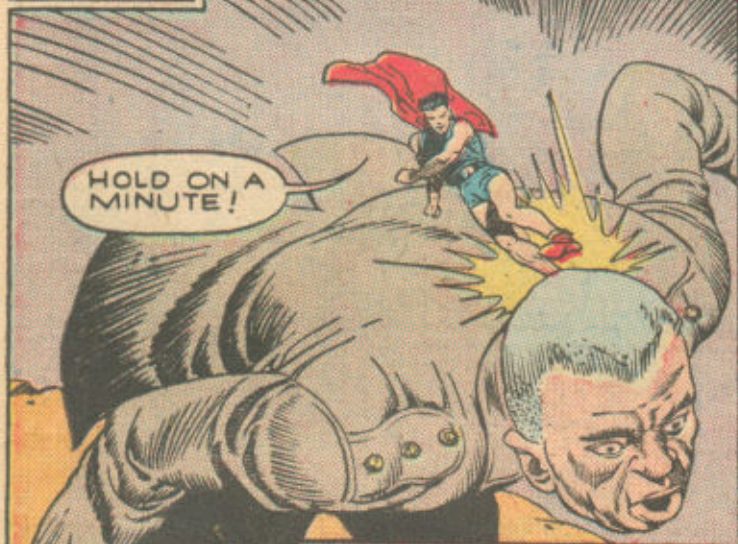
CLEARING A WAY FOR THE  
CAPTIVES.



THEY RUSH OUT JUST IN  
TIME TO SEE HULLER  
ESCAPING OVER THE HILL.



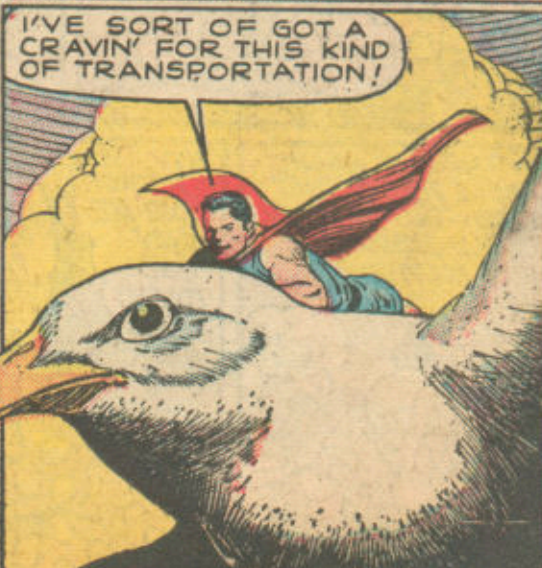
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, THE  
DOLL MAN REACHES THE  
FUGITIVE.



THE MARINES LAND AND PICK  
UP MARTHA AND DOCTOR  
ROBERTS.



WHEN OFFERED A RIDE BY THE  
FLIGHT COMMANDER, DOLL MAN  
REFUSES AND INSTEAD...



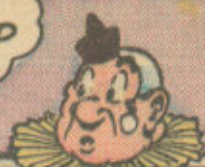
More amazing adventures of The Doll Man in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.



# BIG TOP



HEY, SILLY-  
YER WANTED  
ON THE PHONE!



WHAT?!-- UNCLE PETE  
PASSED ON? OH GRAN-  
I MEAN THAT'S  
AWFUL!

WOW!-THAT MEANS I INHERIT  
TEN THOUSAND BUCKS!-  
I CAN  
RETIRE!

AN' TELL  
OFF A FEW  
PEOPLE

WILLIE, THOSE WHACKS  
YOU HAND ME IN OUR  
ACT HAVE BEEN  
EXTRA HARD!

WANT  
T'MAKE  
SOMETHIN'  
OF IT?



YEAH!-A LITTLE!

WHAT  
GOES  
ON?



WHY-HELLO, BOSS!  
ISN'T YOUR TIE  
LOOSE?--LET ME  
FIX  
IT!

ACK  
ACK!



YOUR HAT NEEDS PULLING  
DOWN AND YOUR PANTS  
NEED PULLING UP.  
IF YOU  
ASK  
ME!



--FOR A HUNDRED BUCK  
RAISE-I'LL TIDY YOU  
UP EVERY DAY,  
BOSS!

WHY  
YOU--

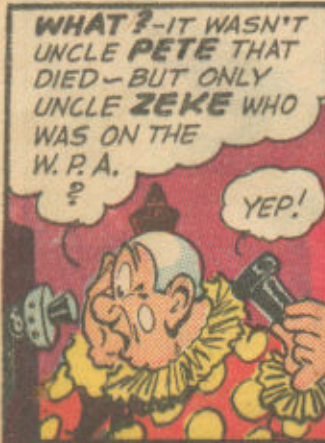


I JUST  
INHERITED  
TEN GRAND-  
WANNA  
MARRY  
ME?

WHY-I'VE  
ALWAYS  
LOVED YOU--  
WHAT WAS  
THE  
NAME  
AGAIN?



I'LL PHONE  
THAT LAWYER  
AND ASK HIM  
FOR A THOUSAND  
ADVANCE!



WHAT?-IT WASN'T  
UNCLE PETE THAT  
DIED--BUT ONLY  
UNCLE ZEKE WHO  
WAS ON THE  
W. P. A.  
?

YEP!



PITY, BOSS!  
PLEASE  
GIVE ME  
MY  
JOB  
BACK?

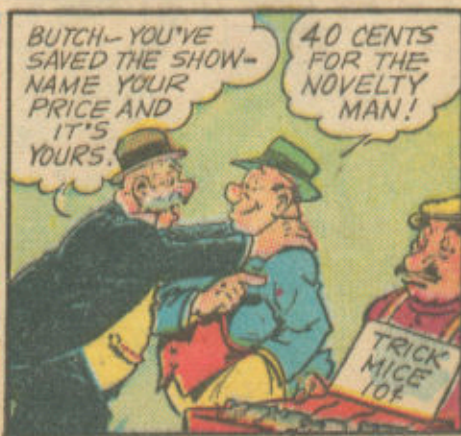
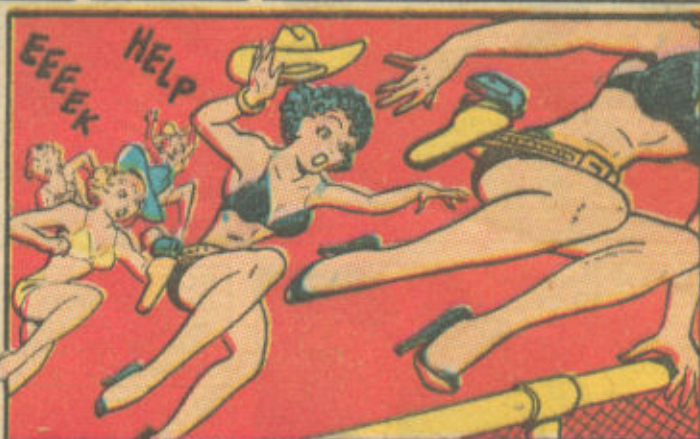
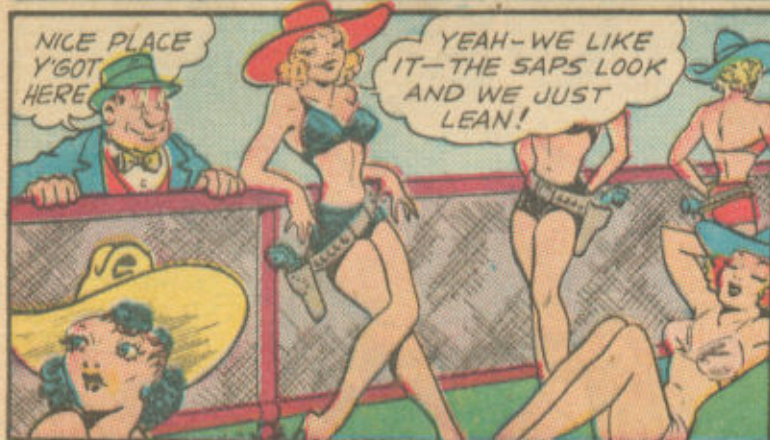
OKAY--BUT I'M  
CUTTING YOU  
SIX BUCKS AND  
PUTTING A NEW  
PARTNER IN YOUR  
ACT!



IT'S TIME TH' GORILLA  
DID SOMETHING  
BESIDES SIT  
ON HIS  
BREECHES!

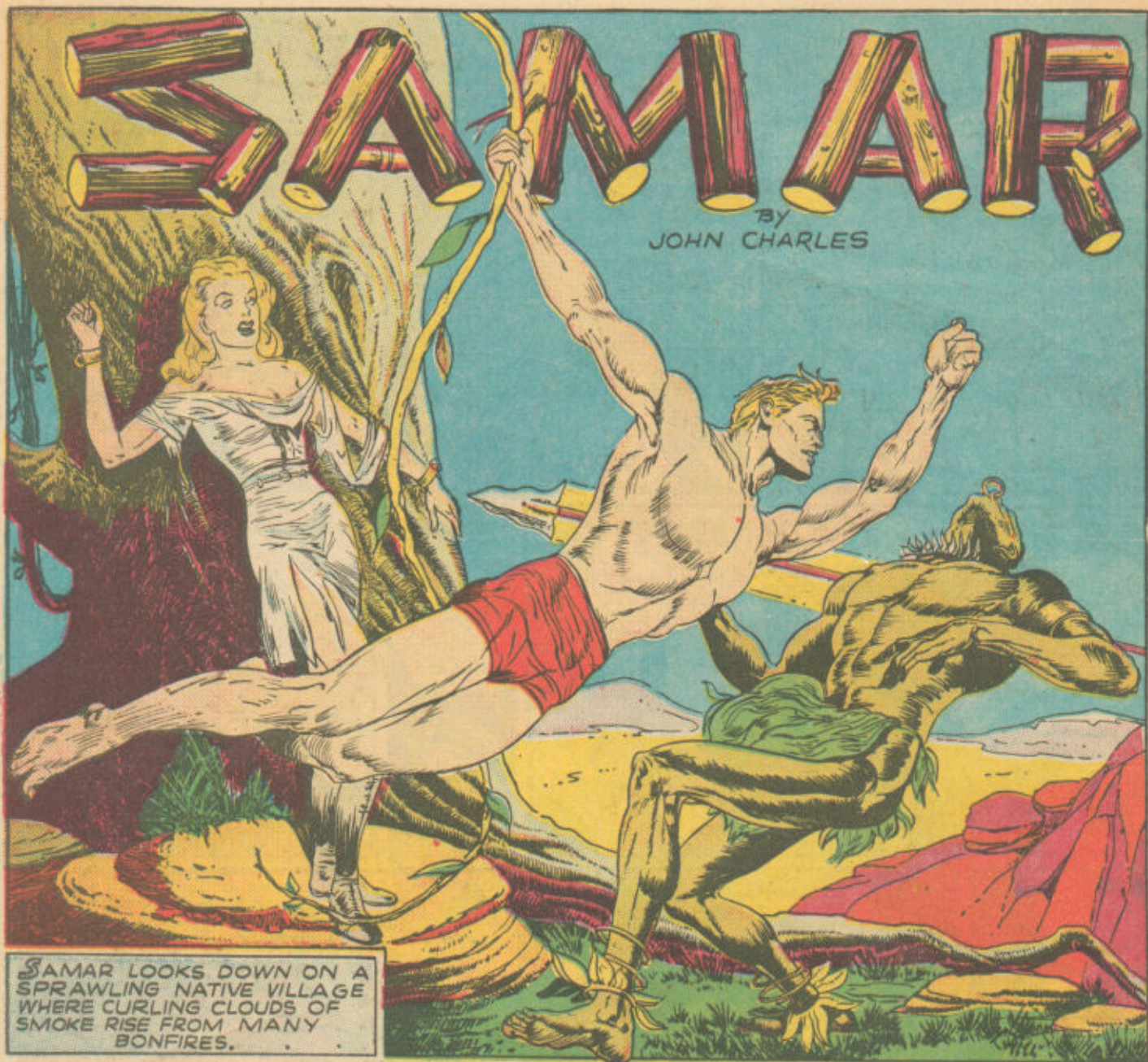


# BIG TOP



Big Top comes to you each and every month in **FEATURE COMICS**.







BEFORE THE NATIVE CAN DRAW HIS BOW AGAIN, SAMAR SWINGS HIMSELF UP.



THE ARROW CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION.

HE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, LANDING SQUARELY ON THE SNIPER.



OOF!

WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT ME?

ME TELL! NO HIT ME AGAIN!



SAMAR PICKS UP THE BLACK'S BOW AND PROCEEDS TOWARD THE VILLAGE.

FROM A CLIFF AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE, HE SEES CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.

WHITE TRADER GIVE PRESENTS TO CHIEF SO WAMBU TRIBE CELEBRATE CANNIBAL FEAST OF AZOGA.



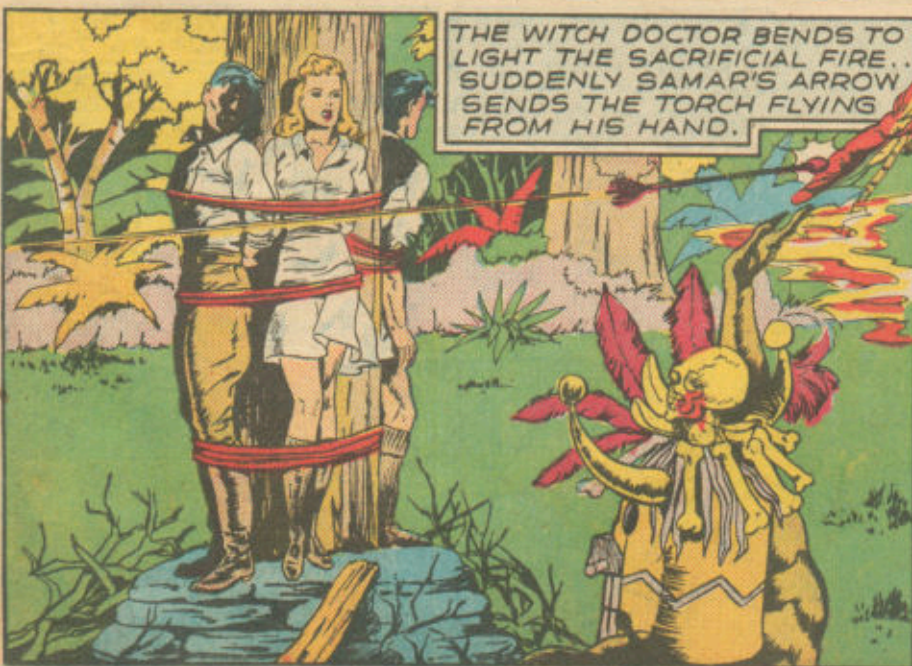
I MUST STOP THAT AZOGA FESTIVAL! CANNIBALISM IS OUTLAWED HERE!



THIS ARROW WILL INTERRUPT THE MURDER.



THE WITCH DOCTOR BENDS TO LIGHT THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE. SUDDENLY SAMAR'S ARROW SENDS THE TORCH FLYING FROM HIS HAND.



THE JUNGLEMAN LEAPS FROM HIS PERCH.

THIS IS MY CHANCE!





QUICKLY SAMAR CIRCLES  
AROUND THE CHIEF'S HUT.



LIKE A GREAT EAGLE, SAMAR  
DIVES ON HIS PREY, SENDING  
THE NATIVE SPINNING TO THE  
GROUND.



THE GUARD OUT COLD, SAMAR  
STRIDES INTO THE HUT. . .



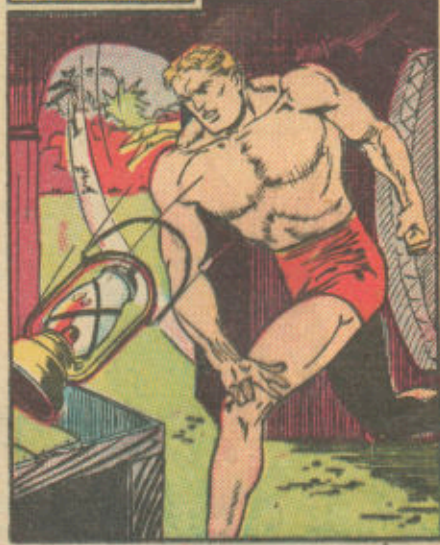
HE EXAMINES SOME BEADS.  
SUDDENLY . . .



SAMAR WHIRLS ABOUT SWIFTLY.



BUT HE SNATCHES UP A  
LANTERN AND HURLS IT AT  
HIS FOE.



THE SHOT FLIES WILD  
AS THE LANTERN  
STRIKES THE GUN-  
MAN'S HAND. . .



HE IS BEHIND THIS  
AZOGA SACRIFICE!  
I MUST HOLD HIM  
UNTIL THE  
OTHERS  
ARE SAFE!



WITH A FLYING LEAP  
SAMAR TACKLES THE  
MAN.





THE NATIVES ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK SAMAR, BUT FEAR HITTING THE WHITE TRADER.



SAMAR LEADS THE MAN TOWARD THE JUNGLE.



HE TURNS TO THE CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.



WE'RE AMERICAN MEDICAL STUDENTS ON AN EXPEDITION. THESE NATIVES CAPTURED US.

KEEP CLOSE BEHIND ME!



THE NATIVES DISCOVER SAMAR'S DOINGS.



LET OUT BLACK LEOPARDS? THEY WILL TRACK DOWN WHITE MEN!

YES, YES!



THEY FREE THE ANIMALS AT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S ORDER.



ONE OF THE BIG FELINES OVERTAKES THE GROUP. SAMAR AND THE MEDICAL STUDENTS TAKE TO THE TREES.. BUT THE TRADER IS TOO SLOW.





THE TRADER STROKES THE LEOPARD IN A SENSITIVE SPOT.



JUST THEN THE TRIBAL CHIEF ARRIVES WITH HIS MEN.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TREE-TOPS, SAMAR CRIES OUT TO THE STUDENTS.



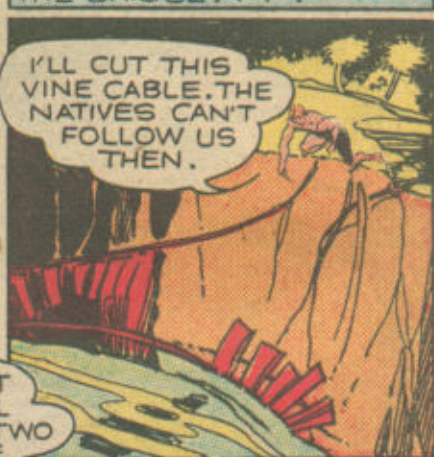
THE TRADER IS JUST ABOUT TO SET FIRE TO THE TREE WHEN.



SAMAR CAPTURES THE TRADER AND THE NATIVE CHIEFTAIN. HE LEADS THEM ACROSS A VINE BRIDGE.



AFTER THEY'VE CROSSED THE BRIDGE...



THE CHIEF, REALIZING THE TRADER TRICKED HIM, TURNS UPON HIM.

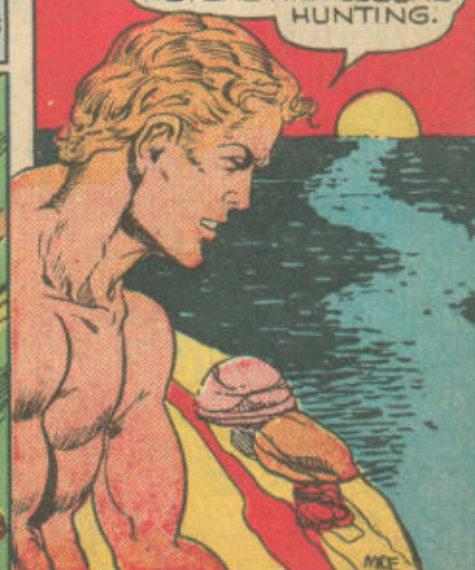


HE HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE CLIFF WITH THE HUNTER.. DOWN TO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW.



THEN SAMAR TURNS TO THE STUDENTS.

THE TRADER BRIBED THE TRIBE WITH TRINKETS TO KILL YOU. HE FEARED YOU WOULD REVEAL HIS ILLEGAL HUNTING.





# ZERO



## GHOST DETECTIVE

BY NOEL FOWLER

SUDDENLY HE HEARS A GHOSTLY VOICE...

YOU WILL DIE TONIGHT, BROTHER, UNLESS...

UNLESS WHAT?

ZERO, A MORTAL WHO IS ABLE TO COMMUNE WITH THE SUPERNATURAL, HAS ALLIED HIMSELF WITH DEATH... BY MEANS OF HIS POWERS, HE IS ABLE TO BATTLE THE EVILS OF ANOTHER WORLD. . . . IN AN OLD MANSION A YOUNG MAN LIES ASLEEP.

DID I HEAR A GHOST OR WAS I DREAMING??

IT SOUNDED LIKE MY BROTHER'S VOICE WAS WARNING ME!

JIM DOLAN DRESSES QUICKLY AND DEPARTS WITH A FEW WORDS TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

MY BROTHER'S GHOST HAS WARNED ME OF DEATH. I'M LEAVIN' BY PLANE FOR THE WEST!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE!







THE GHOST DETECTIVE OPENS THE DOOR.

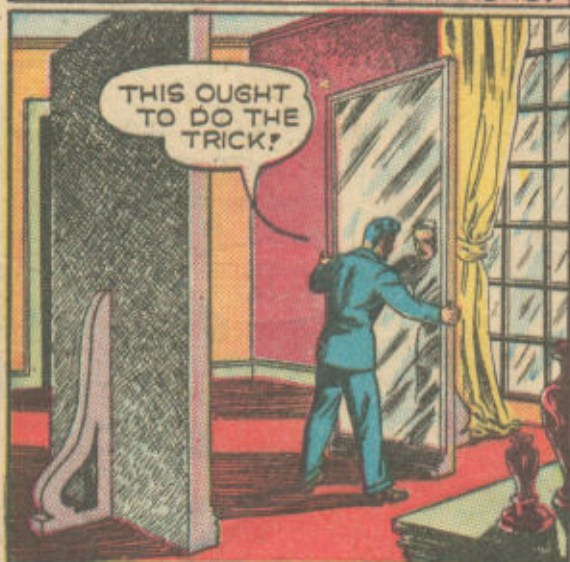
MR. ZERO, YOU MUST HELP ME! I'VE BEEN LEFT ALONE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE AND I'VE NO OTHER PLACE TO GO!



ZERO RETURNS WITH HER TO THE MANSION.



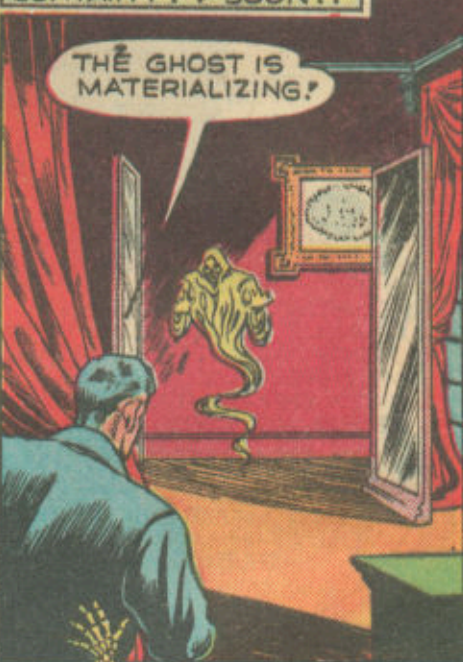
THAT NIGHT, IN A GLOOMY BEDROOM ZERO SETS UP TWO LONG MIRRORS.



I'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHT AND TRAP THE GHOST BETWEEN THOSE MIRRORS!



ZERO WAITS BEHIND A CURTAIN... SOON..



I AM THE SPIRIT OF JIM DOLAN'S BROTHER. I WAS KILLED BY..



OH! HE WAS INTERRUPTED BY ANOTHER GHOST. THEY'RE STRUGGLING!



A VICIOUS SPECTRE ATTACKS THE FIRST GHOST.







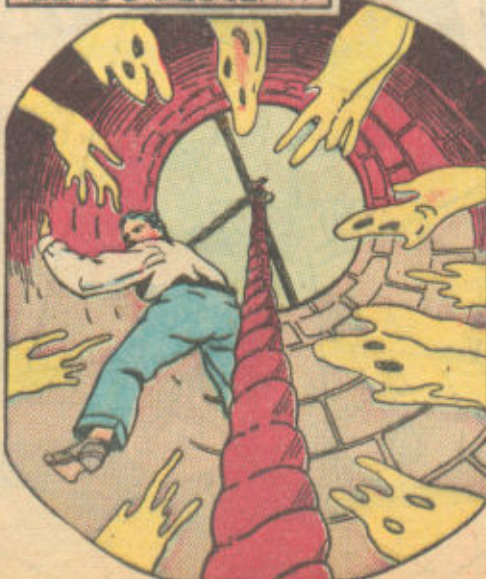
THE GHOST OF JIM DOLAN'S BROTHER RELATES THAT HIS COUSIN'S SPIRIT IS INTENT ON CARRYING ON A FAMILY FEUD.



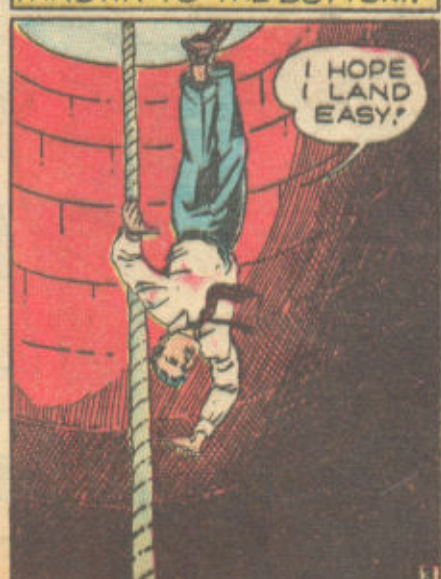
ZERO REMOVES THE MIRROR AND THE GHOST VANISHES.



THE WELL IS INFESTED WITH GHOSTS WHO TRY TO PREVENT ZERO'S DESCENT.



HE STRUGGLES BUT IS SOON PULLED FROM THE ROPE AND THROWN TO THE BOTTOM.





**ZERO LANDS AT THE BOTTOM.**



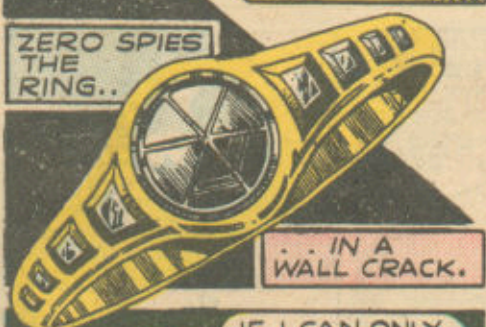
**SUDDENLY HE FEELS A VIGOROUS FOE ATTACK HIM.**



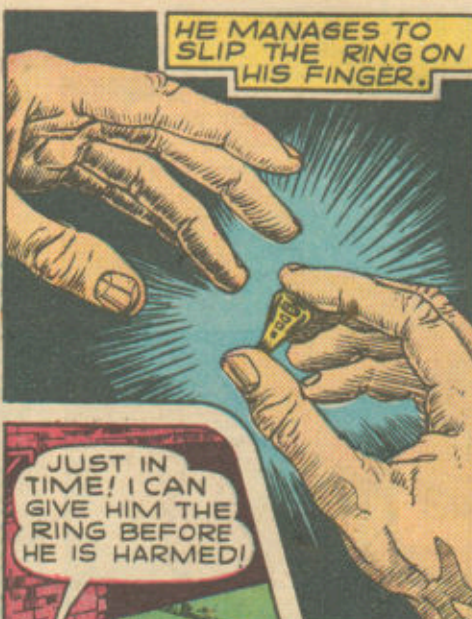
**THE HANDS OF THE SPECTRE GRAB HIM AROUND THE NECK.**



**ZERO SPIES THE RING..**



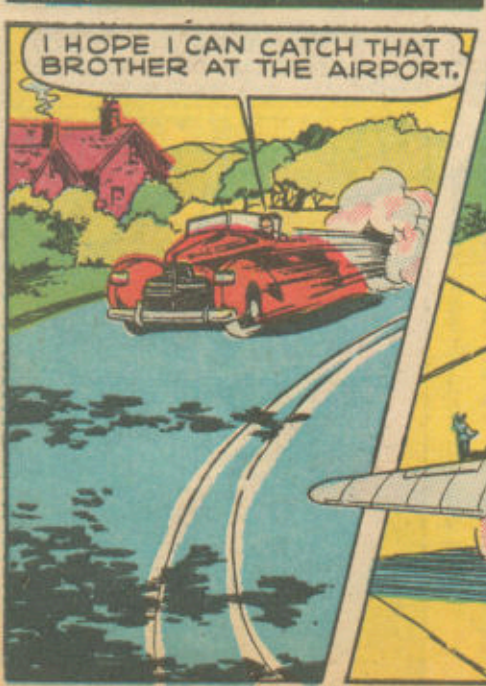
**HE MANAGES TO SLIP THE RING ON HIS FINGER.**



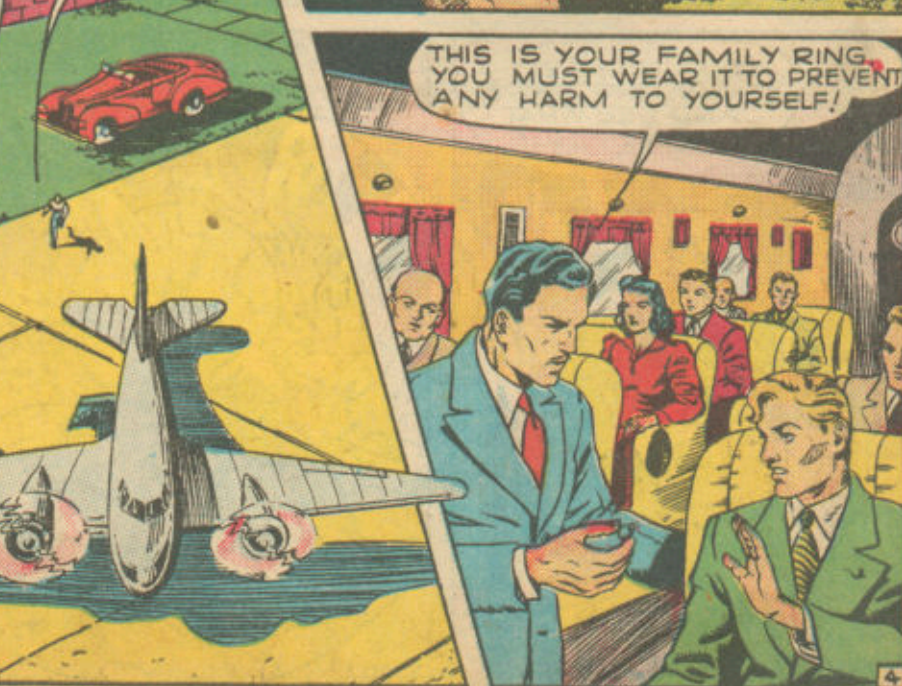
**THAT RING SAVED MY LIFE. I NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THERE OTHERWISE.**



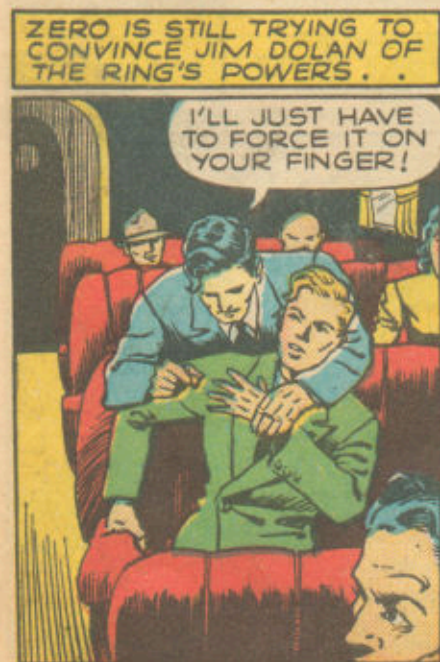
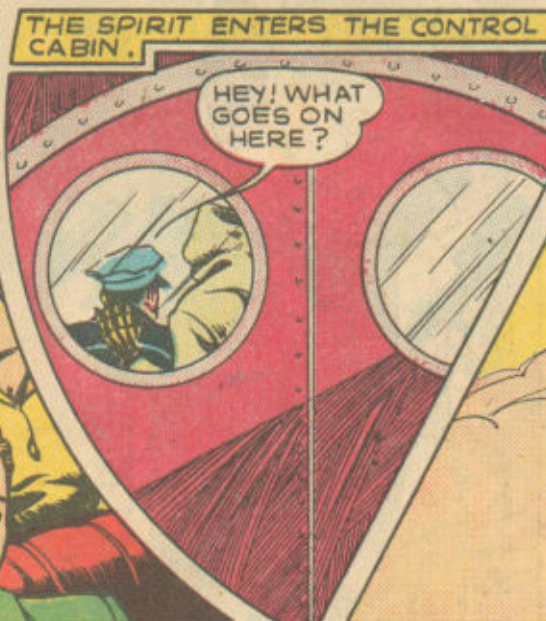
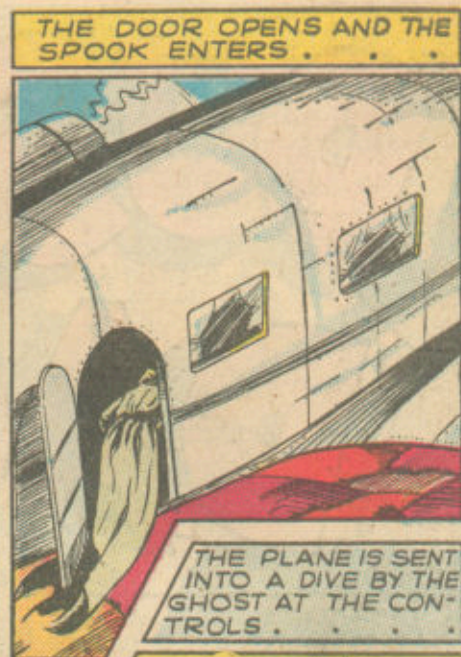
**I HOPE I CAN CATCH THAT BROTHER AT THE AIRPORT.**



**THIS IS YOUR FAMILY RING. YOU MUST WEAR IT TO PREVENT ANY HARM TO YOURSELF!**







NEXT MONTH, DETECTIVE ZERO RETURNS WITH ANOTHER WEIRD ADVENTURE.



# DUSTY DANE

by  
VERNON  
HENKEL

WITH THE WHOLE WORLD  
AS THEIR "OYSTER" DUSTY  
DANE AND HIS SIDEKICK,  
BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ROAM  
WHEREVER ADVENTURE  
CALLS...

A BOAT GLIDES TO THE FOOT OF THE  
LIGHTHOUSE... THREE FIGURES  
ALIGHT...

WE  
WERE NOT  
SEEN... QUIET,  
SLIMEY!

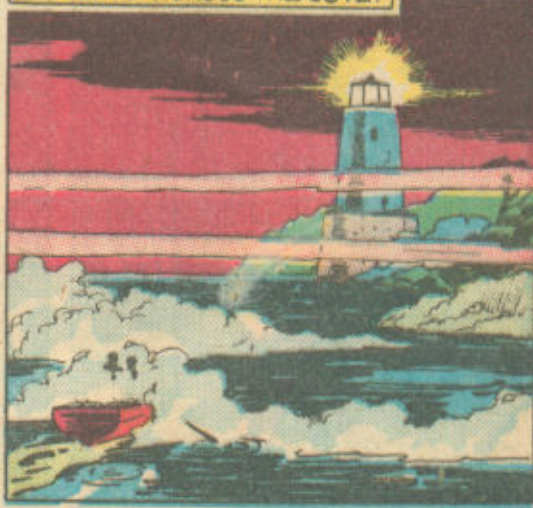
HA/HA! DISPOSE  
OF THE BODY, SLIMEY...  
"DOC, BRING THE  
GUN UP..."

YES,  
MASTER!



VISITORS?  
BUT I GET  
NO VISITORS,  
...WHO...???

ROCK POINT LIGHTHOUSE LOOMS  
THROUGH MIST... IT IS DARK...  
THE WIND HAS DIED DOWN... THE  
SOUND OF CREAKING OARS  
FLOATS ACROSS THE COVE.



W..WHAT DO  
YOU WANT  
UP HERE..  
A GUN! NO..NO!  
YOU CAN'T  
UGH!!



BANG!

A WEEK PASSES..  
THEN ONE DAY  
AS THE  
FREIGHTER  
"ORIENT STAR"  
PASSES

FIRE!!



BOOM!!



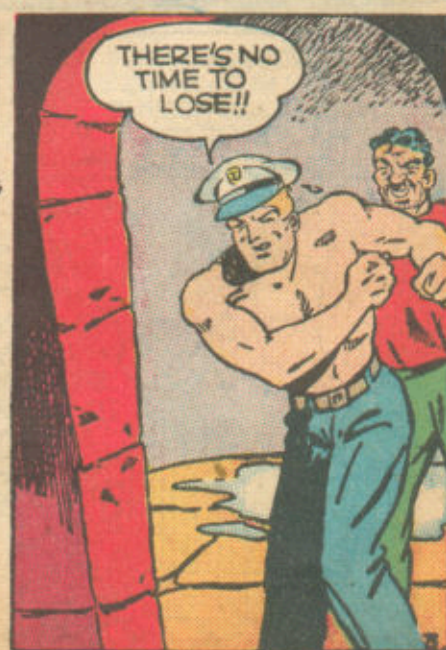
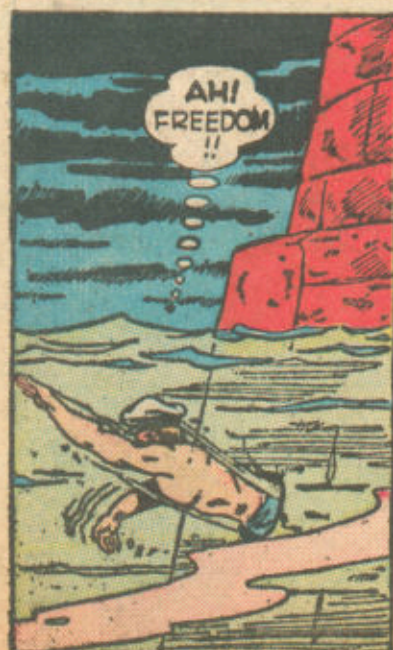
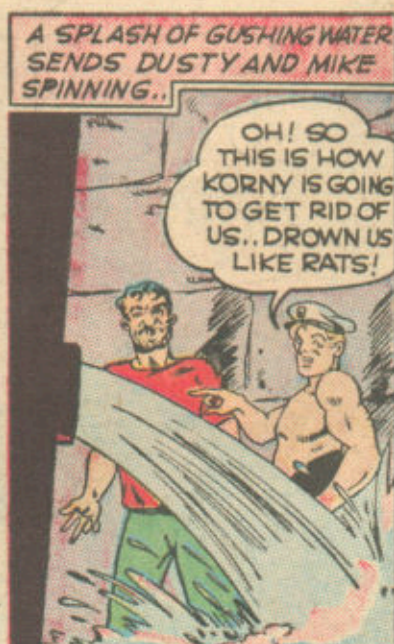
THERE IS A WILD CLAMOR FOR THE LIFEBOATS AS THE STRICKEN SHIP PLUNGES TO THE BOTTOM...



A LONE LIFEBOAT PULLS AWAY FROM THE SHIP... DUSTY DANE AND HIS ROVING PAL, BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ONLY SURVIVORS...

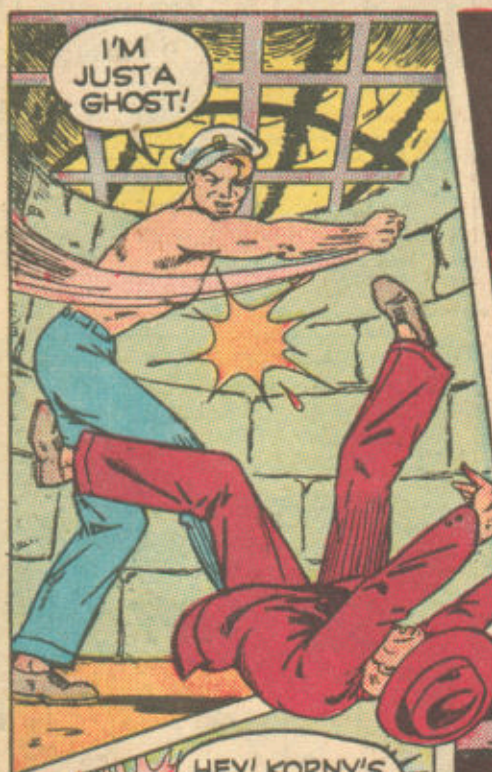








AT THE TOP OF THE LIGHTHOUSE..





# HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by ARTHUR BEEMAN

SURE, THESE KIND OF THINGS ARE SWELL—



ONLY, SHUCKS! A FELLOW HAS JUST ONE BIRTHDAY A YEAR -- AND I'M BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE SKATES OR A SCOOTER OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO RIDE ON -- THAT'S WHAT I WANTED!



I GUESS SOMETIMES PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WE'RE GROWING UP!

HEY JUNIOR!

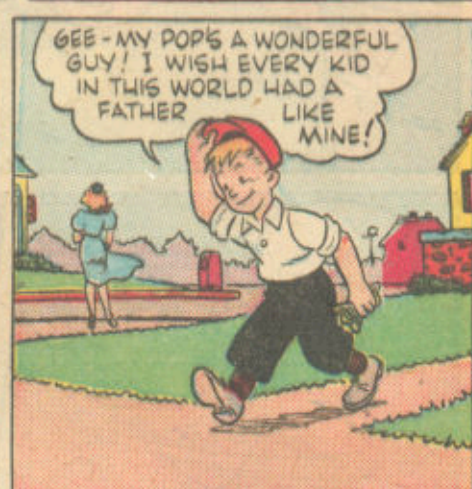


YES, DAD?

RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET ME A BOTTLE OF INK, WILL YOU -- THEN YOU CAN BUY YOURSELF A NICE PRESENT OUT OF WHAT'S LEFT!



GEE -- MY POP'S A WONDERFUL GUY! I WISH EVERY KID IN THIS WORLD HAD A FATHER LIKE MINE!



-- IF THEY DID, WE WOULDN'T HAVE ALL THESE WARS AND TROUBLES GOING ON --



HE SAID I COULD GET MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED -- AND BOY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!



HE'S A GOOD BOY -- USES HIS HEAD TOO! MAY REALLY AMOUNT TO SOMETHING SOME DAY --



HERE'S YOUR INK, POP -- AND I BOUGHT MYSELF A PEACHY PRESENT TOO! WANT TO SEE IT?

YOU BET!



WAIT -- HOW MUCH DID YOU SPEND OF MY CHANGE? REMEMBER, I GAVE YOU A \$20. BILL -- AND THIS INK ONLY COST 15¢!



-- BUT YOU SAID I COULD BUY MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED FROM THE REST WELL, THIS IS IT -- AND IT COST \$19.85!



More of Homer Doodle in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.





AS A HOSTESS, USA PURCHASES SUPPLIES FOR THE COMING MASQUERADE.



I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE TWO SENTRIES FROM THIS FORT... OH -- WHAT'S THAT?



OUTSIDE...









THE NIGHT OF THE MASQUERADE...  
FORT MAXON GLITTERS WITH  
LIGHTS AND LAUGHTER...



USA, IN HER REAL COSTUME,  
IS PRESENT...



YOU SURE LOOK  
PRETTY IN THE  
COSTUME OF THE  
GOOD OLD U.S.A.  
HOW ABOUT A  
DANCE, MISS?



IN MARSHALL'S TENT USA  
CONFRONTS HIS BUDDY.



USA PROWLS AROUND THE CAMP.



HERE ARE THE UNIFORMS,  
RICHTER. YOU'RE ON  
YOUR OWN... AND THIS  
IS THE LAST TIME!



THE MEN DON'T  
THE UNIFORMS.



AT THAT MOMENT USA APPEARS...

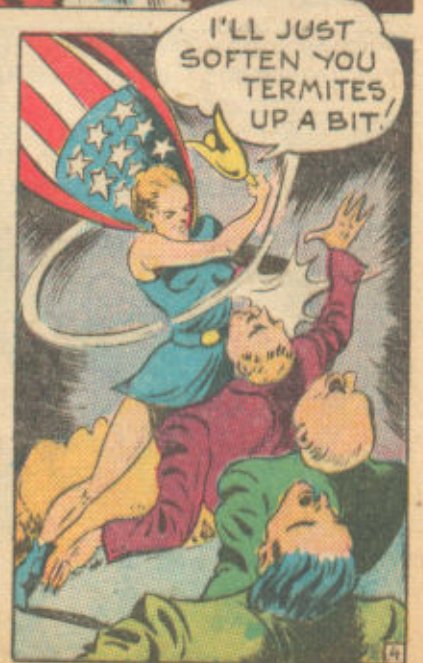


I'LL LIGHT THE WAY  
FOR YOU... OUT  
OF THIS  
COUNTRY!





**USA TURNS TO YOUNG MARSHALL.**





IN THE TUMULT RICHTER GETS  
HOLD OF A MACHINE GUN.



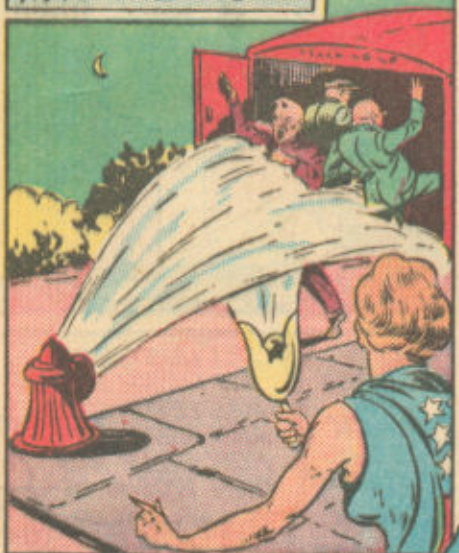
YOU FOOLS - THE  
FLAG IS STRONGER  
THAN YOUR BULLETS...  
IT'S AN IDEAL!  
YOU'RE DONE,  
RICHTER!



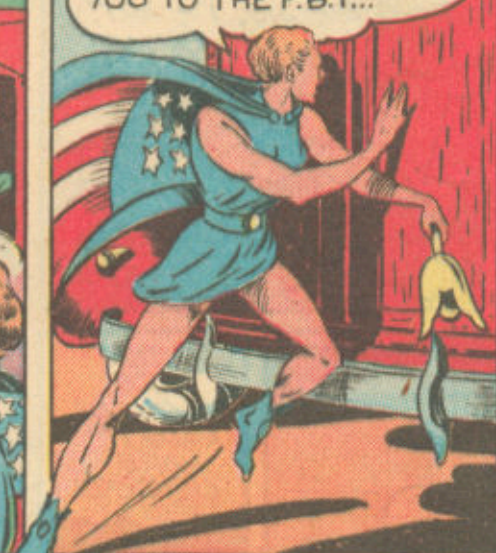
AND JUST TO  
SHOW YOU HOW  
WET YOU REALLY  
ARE...



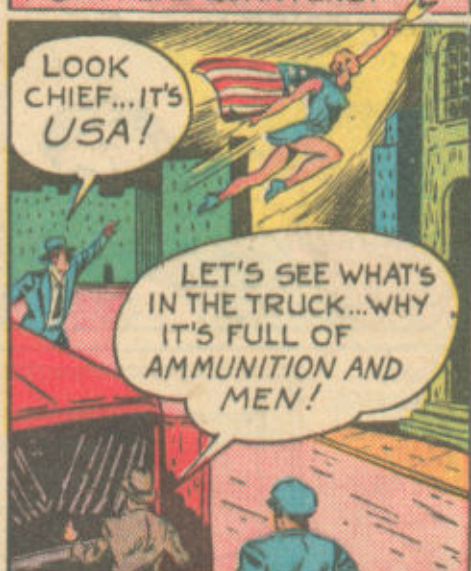
DIRECTED BY THE TORCH, THE  
WATER FORCES THE THUGS  
INTO THE TRUCK.



THIS TRUCK IS JUST  
WHAT I NEED TO DELIVER  
YOU TO THE F.B.I...



THE HUMAN CARGO STOPS AT  
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.



BACK AT  
THE FORT.



COULD I HAVE  
THIS DANCE,  
USA?

CERTAINLY,  
PRIVATE  
MARSHALL.



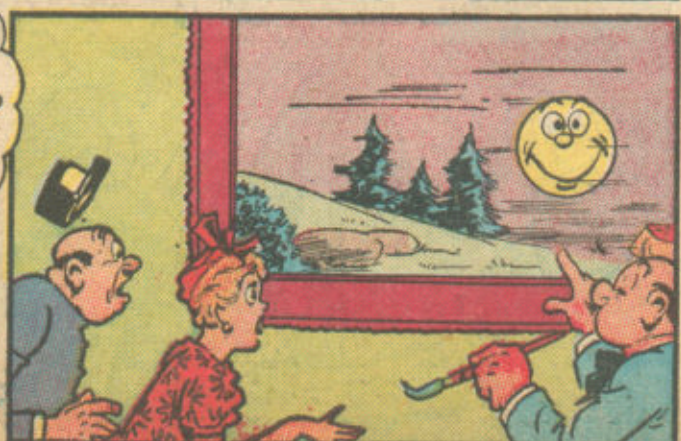
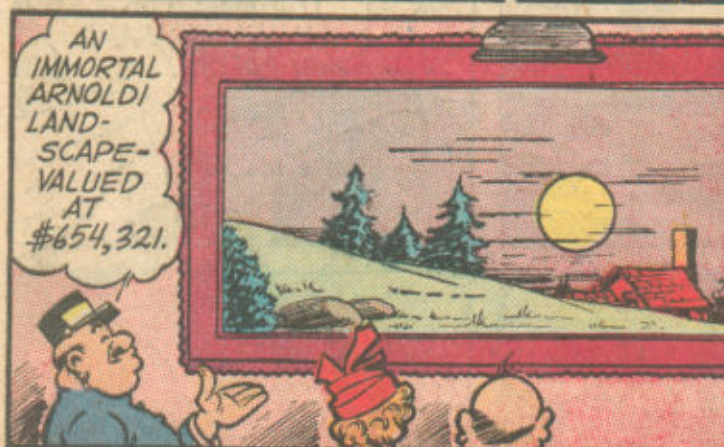
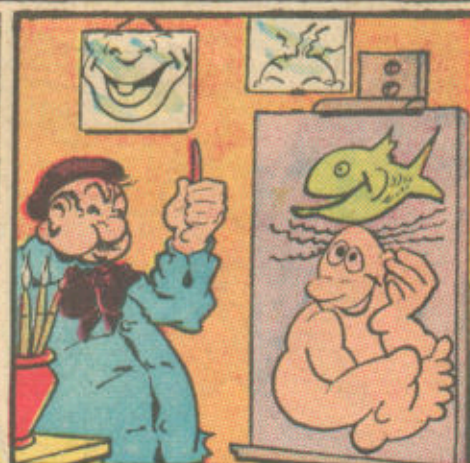
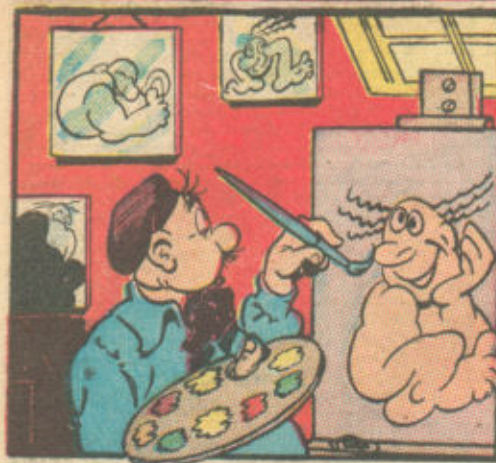
REMEMBER...I DANCE  
ONLY WITH REAL  
AMERICANS...BUT  
I THINK YOU'VE  
LEARNED A  
LESSON.

I SURE  
HAVE,  
USA.



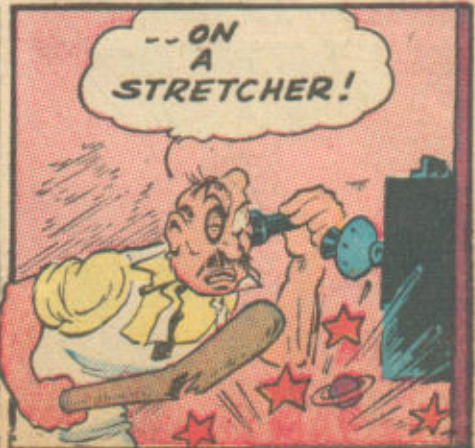
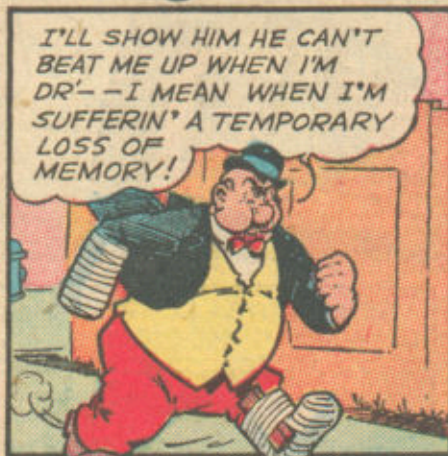
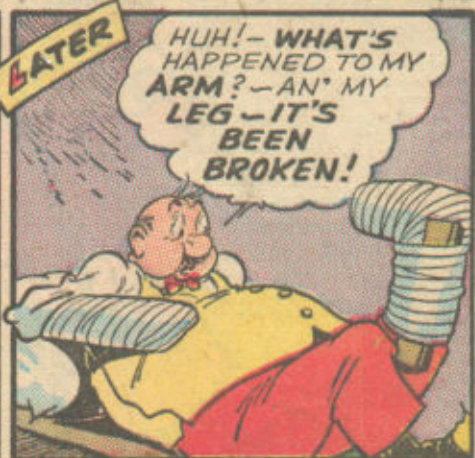
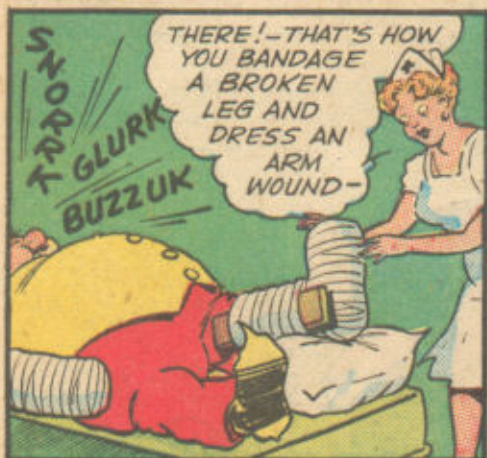


# LALA PALOOZA





# Lala Palooza





# REYNOLDS

by *1st Barney*  
OF THE

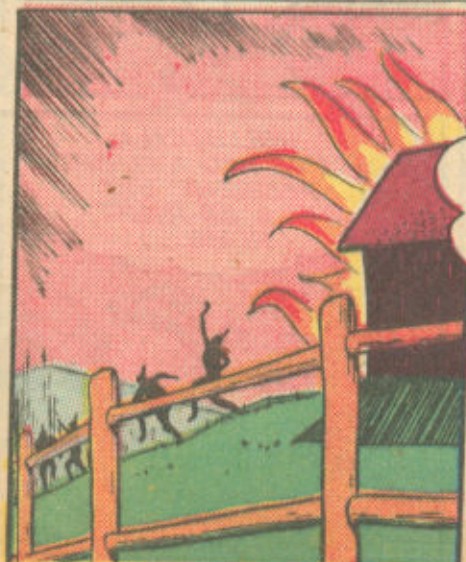
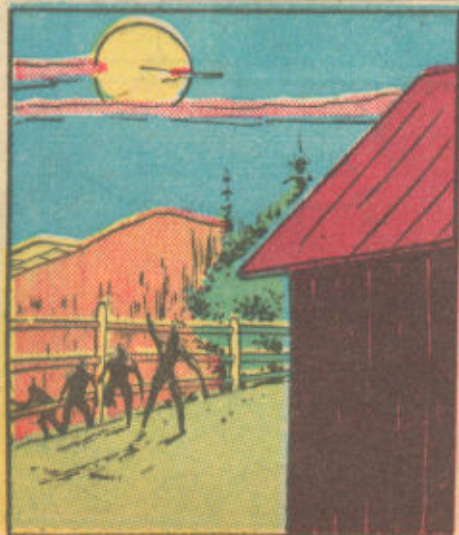
MOUNTED



WITH HIS TRUSTED GUIDE, FLATFOOT CHARLIE, SERGEANT REYNOLDS TANGLES WITH THE BLACK CROW INDIANS TO FOIL A DARING SCHEME AND SETTLE AN OLD INJUSTICE.....

A PALE MOON SHINES DOWN ON SETTLERS VALLEY AS FIGURES APPROACH A RANCH...

A FEW MINUTES LATER A RED GLOW FILLS THE SKY.....



IT'S THEM REDSKINS, BLAST 'EM! THAT'S THE FOURTH FIRE THIS WEEK-- TRYIN' TO SCARE US SETTLERS-- I'M GOIN' TO CALL TH' POLICE!!

IT WAS OUR NEW BARN!





THEY ARE TAKEN UNAWARE BY THE BRAWLING MEN...





THAT NIGHT

WONDER WHAT  
THOSE MEN  
HAD TO DO  
WITH CARTER-  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

A YELL FROM  
CARTER'S TENT...  
MAYBE  
NIGHTMARE!!

AND I WAS  
HAVING A  
DREAM IN  
TECHNICOLOR,  
HO-HUM!

C'MON CHARLIE-  
IT MUST BE  
THOSE MEN....

BUT SUDDENLY FROM THE DARK  
SHADOWS OF THE TENTS.....



A POWERFUL BLOW FROM BEHIND  
FELLS THE BRAVE SERGEANT...



AS FLATFOOT TRIES TO HELP....

GO BACK TO  
DREAMLAND,  
INJUN....  
HEH-HEH!

WE'VE GOT  
CARTER-  
LET'S GO!



OW-MY  
HEAD!

MEN LEAVE  
BEHIND TRAIL  
CLEAR AS A-B-C!  
YOU FOLLOW  
FLATFOOT!

IN THE CLEAR MOONLIGHT THEY  
FOLLOW THE TRAIL INTO THE  
RUGGED MOUNTAINS...



GOOD! LET'S  
CREEP UP AND  
LISTEN!

AH! CHARLIE  
HIT JACKPOT-  
LOOK! LIGHT  
IN CAVE!

WHEN I WENT TO  
PRISON FOR THE  
CRIME YOU  
COMMITTED I  
SWORE I'D GET  
YOU IF IT TOOK  
THE REST OF MY  
LIFE, THORPE!

HA-HA! NOW  
THAT YOU'VE  
FOUND ME IT'LL  
MEAN YOUR  
END, CARTER!





SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL FROM ONE OF THE MEN.....



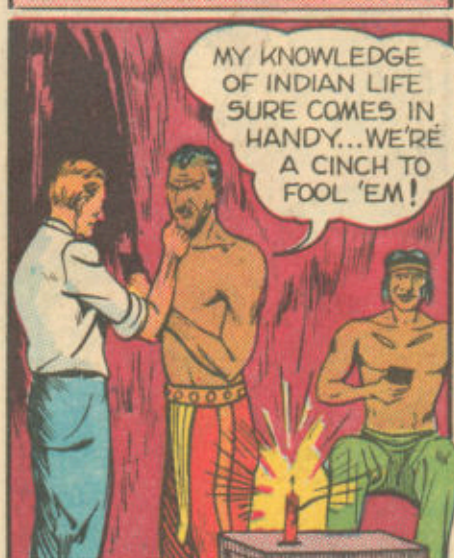
BEFORE REYNOLDS CAN FIRE THORPE MAKES A WELL AIMED SHOT...



THE INDIANS ARE HOLDING A SECRET MEETING TONIGHT-WE'RE GOING TO INCITE THEM AGAINST THE RANCHERS-WITH THE MOUNTIE OUT OF THE WAY THEY'LL LISTEN TO US....



WITH BROWN PAINT THORPE AND HIS MEN MAKE UP THEIR BODIES.



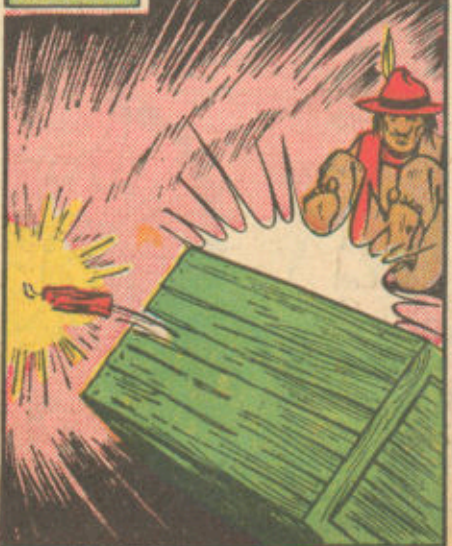
LET'S GO, MEN-KEEP A CLOSE WATCH OVER THEM, FRANK! WHEN WE GET BACK WE'LL GET RID OF 'EM!!



IN THE DIM LIGHT THE THREE CAPTIVES SILENTLY ACCEPT THEIR FATE...



SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING FLATFOOT CHARLIE GOES INTO ACTION...



AS THE CROOK HASTILY RELIGHTS THE CANDLE.....







AS THE DISGUISED THORPE INCITES THE RED MEN TWO FIGURES ENTER.



THEN REYNOLDS GOES INTO ACTION.





# CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

IN  
TELLTALE  
TUNNEL

BY  
HARRY  
THOMAS  
CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND JACKSON, HIS DOUBLE, ARE NOW PITTED AGAINST THEIR MOST FORMIDABLE FOE, THE BEAUTIFUL SPY SONYA...

OFFICE OF COLONEL JORDAN,  
CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...

BRUCE, THE AXIS POWERS ARE PRINTING, IN DETAIL, ABOUT THE **SECRET SESSIONS** OF OUR **MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE**.

WELL, I'LL  
BE-

IT'S UP TO YOU TO **PLUG**.  
**THIS LEAK!**

ANY **CLUES**,  
COLONEL?

NO, EXCEPT **SPEED** OF PUBLIC-  
ATION SHOWS THE INFORMAT-  
ION MUST BE SENT BY  
**RADIO!**

I GET IT, SAY,  
COLONEL-GET  
ME THE RECORD  
OF THAT  
**FREAK RADIO**  
**SIGNAL.**

BRUCE PLAYS THE RECORD  
OF A HIGH-PITCHED, SHRIEKING  
RADIO SIGNAL, SENT BY A  
MYSTERY RADIO STATION...

NOTHING TO THAT-SAY, THE  
PHONOGRAPH'S **RUNNING**  
**DOWN!**

EEEE-**IS**  
**TRUE-**

-AND MR. CHAIRMAN,  
THIS NEW 57-B  
WELL, I'LL  
BE! FORMULA WILL  
R-R-R-R

COLONEL, THE GERMANS  
USED **THIS** TRICK DURING  
THE **LAST** WAR. THEY SPEEDED  
UP **CODE** UNTIL IT WAS  
**UNRECOGNIZABLE, RECORDED**  
**IT, AND PLAYED IT BACK**  
**SLOWLY ENOUGH TO BE**  
**UNDERSTOOD!**

THAT NIGHT, IN A RADIO CAR

THERE'S THAT MYSTERY  
STATION! GET ITS  
**DIRECTION!**

GOT IT!  
52  
DEGREES  
AND...

LATER, IN ANOTHER PART  
OF WASHINGTON.

YOUR SECOND BEARING  
WAS 41 EAST! NOW, PLOT  
THEM ON A MAP!

GREAT  
**GUNS-**

THEY INTERSECT AT THE  
**CAPITOL BUILDING! LOOK,**  
**CAPTAIN!**

BY GOSH,  
THEY DO!  
I'LL LOOK  
FOR A "MIKE"  
IN THE  
**COMMITTEE**  
**ROOM.**

OF COURSE **YOU** CAN SEARCH,  
CAPTAIN! I'LL LET YOU INTO  
THE MILITARY AFFAIRS  
COMMITTEE'S ROOM.

THANKS!



AFTER AN HOURS' SEARCH.

I **KNOW** THERE'S NO "MIKE" **INSIDE** THIS ROOM! I'LL GET OUT BEFORE THE COMMITTEE COME BACK FOR THE NIGHT SESSION!

THAT GIRL, SHE LOOKS LIKE THAT **SPY SONYA**! I'LL FOLLOW, AND FIND OUT.

OUTSIDE, IN THE CORRIDOR.

BLACKBURN, HE'S FOLLOWING ME!

I'LL CATCH UP TO HER IN THAT CORRIDOR! IT HAS NO DOORS OFF IT!

WELL, TIE **THAT**, SHE CAN'T BE GONE, BUT SHE IS! NOW **WHERE** DID SHE GO?

COLONEL, I JUST FOUND SONYA, AND LOST HER! HAVE HER LOCATED - YOU **DID?** AT 400 NEW JERSEY AVE, THAT'S NEAR HERE!

BRUCE APPROACHES THE HOUSE...

THERE'S THE HOUSE - THAT CAR'S TRAVELLING - **FAST!**

-AND MEANS NO **GOOD**-

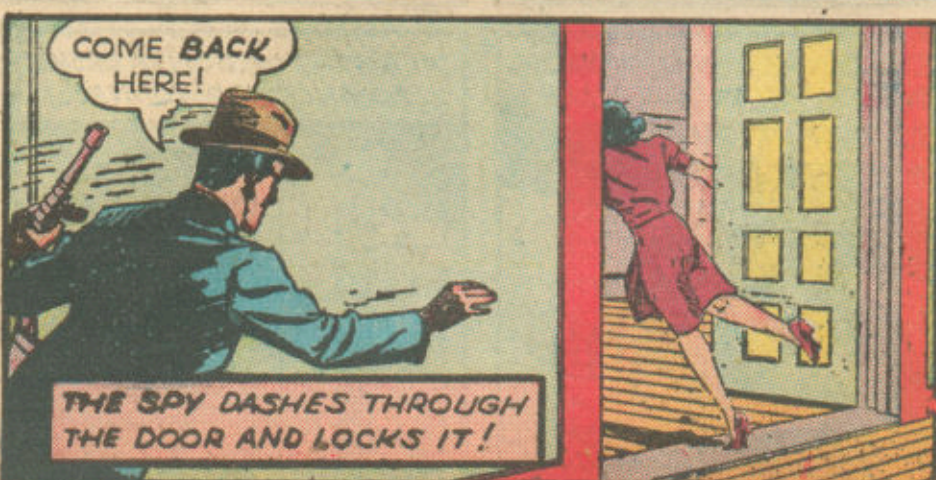
-BY ME!

A TOMMY GUN CHATTERS.

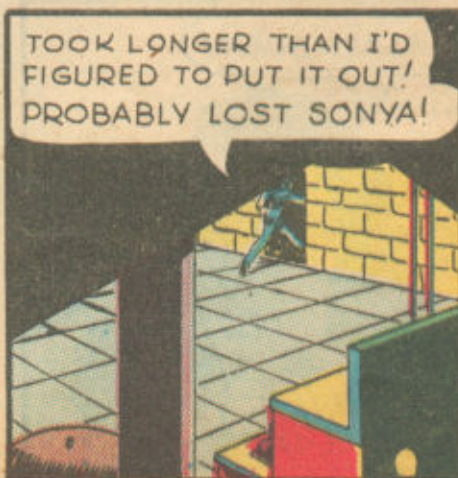
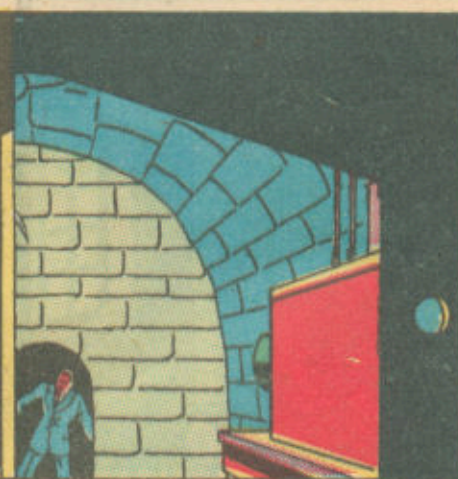
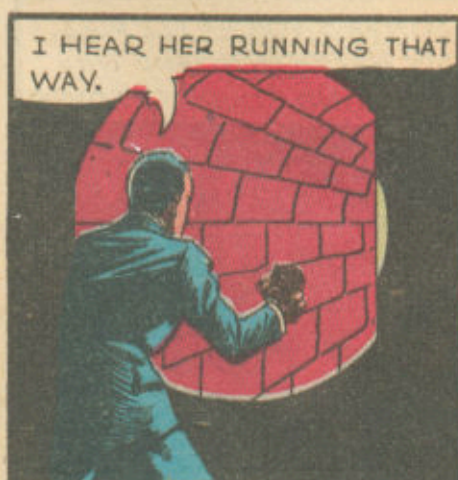
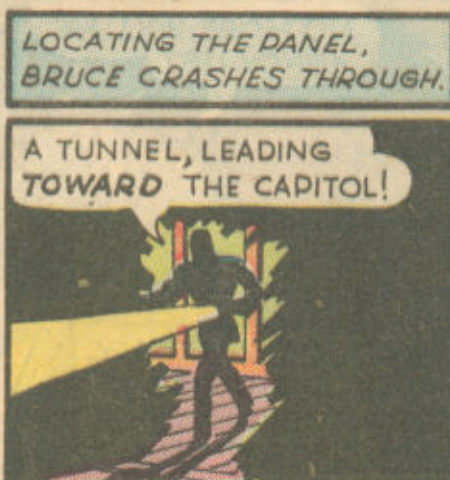
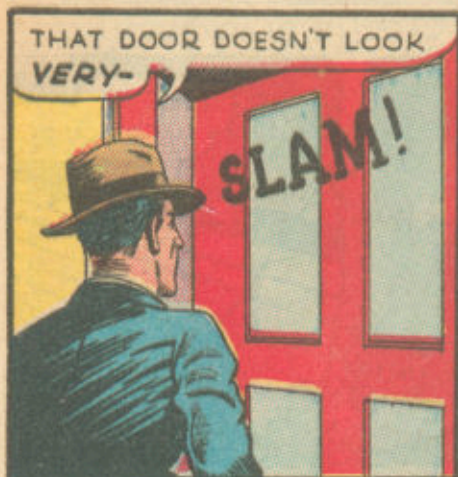
LOOK ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF THE WALL, AND SEE IF HE IS **DEAD!**

OF COURSE, FRAULEIN!





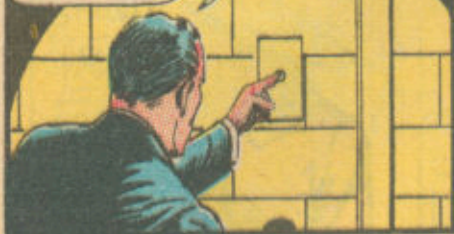






AT THE FAREND OF THE TUNNEL, ANOTHER PANEL...

THIS BUTTON MAY WORK IT! IT DOES!



SHE'S GONE!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE!



THAT MAN HAS BOTH LUCK AND NINE LIVES!



THE COMMITTEE ROOM...

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE.

HOLD IT, SENATOR, COME OUTSIDE!



THERE'S A MIKE *INSIDE* THE WALLS OF THAT ROOM, *RADIOING EVERY WORD SAID* DIRECT TO *EUROPE*. I'LL SHOW YOU!

AMAZING!



SECRET TUNNELS UNDER THE CAPITOL? A JOB FOR THE *DIES COMMITTEE*!



YOU SEE, THIS RECORDING TAPE, CARRYING YOUR VOICES, IS RUN THROUGH THE SHORTWAVE RADIO AT SIX TIMES NORMAL SPEED! IT SOUNDS LIKE A SQUEAL, UNTIL THEY RECORD IT, AND SLOW IT DOWN AT THE OTHER END!

ASTONISHING, CAPTAIN!



I HAVE *ONE* MORE THING TO DO! I'LL JUST HOOK UP THIS "MIKE" BEFORE I SMASH THIS OUTFIT.

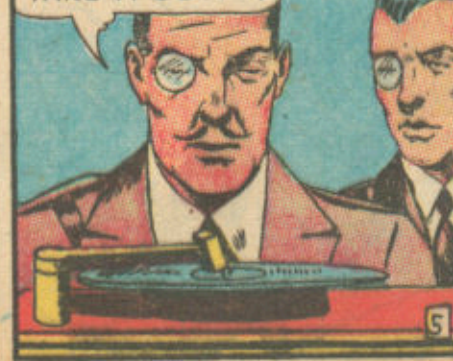


A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A EUROPEAN CAPITAL...

ANOTHER MESSAGE, EMIL! A CLEVER TRICK OF SONYA'S!



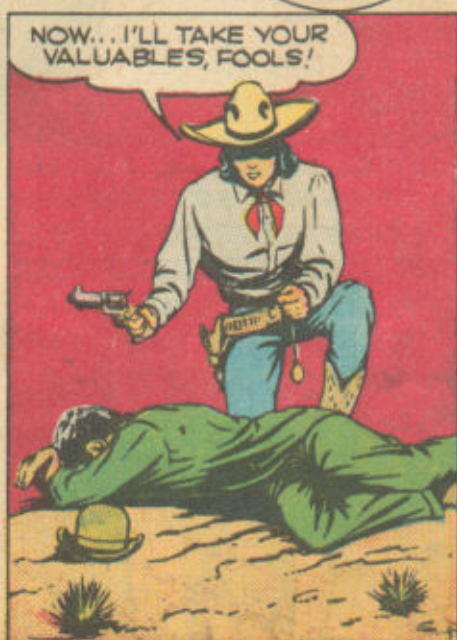
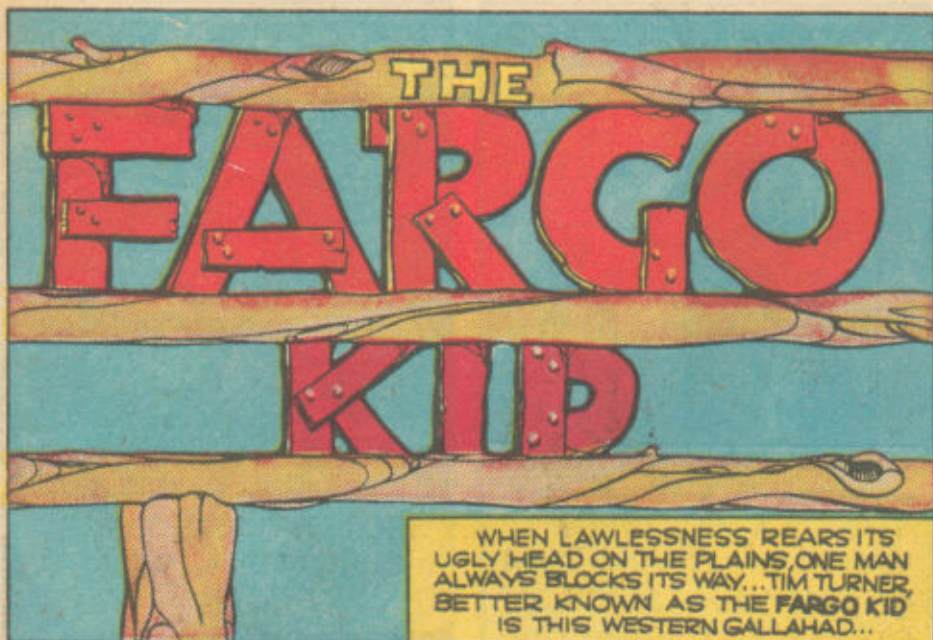
HURRY! PLAY IT BACK ON THE *SLOW PHONOGRAPH*, I'LL TAKE IT DOWN!



AND NOW, MY GOOSE-STEPPING FRIENDS, TELL YOUR LEADER THAT THIS IS ALL! YOUR AUTOMATIC SPY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED. AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SIGNING OFF--- PERMANENTLY!

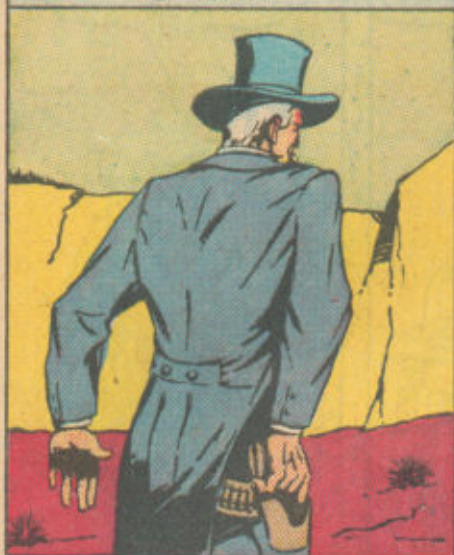








SEEING THE GIRL OFF GUARD,  
ANOTHER PASSENGER GOES FOR  
HIS .45....



SHE SPOTS THE MOVE... FIRES...  
THE MAN DROPS....



THE FARGO KID STUDIES HER  
THOUGHTFULLY..



DON'T LOWER YOUR HANDS  
UNTIL I'M OUT OF  
SIGHT!!



WITH THE VICTIMS STARING  
HELPLESSLY, SHE THUNDERS OFF..



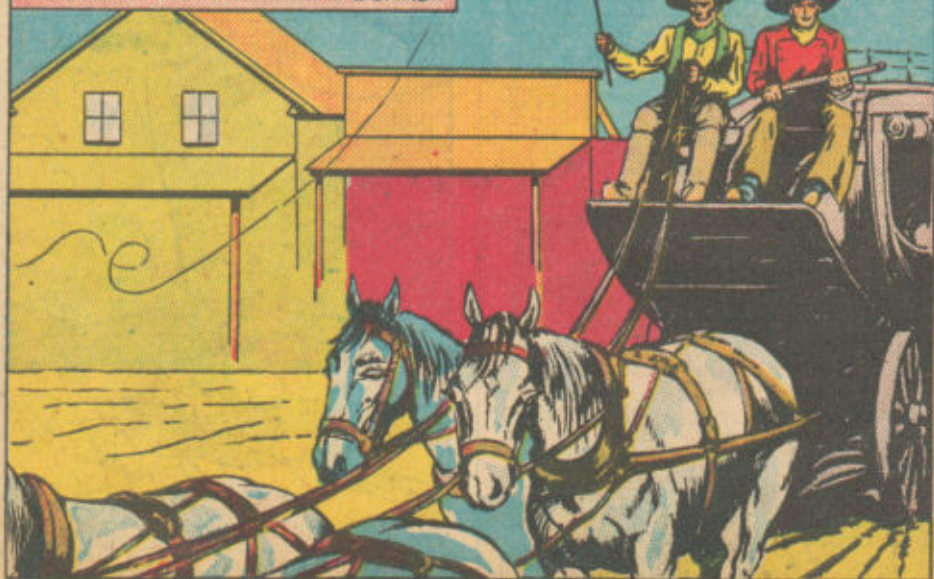
NEXT DAY FARGO  
KID HAS A PLAN..  
HE GOES TO THE  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE..

HOW ABOUT THE NEW  
GUARD JOB ON  
THE STAGES?

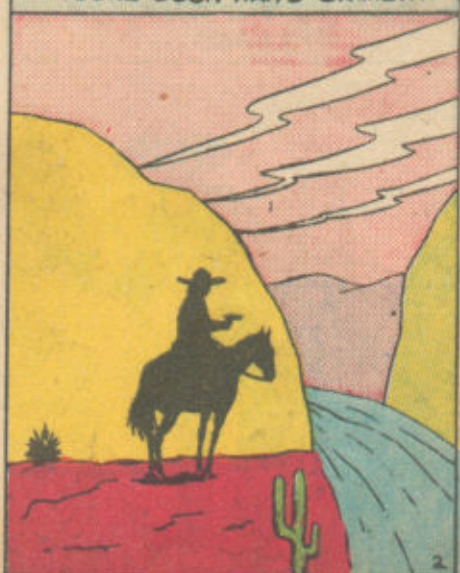
WELL.. Y'MIGHT  
DO...



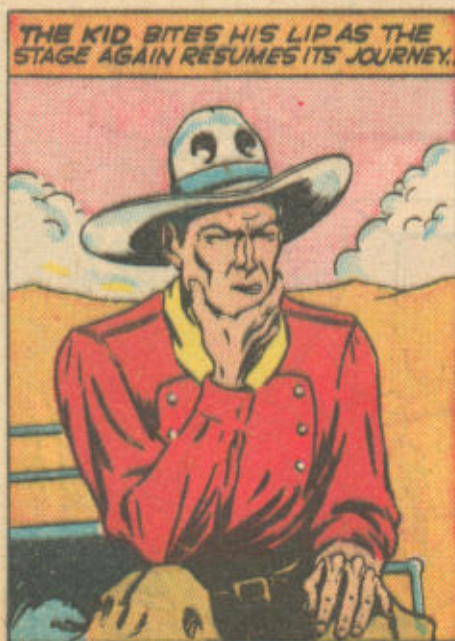
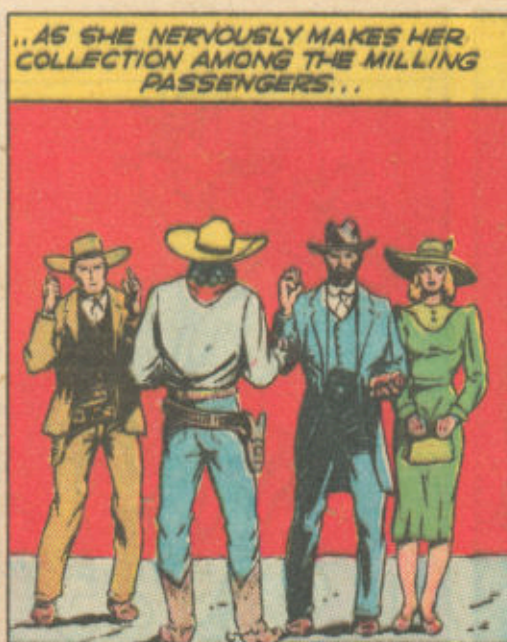
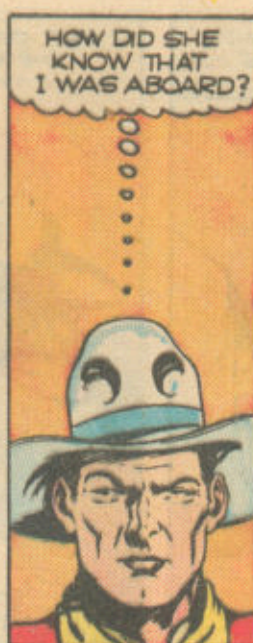
A WEEK LATER.. THE FARGO  
KID NOW RIDES AS A NEW GUARD.



AT A LONELY SPOT IN THE HILLS A  
FIGURE SOON WAITS GRIMLY..









NEXT DAY..THE FARGO KID ENTERS THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...A DEPUTY SPEAKS

HAW!..HERE'S OUR BIG STAGE PROTECTOR NOW!



YOU SEEM HAPPY ABOUT SOMETHING TODAY, CAL!

W..WHY... WHAT D'YA MEAN??



DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUN!!



BUT THE DEPUTY PULLS HIS .45

WHAT D'YA WANT. WHY DID YA COME HERE??



DROP IT, CAL!!



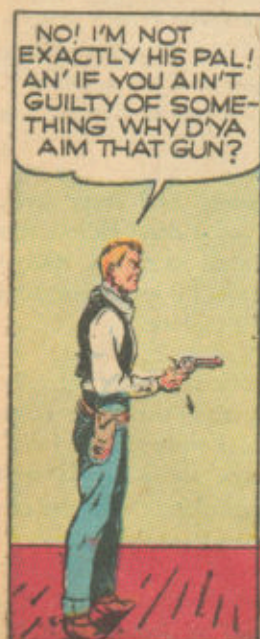
THE DEPUTY CRINGES IN FEAR...

SO! YA EVEN GOT A PAL WITH YA TOO, EH??



NO! I'M NOT EXACTLY HIS PAL! AN' IF YOU AIN'T GUILTY OF SOMETHING WHY D'YA AIM THAT GUN?

SHERIFF BAXTER!



I SEE IT ALL NOW SHERIFF... CAL HERE WAS THE BANDIT... HE KNEW THE STAGE SHIPMENTS, AND BEING IN YOUR OFFICE KNEW I WAS RIDING AS GUARD-



- AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN WHO GOT A HORSE YOU CAN MOUNT ON THE RIGHT... HE SHOULDN'T OF USED HIM IN HOLD-UPS!



Fargo Kid will thrill you in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.





It was the beginning of the "graveyard watch"—midnight. A pale moon cast a pallor over the sea. The "graveyard watch" was intended for banshees and kelpies and pigwidgeons, Captain Macmurragh reasoned. He clung to the wheel of the *Bonnie Brae* as she slipped through the darkness off the coast of Barbary. Skipper Macmurragh was far from being in a "bonnie" mood; too much had happened along this treacherous coast during the last few weeks.

"Yit I dinna ken why subs should be preyin' on honest traders an' luggers," he observed to the off-shore wind.

But the fact remained that in the past five weeks, a half dozen trading ships had rammed *something* while plying the Atlantic along the west coast of Africa. They had not been torpedoed, which put a mysterious angle on the business. *Something* had simply risen from the sea beneath them, then sank again, leaving a gaping hole in those planking hulls.

The wrecks had all occurred in the vicinity of Verde, in the region of Senegal.

"What else could it be but a sub?" argued shipping authorities. But military authorities argued differently. A sub was built to withstand tremendous external pressures over a great area; a heavy blow in a small section would crush the plates. Again, none of the ships were actually rammed; they were crushed from beneath.

It had come on to blow, and Captain Macmurragh clung to the wheel, while the little trader lifted and lurched in the growing swells. By two in the morning a half gale was blowing.

Dawn broke murky. The wind had fallen, but the long swells lost none of their menace. Fish Face, the Senegalese first mate, who had a fractured leg, hobbled on deck about seven o'clock. Captain Macmurragh knew that the pain in the giant Negro's leg must be intense.

"No need of ye comin' up, Fish Face. I—"

"Oh, tuan," interposed the big chap, "Ah jes' couldn't sleep no mo'. Ah had a awful dream, Ah did."

"A dream?" Macmurragh chuckled. "Tell me your dream, Fish Face."

Fish Face's bloodshot eyes rolled until the whites resembled two china saucers on a table of black linen.

"Ah don' like to tell it, tuan. Ah's feered it mout happen! Ah dreamed one of dem subbalines come up out dere an' we's jes' go down to de bottom!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" chortled old Macmurragh. "Ye be possessed—"

Fish Face's shriek cut through the skipper's words like a knife. The Negro turned the color of lead and grasped a stanchion for support. He pointed, gulping. "Dere she is, tuan—Oooo-oo!"

A mile off, a dark *shape* rose out of the sea. It looked like a giant cigar. Slowly it turned in the direction of the *Bonnie Brae*. Then it slowly submerged.

"Sub!" cried skipper Macmurragh. Numb terror overspread his face. "Quick, Fish Face, break out the life rings! You, Sam," he said to the young Arab deck hand, "see to the boat!"

The old Scot was all action now. If they were to be attacked—and there was no doubt in Macmurragh's mind that they were—they might as well be prepared for it.

They didn't have to wait long. Ten minutes after the terrifying submarine had been sighted, there came a rending, crunching jar from below decks. The schooner reared out of the water three feet then settled back with a mighty splash.

All hands—there were seven in the crew—went about the business of seeing that life rings and the single boat were in readiness for a quick leave-taking.

The schooner began to heel over. They could hear the gurgling rumble of water pouring into the holds.

"Must have a hole in her big enough to drive a team of oxen through," grumbled Macmurragh. "Th' bloody divils!" He shook his fist at the water, under which the sub had come and gone.

They got the small boat launched, and the eight men climbed aboard. They were none too soon; the *Bonnie Brae* sank stern first. With a weary sigh, she slipped to her last resting place. Captain Macmurragh swiped a tear from his grizzled cheek; it rends a skipper's heart to see his command go down, although it's the smallest ship afloat.

The neatly uniformed little French lieutenant strode across the deck of the *Rita* in typically French agitation. He made a grandiose gesture with his hands, and his tiny mustache bristled.

"Sacre, M'sieu, it is more than I can take! First it is the small trading ships; now it is the private yacht of Count LeBreau!" Lieutenant Paul Laverne clapped both hands to his ears. "Nom de Dieu! The Administrator is driving me—what you say, nuts!"

Perry Scott rose from his deck chair and grinned.

"Take it easy, Lieutenant. The Administrator is hardly expecting you to solve the riddle in a day . . . Why doesn't the Government send a cruiser after the sub?"

"Monsieur Scott! The French government, she is, alas! Not what she used to be, non! We have ask for a gunboat. But no. There is a war in Europe, you know."

"Well, Lieutenant," said Perry dryly. "As I have told you, I don't believe this sub story—not in all its details. And if you'll give me leave, I'll cruise around a bit and see what I can see."

The French official smiled blandly. "Wiz the pleasure, M'sieu. The ocean she is yours! And I wish you the luck!" Lieutenant Laverne shook hands with Perry and a moment later the tender carried him back to the Verde wharf.

That afternoon Perry took the *Rita* out to sea. He had no definite plan. He had an idea, a rather fantastic one, and



he meant to run the thing down. No undersea craft he had ever seen was capable of doing the things this mysterious sub was doing. Of course, there was much development going on in craft of all kinds, due to the war. Some crackpot maybe had invented such an indestructible monster as rumor described. He doubted it.

"So what's the angle?" asked Ron Cabot, one of Scott's several assistants as they slipped into the open sea. "Ever stop to think that we might be the next victim of the sub?"

"We'll have to change it, Ron. One thing sure, we have a far better chance of outrunning this mystery sub than anything it has sent to the bottom."

They didn't sight anything that looked like a submarine all that day. Heading for the harbor at Verde just at dusk, Sparks picked up an urgent SOS from a ship about ten miles to the south. He hurried with it to Perry.

"They're in a bad way, Perry. Been rammed by that sub and going down fast. One boat, and a crew of twenty-eight—"

"Okay, Sparky." Perry slammed down hard on the full-speed lever and the *Rita* leaped ahead. They'd do the ten miles in less than an hour. Perry hoped the boat would hold all of them.

It was an old oil tanker, and she was still afloat when they hove in sight. Her bow was under a third of her length. All the crew was aboard the life boat and they were rowing like mad toward the *Rita*.

The captain scrambled up the monkey ladder first.

"Van Devers, master of the *Sirius*," he stated as he shook hands with Perry. "You came along just in time, sir."

"What rammed you?" Perry asked him.

"A sub. We sighted her a mile off, then she submerged. It wasn't ten minutes later that she stove a hole in our hull."

As they were talking, one of the Dutch crew on deck shouted, "Sub! Off the port bow!"

"Stand by the gun, men!" Perry ordered two of his men. "Fire when you have her in your sights!"

The Dutch captain held up his hands in horror. "You mean—you're going to fire on her, sir! They'll sink us—"

The four-inch gun bellowed. "Hit!" cried the gunner. "There she goes!"

The sub went down with a great "Whoo-oosh!" Five minutes later the *Rita* was cruising the spot where the sub had disappeared. The water was a bright red.

"Heavens above—blood!" gasped Van Devers.

"Yes," Perry said. "Your sub was just what I had surmised."

Van Devers looked at him. "You mean—"

"A whale—a common, old playful whale!"

**READ THE MASTER'S METEOR**  
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER  
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF  
**FEATURE COMICS**  
ON SALE AUGUST 22<sup>ND</sup>

Can you find a great American here?  
Follow from dot to dot with a pencil! Stop at each "X" and start again at the next numbered dot.

**Be sure your new bike has this famous brake**

**B**UILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

**MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

**ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION**  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Elmhurst, N. Y.



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

NIPPIE BET ME A  
SODA HE CAN RIDE  
ABE ORKIN'S HORSE  
LIKE TH' FELLOW IN  
TH' CIRCUS!

GID-AP!

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE  
PHIL HAS MADE  
A SAILBOAT  
FOR SONNY,  
EH, MICKEY?

YEAH...AND  
THEY'RE  
ENTERING  
IT IN TH' PARK  
RACE TODAY!

GEE, UNCLE PHIL!  
SOME OF TH'  
BOATS ARE  
AWFUL  
BIG!

I'M AFRAID  
WE'RE UP  
AGAINST IT,  
SONNY! THOSE  
BOATS WILL  
BE FAST!

ATTENTION! CONTESTANTS  
MUST SPREAD OUT..TEN  
YARDS APART.. SO THE  
BOATS WON'T SMASH!

WAIT HERE, SONNY! I'LL  
GET YOUR BOAT STARTED  
WHEN THEY GIVE THE  
SIGNAL! YOU MIGHT  
FALL IN!

ON YOUR MARK..  
GET SET...

BANG!

GOSH, UNCLE PHIL,  
MINE IS  
LEADING!

THE  
WINNER!

JUST WHAT PURPOSE  
DOES THIS RUBBER  
BAND SERVE,  
MR. FINN?

IT'S A  
LITTLE  
IDEA TO  
GIVE THE  
RIGHT  
AMOUNT  
OF  
TENSION!



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

THERE'S THAT  
KID YOU'RE  
ALWAYS  
TRYIN' TO  
CATCH, NIPPIE!

YEAH, BUT  
THIS TIME  
I'LL CATCH  
HIM!

CHEESE IT,  
JOHNNY.. HERE  
COMES NIPPIE!



## MICKEY FINN

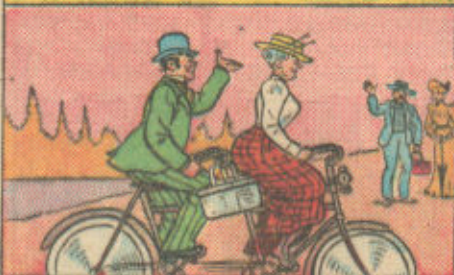
By LANK LEONARD

WHY DOES  
UNCLE PHIL  
ALWAYS GET  
SO GROUCHY  
ON TH' FOURTH  
OF JULY, MA?

WELL IT WAS  
ON THAT DAY  
THAT HE LOST  
THE ONLY GIRL  
HE REALLY  
LOVED.. ROSIE  
PLOTZMEYER!



IT WAS BACK IN 1906.. PHILIP  
HAD TAKEN ROSIE TO A  
PICNIC THAT HIS LODGE WAS  
HAVING AT LAKE PAKASNACK



ROSIE AND THE GIRLS WERE  
GETTING THE FOOD READY  
WHILE PHILIP AND THE OTHER  
YOUNG MEN ARRANGED THE  
FIREWORKS THEY PLANNED TO  
SET OFF..



PHILIP OF COURSE INSISTED  
THAT HE KNEW ALL THERE WAS  
TO KNOW ABOUT FIREWORKS  
AND ELECTED HIMSELF TO  
SET THEM OFF!



BUT AS YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE  
THE VERY FIRST SKYROCKET  
HE SET OFF WENT SHOOTING  
ALONG THE GROUND INSTEAD  
OF UP IN THE AIR AND HEAD-  
ED STRAIGHT FOR...



..ROSIE! THE POOR GIRL WAS  
THROWN FORWARD ON HER  
FACE, RIGHT INTO A LEMON  
CUSTARD PIE.. AND TO MAKE  
MATTERS WORSE...



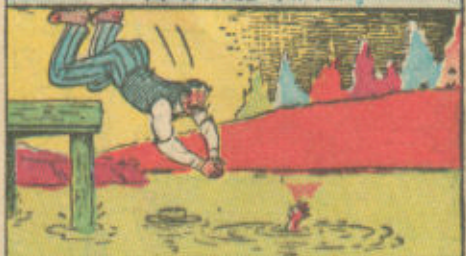
..THE FLIMSY WAIST CORSET  
SHE WAS WEARING  
CAUGHT FIRE.. SHE DASHED  
MADLY DOWN TO THE LAKE..



..FORGETTING THAT SHE  
DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM  
SHE JUMPED IN AND PROB-  
ABLY WOULD HAVE DROWNED  
IF...



ELMER FISHBACK WHO ALSO  
LOVED HER HAD NOT DIVED  
IN, GRABBED HER JUST AS  
SHE WAS GOING DOWN FOR  
A THIRD TIME..



NATURALLY, ROSIE LEFT NO  
DOUBTS AS TO THE WAY SHE  
FELT.. SIX MONTHS LATER  
ROSIE AND ELMER FISHBACK  
WERE MARRIED!



WELL, HE MAY  
HAVE LOST  
HIS GIRL, MA..  
BUT I'LL  
BET HE  
LEARNED  
A  
LESSON!

I'M AFRAID  
HE DIDN'T  
MICHAEL!



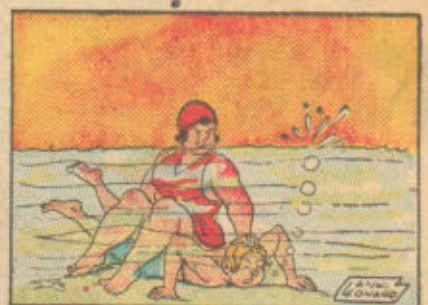
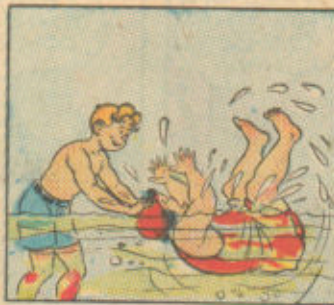


# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

YOU'D BETTER  
NOT TRY TO  
DUCK FAT  
EMMA, SHE WON'T  
TAKE ANY FOOLING!

SHE'LL  
TAKE  
IT  
FROM  
ME!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

HAS YOUR  
UNCLE PHIL  
SEEN UNCLE  
OWNEY SINCE  
HE MARRIED  
FANNY BURNS!

NOT YET..UNCLE  
PHIL IS STILL  
SORE BECAUSE  
OWNEY STOLE  
FANNY AWAY..  
THEY'LL MEET  
TONIGHT AT  
TH' LODGE  
DANCE!



HERE COMES  
OWNEY AND FANNY,  
PHIL..NOW  
REMEMBER,WE  
DONT WANT  
ANY FIGHTING!

AW..I  
WOULDN'T  
EVEN  
SPEAK TO  
THE  
SNAKE!



WHY SURE,  
OWNEY..HOW  
MUCH DO  
YOU WANT?



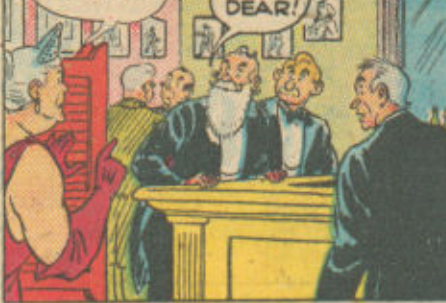
LISTEN,CLANCY..  
DID OWNEY  
JUST ASK  
YOU FOR  
SOME  
DOUGH?

YEAH..  
I GUESS  
FANNY ISN'T  
LETTING HIM  
HANDLE HER  
DOUGH LIKE  
HE THOUGHT  
SHE WOULD



OWNEY!

YES  
DEAR!



BUT I WAS  
JUST HAVING  
GINGER  
ALE!

DON'T  
LIE TO  
ME! I  
TOLD YOU  
TO KEEP  
AWAY FROM  
THE BAR!



WHAT'S  
TRUMP?

NUTS!

OWNEY!



DON'T "HONEY" ME!  
I TOLD YOU NEVER  
TO GAMBLE AGAIN  
..NOW WAIT HERE  
WHILE I GO TO  
THE POWDER  
ROOM!

BUT  
HONEY,  
I..



AHEM!



YOU'RE TH' MANICURIST  
IN THE SAVOY  
BARBER SHOP,  
AREN'T YOU?

YES!

OWNEY!



BUT I...

SHUT UP!  
WE'RE GOING  
HOME!

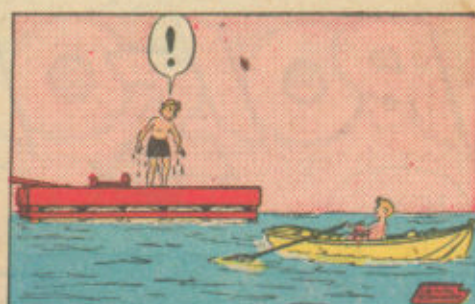
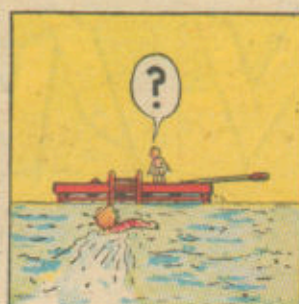
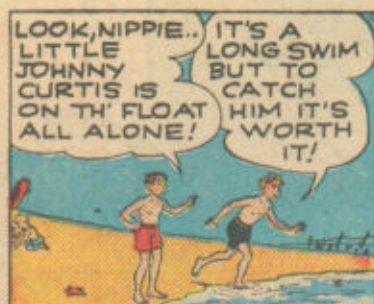


YOU MEAN  
YOU'RE NOT  
MAD AT  
UNCLE OWNEY  
ANYMORE?

I'LL SAY I AIN'T,  
MICHAEL! HE  
DID ME A GREAT  
FAVOR!

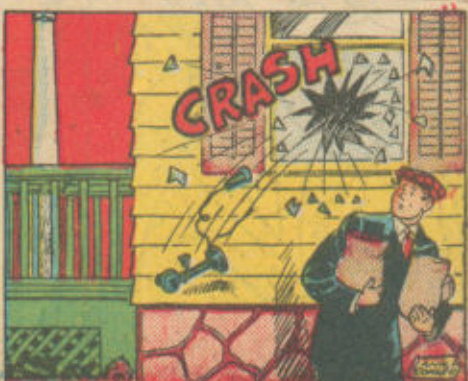






## MICKEY FINN

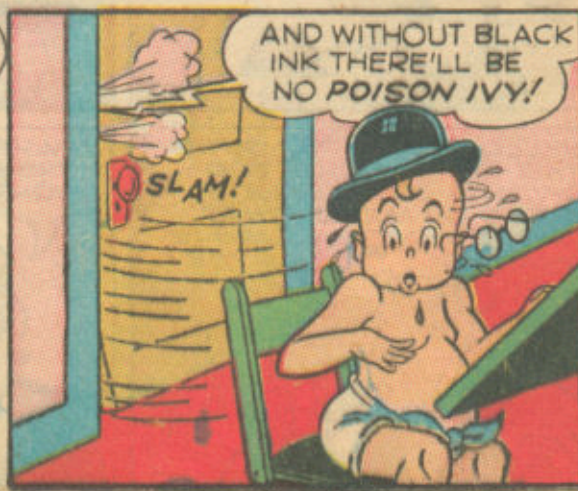
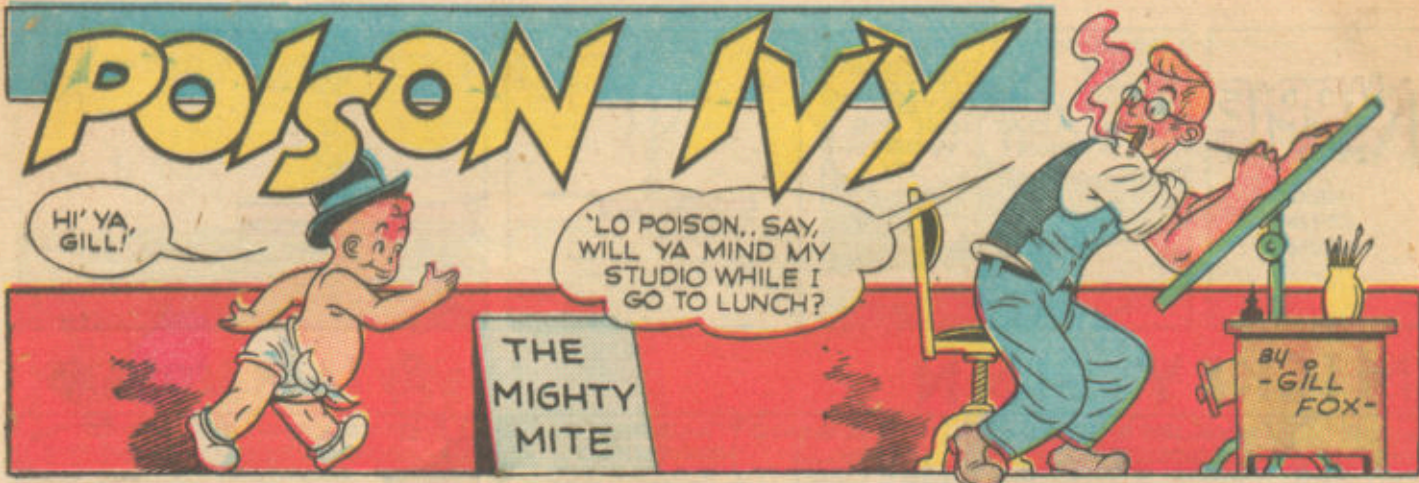
By LANK LEONARD



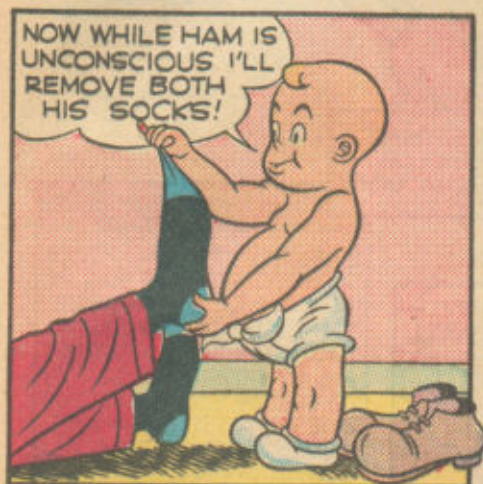
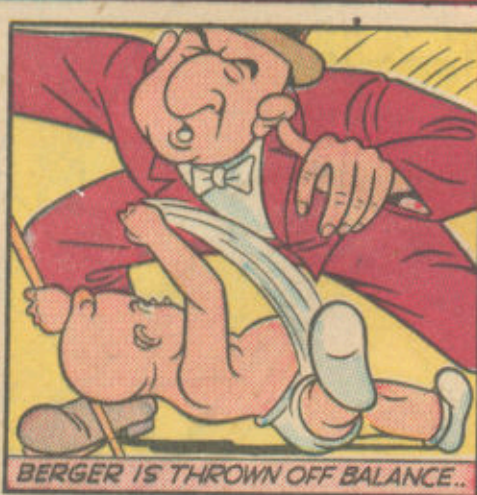
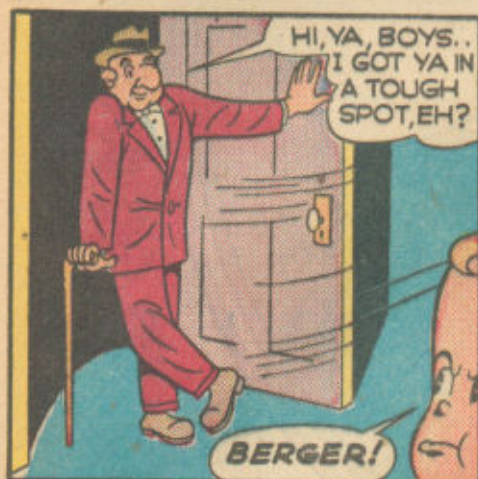
Enjoy Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# POISON IVY





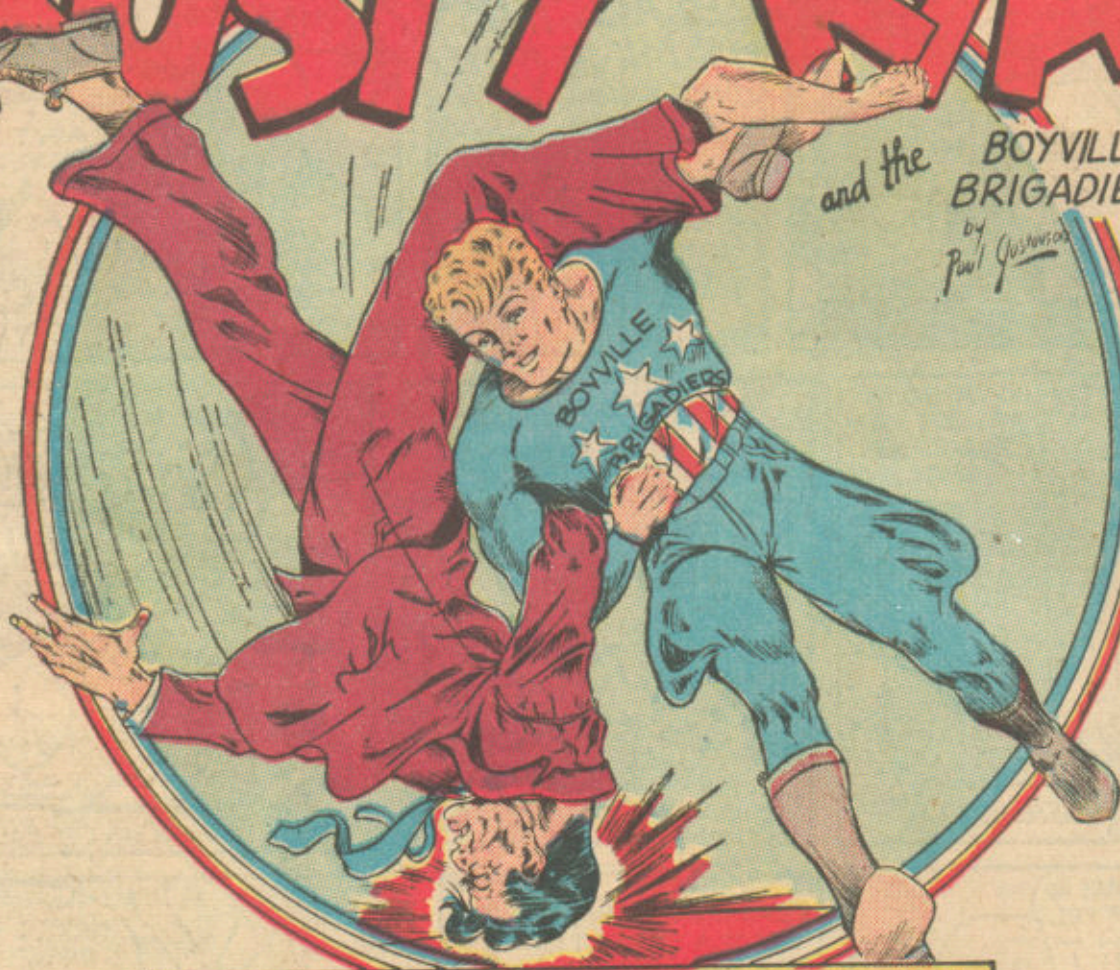




# RUSTY RYAN

and the BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

by Paul Gustavson



PRESSED BY FOREIGN PROPOGANDA TRYING TO UNDERMINE THE YOUTH OF BOYVILLE, RUSTY RYAN FORMS THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS... SIX BOYS PLEDGED TO UPHOLD "THE AMERICAN WAY"!

A REFUGEE TEACHER FROM GERMANY IS CHOSEN TO FILL THE VACANCY IN THE MODERN HISTORY CLASS AT BOYVILLE

BOYS, THIS IS MR. ABRAMS

I AM NEW IN THE SCHOOL AND, AS YOU KNOW, IN THIS COUNTRY! I'LL BE ABLE TO TEACH YOU HISTORY, BUT YOU MUST TEACH ME YOUR WAYS OF DOING THINGS! I WOULD LIKE TO COUNT ON YOUR HELP IN MY NEW START IN LIFE!

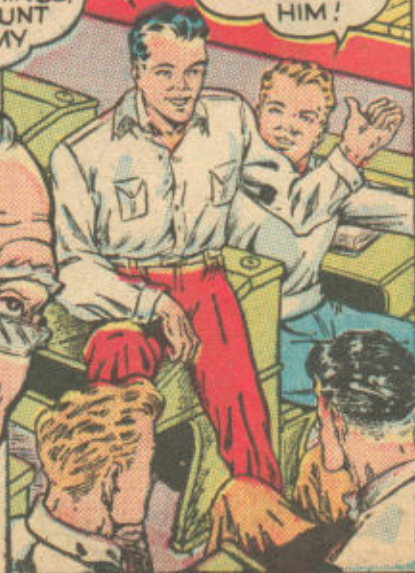
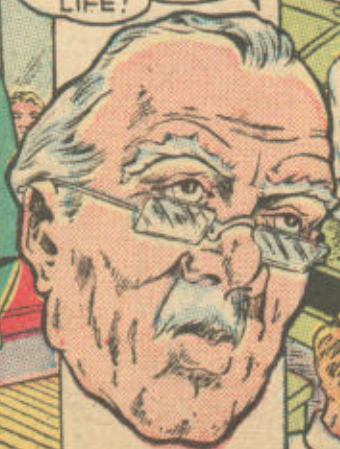
A WEEK PASSES.

THE NEW HISTORY TEACHER IS A SWELL GUY!

YOU SAID IT.. NO ONE LIKE HIM!

ANOTHER WEEK PASSES

IN SURVEYING THE PROLETARIAT STATES OF EUROPE, WE CANNOT BUT ADMIRE THIS SUDDEN CHANGE! THOUGH YOU MAY DOUBT ME AT FIRST, I WILL TRY TO SHOW YOU THAT IT IS FAR BETTER THAN THE DEMOCRATIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT YOU HAVE HERE!





THE SUPREME RULE OF ONE RIGHT MAN IS FAR BETTER THAN THE TURMOIL OF HUNDREDS THROWN TOGETHER TRYING TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT!



ALL HE GIVES US IS A LOT OF HOOEY ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT THE KIDS A LOT YOUNGER THAN ME, DO! IT'S GOT TO STOP!



WE WANT YOU TO STOP TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! IT ISN'T TRUE, AND YOU KNOW IT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....

Y'KNOW, MAYBE NAZI GERMANY ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL!



NOT FOR ME!

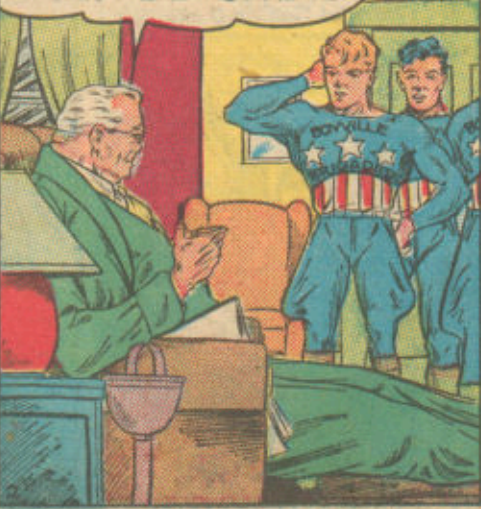
HOW ABOUT WHAT MR. ABRAMS SAID.. HE'S LIVED THERE!

NOW, RUSTY.. YOU SHOULD BE BROADMINDED ENOUGH TO TAKE IT ALL AS HISTORY AND NOTHING ELSE! RUN ALONG AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

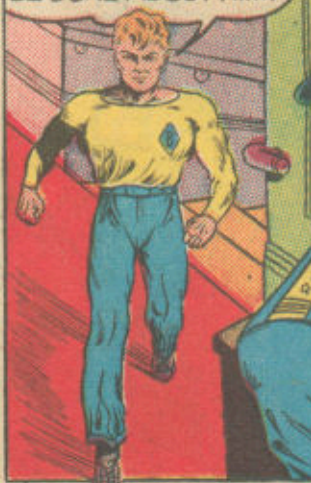
OH, OKAY!



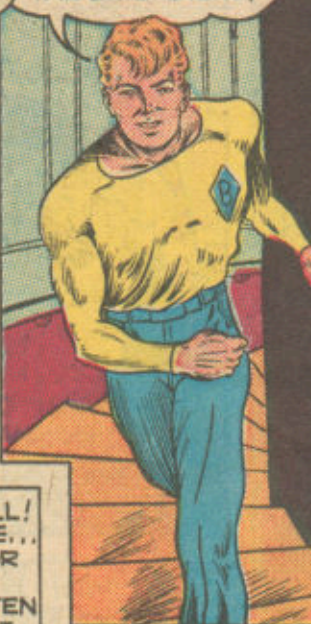
YES... I KNOW IT ONLY TOO WELL! BUT YOU MUST LET ME CONTINUE... NOT FOR MY OWN SAKE... BUT FOR SOMEONE VERY DEAR TO ME! TRUST ME, AND I WILL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT... AND EXPLAIN A LOT OF THINGS YOU WOULDN'T THINK WERE POSSIBLE!



MODERN HISTORY!! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THAT GUY IS NOTHING MORE THAN -A PROPOGANDIST! SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE ABOUT HIM!



IF CAPPY WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, I WILL... AND THE BRIGADIERS!



IF YOU'RE DOING IT FOR A REASON, MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU! THAT'S THE WAY WE DO THINGS... HELP ONE ANOTHER!



HELLO, RUSTY. WHY THE SOUR PUSS?

IT'S THAT HISTORY TEACHER, CAPPY!



THAT NIGHT

HELLO, RUSTY! WELL.. WHAT'S THIS ??

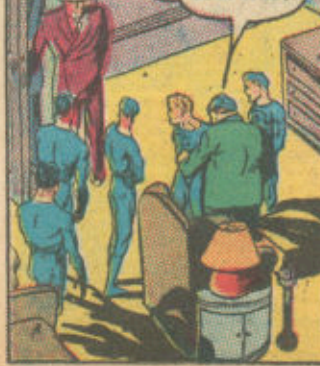
WE'RE THE BRIGADIERS, MR. ABRAMS!



BEFORE ABRAMS CAN ANSWER, A RAP ON THE DOOR BRINGS HIM TO HIS FEET.. AND THEN TWO MEN ENTER THE ROOM...

GOOD EVENING, MR. ABRAMS!

UH.. ER.. I THINK YOU BOYS HAD BETTER LEAVE!







AS THE BRIGADIERS LEAVE...

WHAT DID THOSE KIDS WANT, ABRAMS?

ER... NOTHING.. J-JUST SOME POINTS ON HISTORY!

OKAY! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU.. YOU'RE DOING ALL RIGHT! KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL SEE YOUR WIFE AND KIDS AGAIN!!

OUTSIDE ABRAMS' DOOR...

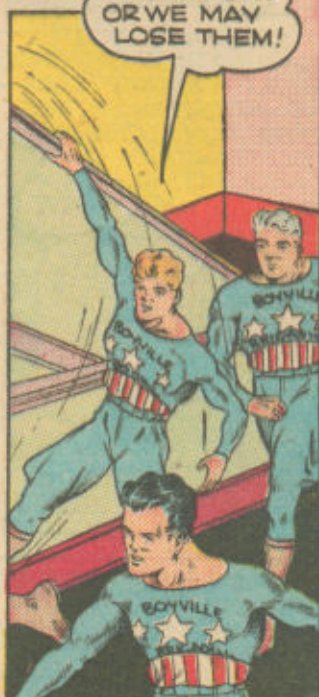
HOLY SMOKES! I WONDER WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO WITH MR. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN?? HEY.. SCAT.. THEY'RE GONNA LEAVE!



WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WHEN YOUR WIFE WILL BE FREE, ABRAMS!

HURRY UP.. OR WE MAY LOSE THEM!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE BRIGADIERS FOLLOW THE TWO MEN...



HEY.. A LIGHT JUST WENT ON IN THE CELLAR!!

..TO AN OLD FARMHOUSE ON A LONELY WOODED ROAD...

THEY'RE GOING INSIDE!

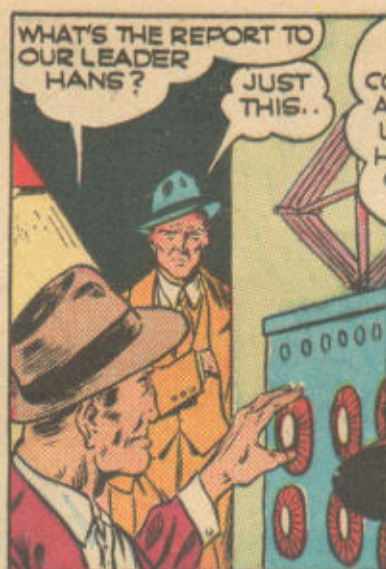
AS THE BRIGADIER S REACH THE OLD HOUSE..

PSST.. THEY'RE NOT HERE!

HUH??







KEEP ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN IN CONCENTRATION CAMP ANOTHER TWO WEEKS, UNTIL WE ARE SURE HE WILL CONTINUE OUR ORDERS! HERE'S THE CODE BOOK!

WHY, THE NO-GOOD RATS! THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT... AS SOON AS THEY MAKE THE CONTACT!

BERLIN IS COMING IN NOW... HEY, WHAT TH'!!



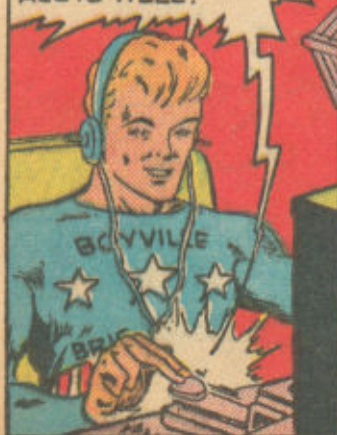
HERE'S THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY!

OKAY! KEEP THOSE RATS DOWN UNTIL I GET FINISHED WITH THAT WIRELESS!



WITH THE USE OF THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY FIGURES OUT A MESSAGE AND SENDS IT OVER THE WIRELESS..

RELEASE ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN AT ONCE... MAKE CLIPPER AT LISBON... SPEED IMPERATIVE IN TRANSPORT.. ALL IS WELL!



HERE'S THEIR ANSWER, FELLAS! PLANE LEAVING FOR LISBON AT ONCE.. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN WILL BE ON CLIPPER LEAVING IN THREE HOURS.. REPORT ARRIVAL.... THAT IS ALL!!



YOU CRAZY KIDS... DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS??



SUCKER... WE DID!!

GULP... WHY.. YOU'LL.. ULP UGH!!

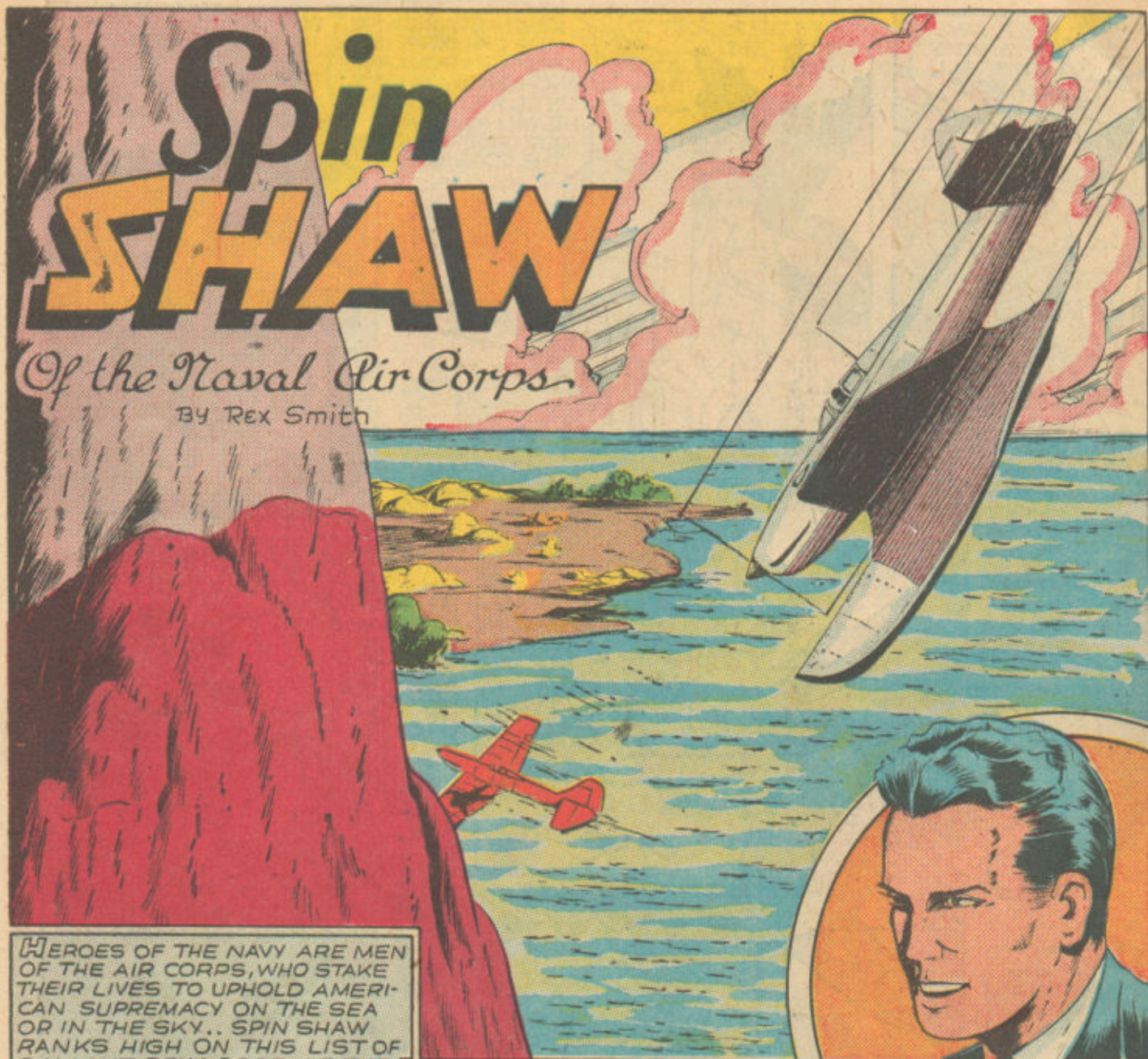




# Spin SHAW

*Of the Naval Air Corps*

By Rex Smith



HEROES OF THE NAVY ARE MEN OF THE AIR CORPS, WHO STAKE THEIR LIVES TO UPHOLD AMERICAN SUPREMACY ON THE SEA OR IN THE SKY.. SPIN SHAW RANKS HIGH ON THIS LIST OF GALLANT DEVIL-DOGS OF THE HEAVENS. . . .

BEFORE THE EYES OF A STARTLED NATION FLASH TRAGIC HEADLINES.



SPIN SHAW RECEIVES THE NEWS AT HIS AIR BASE.



AND I'M GOING AFTER 'EM! THINK I'LL TRY THE CARIBBEAN. THAT'S ALWAYS A SORE SPOT!





A FEW HOURS ELAPSE AND SPIN SIGHTS A CRASHED PLANE.



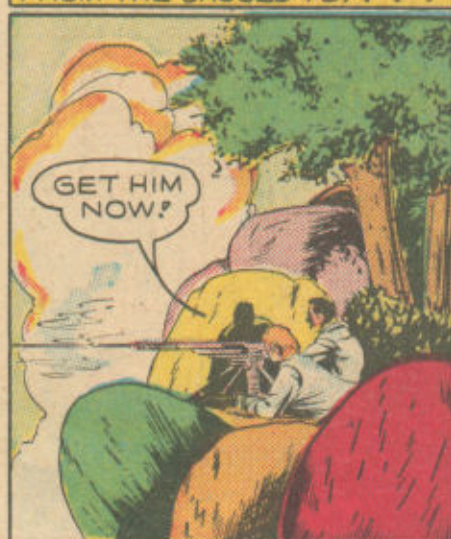
SUDDENLY THE FIGURE ON THE WING SPRINGS INTO ACTION.



SPIN HASTILY GUNS HIS SHIP AND PULLS AWAY WITH A ROAR.



AS HE SOARS BY A CLIFF, A MACHINE GUN SPUTTERS FROM THE JAGGED TOP.

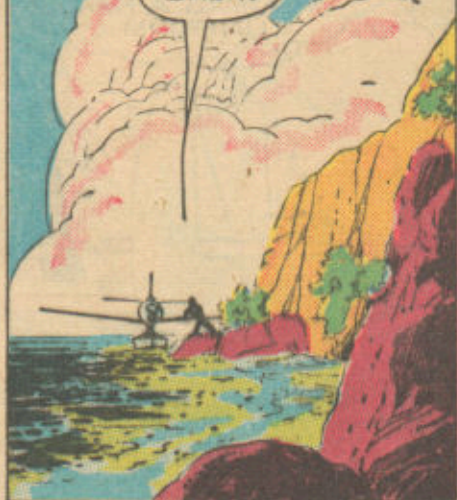




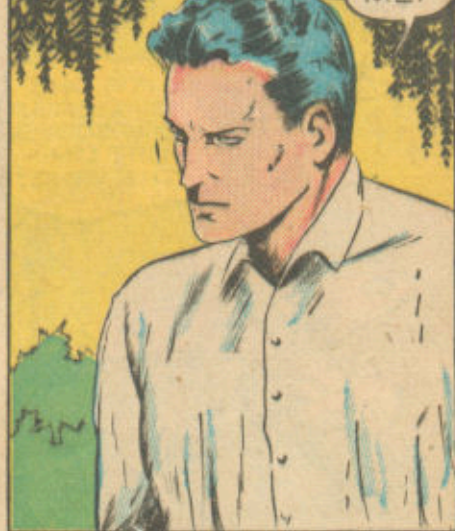
SPIN LANDS HIS SHIP AND PULLS IT ASHORE.



I'LL TAKE THESE PALM LEAVES AND COVER HER UP. NO ONE WILL FIND THE PLANE TILL I GET BACK!



WELL, THAT'S DONE. NOW TO GET OVER TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY TRIED TO MURDER ME!



HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AFTER CRAWLING THROUGH THICK UNDER-BRUSH.



A HUSKY NEGRO GUARD STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE.



THE GUARD TURNS QUICKLY.



BUT BEFORE THE GUARD CAN ACT, SPIN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE...



HE SENDS THE BLACK SPINNING AND THEN LOOKS THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW.



ENTERING THE HOUSE, HE FINDS THE GUARD ASLEEP.





TAKING THE KEYS FROM THE SLEEPING GUARD, SPIN RELEASES HIS PALS.

WE'RE SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

DITTO, BILL!

ANOTHER OF SPIN'S FRIENDS STRIDES ANGRILY TO THE GUARD.

IT'S A PLEASURE TO WAKE THIS GUY UP?

A HARD SLAP AND...

HUH? WHA?

NOW WE'LL PUT HIM BACK TO SLEEP, BILL!

BILL EXPLAINS TO SPIN HOW THEY WERE CAPTURED.

EACH OF US SAW A CASTAWAY ON THE BEACH. HE WIGWAGGED AN S.O.B. TO US..

AND THEN?

WHEN WE LANDED TO PICK HIM UP, WE WERE SURROUNDED BY THOSE NATIVES.. THEIR BOSS IS A SPY, WHO WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT OUR DEFENSES?

I SEE.

IF THAT SPY LEADER IS SUPPOSED TO LAND TODAY, I THINK I'LL GO UP AND MEET HIM.

HE SKIMS OVER THE WATER IN A GRACEFUL TAKEOFF.

THIS SPY'LL FIND OUT PLENTY ABOUT DEFENSE. ...FIRST-HAND FROM ME. HE'LL BE ON THE RECEIVING END!

JUST THEN THE FOREIGN AGENT ZOOMS OUT OF THE CLOUDS.

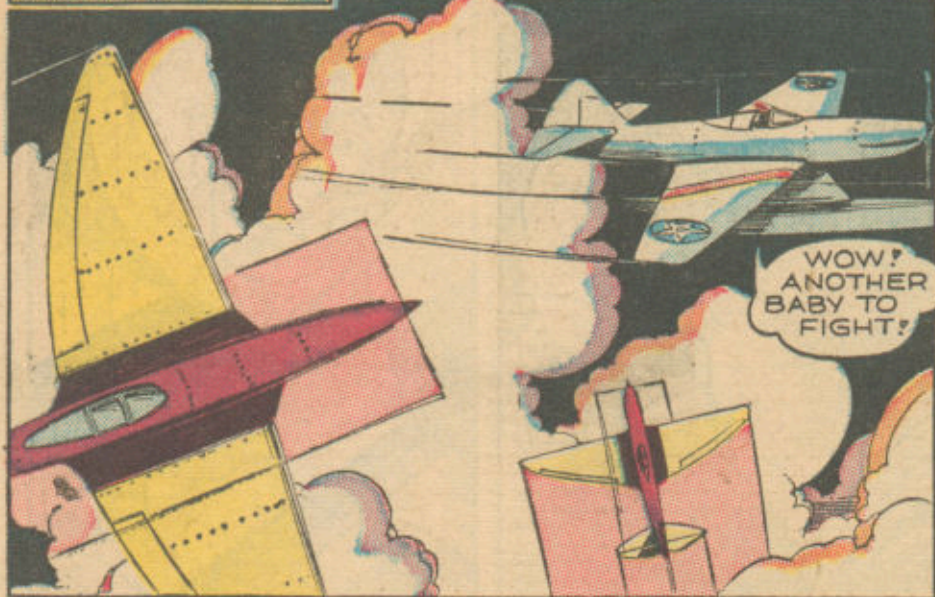
THAT'S HIM NOW!

SPIN PULLS INTO A SHARP UPWARD BANK.

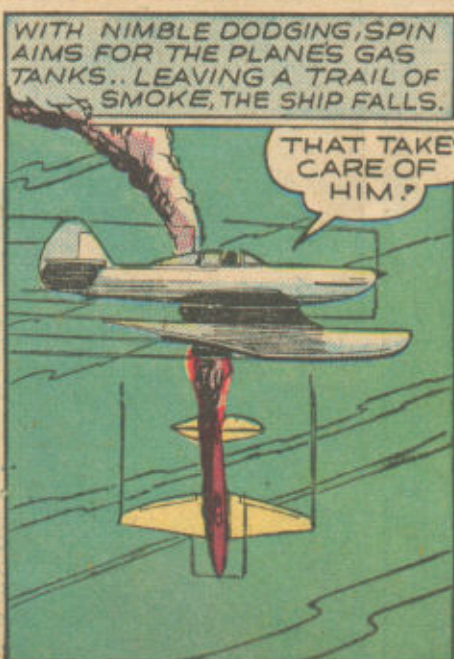
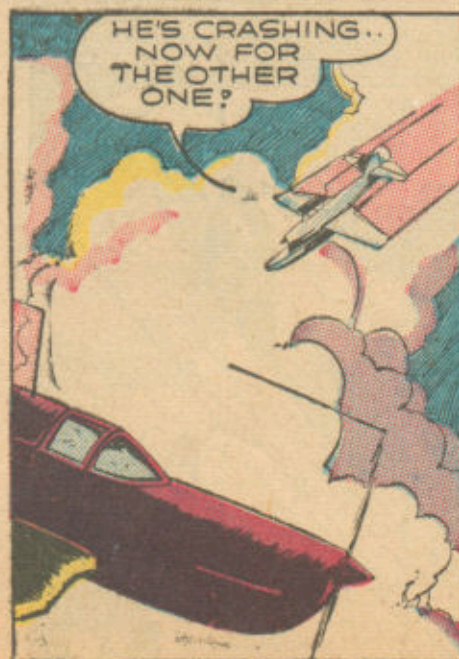
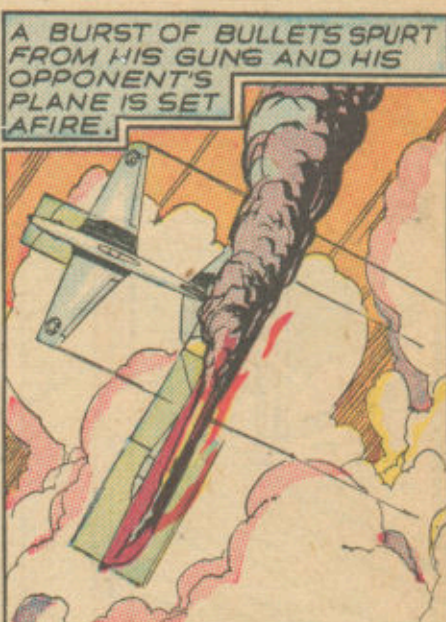
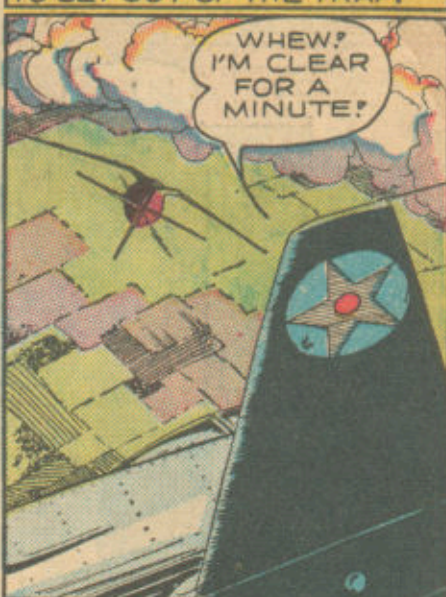
BOY! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT FROM UNDER FAST!



SUDDENLY A SECOND PLANE COMES TO ATTACK. VICIOUSLY, HE FIRES AT SPIN.



DESPERATELY, SPIN BANKS TO GET OUT OF THE TRAP.



Follow the daring adventures of Spin Shaw in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.



LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

# Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS"!

... BUT HURRY!  
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR  
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL  
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

## GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

**CAP  
FREE**  
With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c



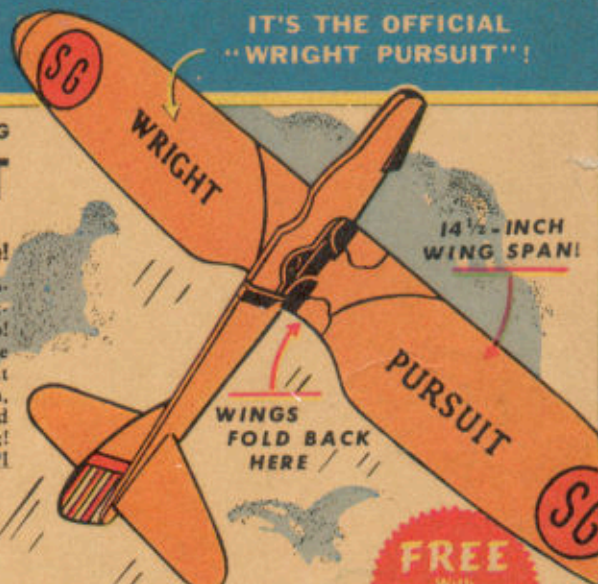
**APRON  
FREE**  
With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c

Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

## AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy  
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



## FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

**FREE**  
With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



AMAZING

## "SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

**FREE**  
With  
7 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

**FREE**  
With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



## GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

## HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

**FREE**  
With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

## EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES\* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain\*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and..... c).

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATAPULT PLANE<br>6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)  | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE CAP<br>5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)            | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE APRON<br>5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AVIATOR GOGGLES<br>6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE<br>7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> GIANT PERISCOPE<br>6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) |

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing  
were built for fast starts

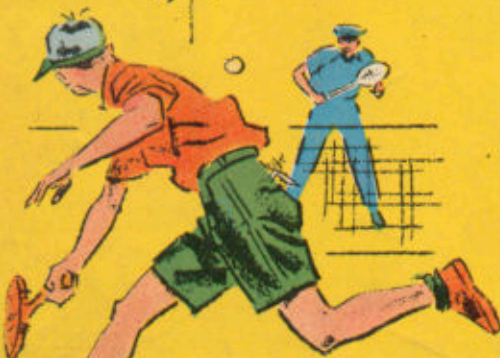


Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!  
Good footwork is a  
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds



Keds Blue  
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme  
Oxford Keds  
make the tough ones  
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's  
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—  
the shoe of champions.  
They're the stuff  
for footwork



*Footwork  
makes the Athlete  
Frank Leahy*

*For Better Footwork*



FREE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**Keds**  
*the Shoe of Champions*

● Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for  
future champions. To get your free copy send your name  
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber  
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

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